

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

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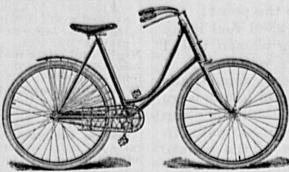
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LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Men's and Ladies' Patterns, Highest Quality
with all Latest Improvements.



BARGAINS. We are closing out a small lot of \$85.00 wheels, entirely new at \$25.00 each; also a few at \$20.00 each. Best bargains in Boston to-day.

GOLF GOODS. Have taken agency for the celebrated D. Anderson, St. Andrews, Scotland, golf clubs. The Cramond Test shaft and unbreakable head.

These are used by professionals, as by the Texa shaft the longest drives are obtained.

Henley & Silvertown Balls at \$2.50 per doz. Send for catalogue.

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Formerly at 146 Tremont St., Boston, has leased the Brazer Studio, 33 Centre St., Newton, Mass., and is thereon continuing to photograph all classes of patrons and their friends for anything desired in UP-TO-DATE PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

In giving personal attention to all sittings and finishing of orders, my patrons will be assured that all commissions will be attended to with skill and promptness.

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Money loaned to buy, build, or pay off a mortgage. Rates usually 5 per cent. of 5 1/4 per cent. No premium. A \$2,000 loan at 5 per cent. requires \$18. monthly; \$10,000 loan, \$100 monthly.

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THE WONDERFUL NEW DRINK.

"GLORIA"

ASK FOR GLORIA.

Makes every home a paradise. The field of pleasure is bounded with vigorous and constant health and well-being. "GLORIA" is a sanitary beverage. Gives all the vigor and pleasure of youth. Half a day of new and vigorous life in every drink. Try it. **5 CENTS A GLASS.**

O'CONNELL BROS., Agents,

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875

Some doctors declare that candy is unwholesome, but all doctors agree that if you must eat candy choose the pure at

BRADSHAW'S,

875 Washington St., Newtonville.

HALF A LOAF

IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.
HALF AS MUCH OF OUR BREAD IS BETTER THAN MANY A WHOLE LOAF BOUGHT FROM ANY OTHER BAKER. WE ALSO BAKE DAINTY CAKES, DELICIOUS PIES AND HOME-MADE BISCUITS. TEL. 224-3. GOODS DELIVERED.

F. L. BEVERLY, Baker,
354 Centre St., Newton.
"A Bakery for 10 years."

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods

—AT—

BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,

64 Main St., Watertown.

Comer's
Commercial
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Provides thorough and practical individual instruction in

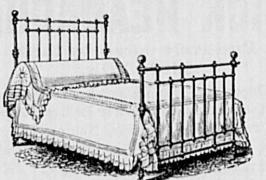
Business, Bookkeeping
and Shorthand

Preparing young people for office work and general business; pupils aided to employment; the tuition fees are \$40 per quarter, \$120 per year; our record of 31,800 pupils and 37 years speak for itself; 55th year opens Sept. 6th. For fall prospectus, address or call upon

C. E. COMER, Principal,

666 Washington St., cor. Beach, Boston.

CHAMBER FURNITURE



In addition to our well-known stock of Brass and Iron Bedsteads we are showing some new patterns of Bureaus, Chiffoniers, etc., in Mahogany, Oak, White Enamel, etc.,

MORRIS, MURCH & BUTLER,
42 Summer Street, Boston.

The Secret Discovered How to make the perfect Blowing!

Mrs. Henry Vincent Pittman of Newton invites the attention of all housekeepers to this new production (manufactured by herself under the name of The E. Poore Manufacturing Co.)

JAPANESE BLUEING,

which is pronounced by experts to be the best known to science.

For sale by the S. S. Pierce Co. of Boston and the leading grocers of Newton.

—**Mr. A. Duffill, Pres.**

WEDDING DECORATIONS,

(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

E. T. MOREY,

WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR
NEWTON LINE.

HOUSE OF SEVEN OR EIGHT ROOMS

in good location wanted in Newton, on easy terms. Very little land desired. Address J. D. Drawer G, Watertown, Mass.

FURS.

Now is the time to have your

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in the best manner now at reduced prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

S. ARONSON, Furrier,

Up one flight. 12 West Street, Boston.

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Now is the time to have your

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in the best manner now at reduced prices.

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S. ARONSON, Furrier,

Up one flight. 12 West Street, Boston.

In All the Latest Shades.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

JOHN C. MEYER & CO.,

Selling Agents,

87 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.

—Mr. Fred Marshman is in Wolfboro, N. H.

—Robert S. Cody is in Canterbury, New Hampshire.

—Miss Mary Sloane is at Nantasket for three weeks.

—Mrs. J. T. Lodge is at Outer park, Tannersville, N. Y.

—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.

—Mrs. J. N. Bacon is at Essex, the guest of her son, for August.

—Dr. Reid is at Dublin, N. H., the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Baerman.

—Driver Osborne of Hose 1 Company is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. E. Kempshall and family left the first of the week for Swampscott.

—Mr. W. H. Holbrook was registered at the Ocean Side, Magnolia, last week.

—Mrs. Sheppard and family of Maple avenue have returned from Harwich.

—Mr. D. B. O. Bourdon and son have returned from Poland Springs, Maine.

—Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Fribble will spend the month of August at West Newfield.

—Postmaster G. H. Morgan has returned from a two weeks' outing at Brant rock.

—Mr. J. R. W. Shapleigh and family of Newtonville avenue have returned home.

—Miss Jean Hart of Morse street has been a guest at the Hillcrest, Temple, N. H.

—Miss Bassett of the Free Library has returned from her vacation at Mt. Moosilauke.

—Mr. S. A. D. Sheppard will conduct the regular session of the Baptist Sunday school.

—Alderman K. W. Hobart and family are at the Oceanside, Marblehead Neck, for August.

—Miss Effie Whitton of Church street has returned from her outing at Winthrop Highlands.

—Joseph Kelley of Newton beats the big bass drum in the 5th Regiment band at Framingham.

—Prof. Stanton and family left this week for Chautauqua, where they will remain for three weeks.

—The Misses Wiggin of Tremont street have gone to Tyngsboro, Mass., for the month of August.

—Mr. R. F. Cummings and family of Richardson street have returned from an outing at Ogunquit.

—Mr. E. B. Barker of Park street was registered at the Rockledge, Popham Beach, Maine, last week.

—Mr. John Van Buskirk and family of Richardson street have been enjoying a visit in Portsmith, N. H.

—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly extend the usefulness of your shirts. See Blackwell's ad, on page 4.

—Mr. H. M. Bacon and family of Fairview street, left this week for Essex, to remain until the middle of September.

—Miss Alice R. Bigelow of Jewett street has returned from Whitingham, Vt., where she has been the guest of Miss Bertha Howe.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing and family of Hunnewell avenue left Saturday for a short visit at the Rockland House, Nantasket Beach.

—Mrs. Lydia C. McDuffie, recently in town the guest of friends, has returned to Somerville where she is staying with her daughter.

—Mr. Harold Handley, cornetist, is furnishing the music at Gray's Inn, Jack-son, N. H. This is his second season at that popular White Mountain resort.

—Mrs. Helen Van Anderson will give a lecture on "Life Principles and their application to Character and Health," Monday, August 8th, 3 P. M., 7 Maple street. All cordially invited.

—The Boston & Albany house which stood on the sidewalk on Centre place, is being moved to the lot in the rear of the Graphic office, and will be fitted up for rental. The sidewalk on the street can now be completed.

—Some time Sunday night two new houses on the Farlow estate on Waverley avenue, belonging to C. W. Smith, were entered by lead-pipe thieves. Only a small quantity of pipe was taken, but the houses were damaged to the extent of about \$500.

—Newton's team would have had an easy time with the West India eleven in the cricket game on Morse's field last Saturday afternoon, but rain prevented. When the game was called the visitors had scored but 29, and the home team had but one wicket down for 24.

—Friday's heat caused considerable suffering among horses in Newton. Seven deaths were recorded. The city lost two valuable animals, and most of the other horses affected belonged to local contractors. The largest number of deaths was reported from the south side of the city.

—Although unpleasantly near the storm center last Saturday Newton fortunately escaped any serious injury. No damage of consequence was reported. Watertown suffered the loss of the town barn, and on Mt. Auburn street five electric lines were struck by lightning, and stalled for nearly an hour.

—Mr. Henry Bugbee came down from Worcester Sunday, and is spending his two weeks vacation with his parents at their home on Emerson street.

—Miss Blanche N. Small of Truro who has been here for several weeks is now staying with her brother at his home on Commonwealth avenue, Boston.

—Mrs. George D. Byfield of Eldredge street has returned from a month's visit to her parents in Delaware and will spend the rest of the summer at Choate Island, Essex.

—Mr. Howard Travis of Eldridge street has been at Magnolia this week, the guest of Mr. Charles Billings of Franklin street.

—Mrs. W. F. Whitney, Master Wal-mot and Miss Bertha M. Knowles of Bacon street, leave this week for Contocook, N. H.

THE BEST CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS MADE IN CLEAN WORKROOMS IN THIS BUILDING.



FOUR HUNDRED WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

NEWTON BOYS IN CUBA TELL OF THEIR EXPERIENCES—FRIENDS AT HOME LEARN WITH INTEREST OF THE SOLDIER BOYS' CONDITION.

Mr. James B. Taylor of Lowell avenue, Newtonville, has heard from his son, "Brent" Taylor, who is with the 6th Mass. The young man is well known in Newton society. He is a member of the Newton Club and the Newton Club A. A.

On board the Yale, Monday, July 11, '98. Dear Mother and Father:—A cool, cloudy day, can't see, and the bright, sun-dappled island of Cuba, not two miles away. It looks very peaceful with its high cliffs and rugged mountains, rising high behind them. We will be very near the front by night and be fighting by to-morrow. I am all packed up, ready to go. We have thrown away our blue uniforms and will wear nothing but the earth-colored canvas, which are cool and hard to see. One of the men in another company has disappeared; he probably has sighted and hidden below or has else joined us.

It is a pretty trying time I'll admit, but I won't squeal before I am hurt if I can help it. I guess I can, too. I feel exactly as I did before a Yale foot ball game, and I know I'll be all right after the first rush. I'm not afraid, only nervous. Everybody is, I guess.

Things are getting pretty exciting. We are continually passing great U. S. battleships, and we have seen a few small chasers; there are two within gunshot of me now. We have been given three days' rations and 110 rounds of ammunition to leave the Yale with. I tell you we are in for business. Here comes a storm.

July 12—We came to a standstill of a little town not far from Santiago, called Siboney, early yesterday afternoon. We packed up and got all ready to go ashore but the order did not come so we had to stay aboard all night, exposed to the most dreadful rain. I even got a chance to get inside where I slept warm and dry on the floor of a narrow passage-way. (Co A is quartered on the upper deck.) One man got sick, however. All yesterday p. m. and evening and today we could see Siboney being burned about a mile away, to kill the yellow fever that has appeared there. We are ready to go ashore, but I doubt if it will be tonight. We have had good full meals of stews for a change, and after a hard day's work, but beans, corn bread, cold canned beans (one day), hard tack and rotten coffee without sugar, except salt peter or milk, but there is all you want of it, so, although it is hard to have to eat it when you can smell steaks and chowders, etc., cooking for the sailors, yet there is no starvation, and we are in good condition. I guess there is some pretty hot work ahead of us.

As near as I can make out we have got to land and burn our stores and cut their retreat in a position where there is no retreat for us. That means success or massacre, which is a real cheerful outlook, but I think the 6th is equal to it. Just this minute there is a report that an armistice, which is on now, will let us ashore without being fired on. I am writing on one of the Yale's Hotchkiss, rapid fire, three-barrel guns with its muzzle pointed straight at Siboney. Yesterday Admiral Sampson came on board to see Gen'l Miles and I had a good talk with him. I am not in a waiting time, this waiting in uncertainty, not knowing what is behind those dark, green hills that rise so high, only a few miles from the coast line, and behind them we must go eventually. By the picks and shovels I see laid out I should say that there was work of the Dago style ahead of us, too.

The New York is just passing us with the Admiral's flag at the top of the main mast. The Boston and Michigan are both near us. Sailors are now zig-zagging with signal flags from the New York to the Yale. There are also many Spanish prizes around us. You should have seen me walk up and pick out a greasy piece of fat pork and stow it away in my haversack with plenty of hard tack, coffee and sugar, and a can of beef for three days' rations. Richardson, (son of the architect), got a corporal today. Good by, with lots of love.

BRENT.

Mr. Peter McAleer of 143 Pearl street has received a letter from his son, Private Charles H. McAleer, who is with the 6th Mass. The letter is at present in Cuba. The following was received by his family Monday morning. This is the second letter he sent home since the 9th Mass. left Camp Alger in June:

Near Santiago, July 14, 1898.

Dear Father, Mother, Sister and Brother—I now take pleasure in writing these few lines to let you know that I am well, hoping that this letter will find you the same. The air is a healthy country here, the heat of the sun is awful. It reaches as high as 135 in the sun, and the rain is awful. The night of the 14th of July it started at 10 o'clock and the lightning and thunder was the worst I have ever seen. I was on guard that night and was to be relieved at 12 o'clock, but the storm was so bad they could not bring out the relief, and I had to stay 8 hours in one stretch. It was awful. Started to rain at 10 o'clock and continued now under a film of trees, but expect it of me at any time. We have them dead to rights. The Spaniards do not know how to fight. The most of our men that have been killed or wounded have been hurt by our own men firing into them. We were brigaded with the 33 and 34 Michigan regiments when we left Camp Alger. We are now brigaded with the two regular regiments, the 3rd and 20th, under General Bates. We are at the wonders of what we have to do, we are sickened in all. And the hospitals are full of regulars. They do not know what to make of us. Gen'ls Bates says he never met our equal. General Miles and his staff passed through here yesterday, and when he was going by we all saluted him. He asked what regiment, and we told him 9th Mass. He looked very much pleased. We expect this war to be over in a very short time, and of course as soon as fighting

Meets Your Needs.

When you feel tired, languid, nervous and are troubled with pimples and eruptions, you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla exactly meets your needs. It purifies and enriches the blood and imparts to it the dualities needed to tone the nerves and nourish the whole system. It cures all blood humors.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, nausea, biliousness and all liver pills. Price 25 cents.

A Canard.

The story that the Wampanoag Wooten Mills of Bristol, Conn., lay low at midnight speed throughout the last week of June on a cholera band for General Shafter is probably mere gossip. There are mills in New England that could make a cholera band for General Shafter in half a day. The General's dimensions have been exaggerated, though it is true enough that, even at his fighting weight, he is not suited to run very fast up hill on hot days in Cuba.—Life.

Who can fail to take advantage of this offer? Send 10 cents to us for a generous trial size or ask your druggist. Ask for Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive catarrh cure. Full size 50 cents.

How Hawaii was Won.

It is unquestionably true as a religious weekly has it, that missionary zeal won us Hawaii. It was simply a case of the sons of American missionaries taking the land for the table, the flavor of the meat being identical with that of the rabbit.

The wonderful part of the Maxim gun is that it has only one barrel, and yet it can discharge 600 shots in one minute

AN UNWILLING RECRUIT.

The Departure of a Young Sicilian Who Had Been Drafted Into the Army.

More than one American family of today can remember the time when in the season of the country's need the young son of the house went to the war, but probably not one American family can quite come into the spirit of the scene described by Mr. William Agnew Paton in his "Picturesque Sicily."

Near La Chiesa del Carmine Mr. Paton saw a young recruit, newly drafted, taking leave of his family. He was very young, hardly of an age to fit him for military service. This may perhaps serve as an excuse for the fact that, in spite of his new uniform, he stood in the middle of the road crying like a baby as he poured his tale of woe into the ears of his younger brothers and sisters and possibly his cousins also, for some 10 or 12 children were grouped round him, standing or kneeling upon the pavement, all of them weeping bitterly.

The boy's mother, her eyes red and her hair disheveled, was delivering to a dozen or more of her friends a tirade against the injustice of compelling her boy to serve in the royal army. Opinion seemed unanimous, for all gave their unequivocal and vociferous assent to her propositions and complaints.

The lane was full of women. There were few men, only those being there who were too old to work. The windows and doors of the houses were occupied by other women, all gesticulating and all very angry.

When the sergeant, a good natured fellow, who had permitted his charge to holt on his way to the railway station, motioned the young recruit to come away, the scene in the lane beggared description. The children gave loud voice to their sorrow; the mother frantically kissed her boy's face, hands and clothing, and even by throwing herself upon the ground managed to kiss his feet.

Then, rising to her knees, she clinched both hands, and, lifting them toward heaven, seemed to be calling down vengeance on the sergeant and all set in authority over him who had part or lot in the taking of her son from her.

When last seen, she was being led into her house by her sympathizing friends, while the children, crying and gesticulating, followed the young recruit to the corner of the street, where they shrieked a last farewell to the newly made soldier who trudged beside the sergeant weeping aloud.

A TITAN IN MEXICO.

Indians of a Ruined City Refuse \$50,000 For a Masterpiece.

Here is a story about a picture which hangs in the ruined church of Tzinzuntan, Mexico, and which the Mexican Herald asserts is genuine Titian, which, though the average traveler knows nothing about, has been visited by artists from all parts of the globe, who have made the journey to Mexico solely for the purpose of seeing this canvas, and they have all declared that the picture was well worth the trip.

The famous picture hangs in one of the old ruined churches. The padre himself will point out the way and stay with you while you are there. The entrance to the auditorium of the church is through a long, dark corridor that leads up to a great door, barred and chained and padlocked, that seemed to carry you back to the old fonda days and make one think that the doors of some old castle were being opened to him.

The door opens into an inner room as dark as night, the padre unfastens a grated window and a flood of golden sunlight comes from over the western hills beyond the lake and falls full upon the picture—such coloring, such composition, such feeling as could only come from the hand of a master. Tradition says it was painted by Titian and presented to Philip of Spain. Eminent men, authors and painters agree with this version. An effort has been made to buy the painting, and \$50,000 was offered by the bishop of Mexico, but the faithful, devoted Indians refused.

The picture is an entombment, 16 feet long by 7 feet high. Surrounding the dead Christ, wrapped in a winding sheet, stands the Virgin, Magdalene, St. John and nine other figures, all life size. The picture's state of preservation is marvelous. More than 300 years have lapsed since the great master touched it, and yet one is deluded into the belief that it was painted but yesterday, so fresh, pure and rich is its color.—Exchange.

A Queer Fad.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a rich man of that city who has a queer fad. He neither gives nor accepts any money that has ever previously been used as legal tender. Whether he fears contamination in the exchange or only likes to handle the bright new coins and bills for the pleasure of it is not divulged. But, whatever the reason, the rule is absolute. He carries with him a stock of undimmed coins of every denomination up to half dollars, beyond that crisp bills to the amount he considers necessary. That which he buys he pays for with the exact change, and should he be chance be caught without means of such precision the seller is entitled to the full amount given him in excess of his bill. It is a sanitary measure no doubt and very interesting, but to cleave to it strictly one must needs have obliging bankers or a hen on the nail.

"Uncle Sam" Tarwater.

"Uncle Sam" Tarwater, who has reached the ninety-second year of his age, was in Orrick Saturday afternoon, getting his pension papers made out. He is the only state pensioner left and receives \$100 yearly for wounds received in the Mormon war of 1838 and 1839. He was in the battle of Crooked River, fought in the autumn of 1838, ten miles east of Lathrop, Clinton county. In this fight David Tatton, commander of the Mormons from Far West, settlement 16 miles northeast of Lathrop, was killed. He was called Captain Farnsworth, and his men were armed with corn knives, which they used as sabers, and during the fight "Uncle Sam" was almost hacked to pieces and left on the field for dead. He still enjoys good health and delights to tell how he fought the Mormons.—Orrick Times

Information.

"Say, pa," asked the little son of a railway conductor, "what's an exchequer?" "An ex-chequer!" exclaimed the ticket puncher. "Why, that must be a retired baggage man"—Chicago News

A few persons in England raise large numbers of guinea pigs for exportation to France, where they are highly esteemed for the table, the flavor of the meat being identical with that of the rabbit.

The wonderful part of the Maxim gun is that it has only one barrel, and yet it can discharge 600 shots in one minute

UNFIT FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

The PRETEXT OF GRABBERS AND OPPRESSORS NOW AS ALWAYS.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

A dispatch to the London Daily Mail from Manila, under date of July 16, says: "The more I see of the natives the more convinced I am that it would be impossible for them to govern themselves. They have already begun to quarrel among themselves.

Each local head man equally with Aguinado is aiming to become supreme ruler. It is pitiful to think that a European nation has been beaten by such miserable specimens of humanity."

Change the date and place of address, and the above dispatch would apply with equal truth, and equal falsity, to any people at any time in the world's history. For Aguinado wrote Washington, and you have the secret history of the American Revolution in a nutshell. Or if you apply the fable to Ireland, take the story of Humbert's ill fated invasion 100 years ago.

Always it is the natives who are unprepared for the blessing of liberty and "unfitted for self-government." It may be that they have never been allowed to go near the water, and are consequently ignorant of swimming. Perhaps they have no mountaineers or desert dwellers, with no need of the art. In either case, it makes no difference in the eyes of critics accustomed to natation. Those miserable foreigners in Manila, Cuba, Porto Rico or wherever you please, if they are not ready to accept and adopt every "Yankee notion" offered them, are manifestly unfit for self-government, and our equally manifest duty and destiny is to pitchfork our institutions down their throats, or failing that, to go down with them into the wood old fashioned "Anglo-Saxons"—we.

Gen. Garcia of the Cuban army protests because his compatriots have not been consulted in arranging for the government of Santiago, and forthwith we are told that the Cubans are ungrateful, and in order to cure them of that fault, and at the same time reward our own virtue, it is suggested that we take the island for ourselves when the war is over. Of course, if we decide to do so we shall find plenty of precedents to justify us, notably England's seizure of Egypt, and the like. We are told that nothing more than the cry that the natives are unfit for self-government—an excuse which has been offered for a thousand national crimes since men first began to rob their brethren.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I feel it my duty to let all suffering women that I think your remedies are wonderful. I had trouble with my head, dizzy spells and hot flashes. Feet and hands were cold, was very nervous, could not sleep well, had kidney trouble, pain in ovaries and congestion of the womb. Since taking your remedies I am better every way. My head trouble is all gone, have no pain in ovaries, and am cured of womb trouble. I can eat and sleep well and am gaining in flesh. I consider your medicine the best to be had for female troubles."

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THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

A little once grew near a lily,
A sweet lily and fair,
And the wind swayed the one to the other,
And the spirit of love was there.
And unto the lily and thistle
A sweet little flower was born,
And the lily bent down to caress it,
And her finger was pricked by a thorn.
The blood that the pale, pure lily,
In the joy of her motherhood, shed
Gave the sweet little stranger its color,
Gave the rose its beautiful red.
The rose that unto the lily
And unto the thistle was born,
By the lily was given its beauty,
By the thistle was given its thorn.
—Cleveland Leader.

AN UNCLE'S CHOICE.

Mr. Theophilus Templeton leaned back very comfortably in his **Johnson** leather, brass nail studded library chair, rested his elbows on the arms, brought his finger tips together and looked very benign and important.

"A rich man, oh? Well, yes, I am a rich man—what some people would call a very rich man—and the beauty of it is I made my fortune myself. When I started out for myself, a lad of 10—that's 50 years ago or more—I had all my worldly goods in a red handkerchief, slung on a stick over my shoulders. Today—I say it without boasting—there's not a finer line of steamships afloat than the Clydes, and I own 'em all—every blessed baker's dozen of 'em."

Fred Warrington listened respectfully—a handsome young fellow, with a wide awake, frank look in his blue eyes, and a general manly bearing about him that recommended him wherever he went, very especially to ladies.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your kindly, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real, true home," he observed.

"That's the rankest kind of nonsense, my boy. I never married because I never yet saw the woman I wanted. But it's a good thing for a young fellow to settle down. I believe that, if I didn't practice it, I hope you'll marry early. Fred."

A little twinkle was in Warrington's handsome face.

"I agree with you there, sir, to a T. I think I shall marry early."

Mr. Templeton bestowed a satisfied look on him.

"All right, my dear boy. Marry early and marry to please me, and I'll remember you handsomely. I'll give you a country house to live in in summer time and the town residence for winter. I'll give you ten thousand a year income, and your wife shall have the handsomest diamonds Street's can collect."

Any one in the world would have thought Fred Warrington was transported to the seventh heaven of rapture at the bewildering prospect held out to him, but he merely looked a little grave as he bowed courteously.

"I know you are just as good and generous as it is possible for man to be, Uncle Phil," but—

Fred hesitated in his speech, and a thoughtful frown gathered on his forehead.

Mr. Templeton looked the surprise he felt.

"But! Where can the 'but' be to such an offer as that? You're only to marry to please me. By Jupiter! Frederick, it isn't possible you're already in love!"

"Already and engaged to the sweetest and dearest little dar—"

Mr. Templeton remorselessly cut short the loverlike enthusiasm.

"Oh, of course, of course! But who is she? What is her name?"

"She is Miss Rosalie Fleming, and she is a music teacher, and her eyes are—"

Mr. Templeton looked sternly across the library table.

"I don't care whether they are black or green, you can't marry her. I've picked out a wife for you, and the quicker you get clear of your music teacher the better."

Fred colored; then the look of wild eyed defiance Uncle Phil was acquainted with came into his eyes, making them deep and darkly blue.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said quietly, "but a fellow prefers to pick out his own wife. I have chosen Miss Fleming."

"The dence you have! Well, then, let's hear what you have to say when I tell you the lady I have in my eye for my future piece is the most beautiful, cultured, refined girl who ever flashed into west end society. She's rich, too, and just the very daisy for you. A music teacher, indeed, when Beatrice Lovett is to be had for the asking!"

"Which doesn't raise her in my estimation," Fred avowed serenely.

"What?" Mr. Templeton said sternly.

"Fred, you're a—fool!"

And then Fred laughed, which had a most exasperating effect upon the old gentleman.

"I say you shall marry her, and I want you to put on your hat and go with me at once and be introduced to her. She's staying at Mrs. Saxy's—Come along, sir!"

Fred rose promptly.

"Certainly. I'll go and be presented to her, and I dare say there will be no reason why I shall not admire her immensely, but as for falling in 'love with Miss Lovett'—"

He laughed and shrugged his broad shoulders, then put on his hat and went out with Mr. Templeton to meet the charming young lady intended for his destiny.

It was a beautiful little villa not far from Mr. Templeton's stately mansion, a little back from the parade, and it made a very pretty picture, with its white lace draperies floating in the stiff sea breeze, and the spray from the fountains blowing in a rainbow shower, and the gay striped awnings fluttering their scalloped borders in the July sunshine.

The liveried footman bowed his best and regretted to be obliged to inform the gentlemen that Mrs. Saxy was not in. A swift look of dismay on Mr. Templeton's face perhaps touched that functionary's tender heart, for he hastened to assure them that Miss Lovett was in the drawing room. Would they walk in?

But that Mr. Templeton declined doing, as he was not personally acquainted with Miss Lovett, at least not sufficiently acquainted with her to present himself. He had known her when she was a girl of 10 and had always been her father's most cherished friend, and had been in correspondence with Mr. Lovett when that gentleman died so suddenly in India, but all the same, with an old bachelor's characteristic shrinking from pretty young girls, he declined the invitation until Mrs. Saxy should be present.

"It's too bad—too bad!" he said as they went through the beautiful little park into which carriages were not admitted, and, impelled by an impulse he recognized afterward as fate, Mr. Templeton paused

midway down the path and turned to look back at Mrs. Saxy's house.

"By Jove! There she is at the window—Miss Lovett! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she sweet enough to turn any fellow topsy turvy? Look, Fred—there's the wife I picked out for you! Can your music teacher beat that?"

And Mr. Templeton seized his unoffending nephew by the sleeve and gestured emphatically toward the open window where a girl sat, beautiful indeed—marvelously beautiful, fair and dainty, with dark, lustrous hair braided on a proud little head, and straight, heavy dark brows that made the purity of her complexion still more dazzling. A rosebud of a mouth, a round, handsomely chiselled chin, a white dress with creamy lace and a pink rose at her throat, made a picture fair enough to induce have turned any man's senses "topsy turvy."

She did not raise her eyes from her book, and she was unconscious of their espionage or of Fred Warrington's transfixed gaze.

"So you're struck, eh? So you'll give the old man credit for having good taste, will you? You wouldn't mind having her for your wife after all, I suppose?"

Fred drew a long breath, then quickly linked his arm in Mr. Templeton's and drew that gentleman away.

"She is the sweetest, most beautiful ever saw. I'll marry her tomorrow if she'll have me," he said.

And how the old gentleman laughed.

"Music teacher notwithstanding, eh?" he said.

And then Fred laughed, and Mr. Templeton generously decided not to be too sarcastic on the poor boy.

Almost at the same moment a tall, lovely girl, several years older than the fairy in white by the window in Mrs. Saxy's drawing room, entered and went up to her.

"Absorbed in your book still, Rosalie? It is time for my lesson, isn't it?"

And Rosalie Fleming laid down her book, and for an hour she and Miss Beatrice Lovett devoted themselves to the music lesson, to be interrupted by a gentleman who had elbowed the footman to permit him to enter the music room unannounced and to whom Rosalie flew with a little shriek of delight.

"Fred, oh, Fred! How do you know I was in Brighton? I only came yesterday to assist Miss Lovett with her music. This is Miss Lovett, Fred—Mr. Warrington, Miss Lovett."

And before he had finished his very delightful call Mr. Warrington related to the ladies the mistake his uncle had made.

"And I am sure Miss Lovett will not blame me if I insist that I shall marry you, little Rosalie, and the sooner the better, before Uncle Phil discovers his mistake," he said.

And the next week there was a quiet wedding at the local registrar's office while Mr. Templeton was taking his snooze in his chair, with his handkerchief over his face, dreaming of the days when beautiful Miss Lovett would reign royally in his nephew's home.

At 8 o'clock the same night he was electrified by the receipt of a note from Fred.

"I have been and gone and done it, Uncle Phil," it said. "I promised you I would marry the lady you selected for me, and I shall present her to you in an hour. There's nothing like striking when the iron's hot, is there?"

And punctually on time Fred appeared, his bride on his arm, lovely as the morning, blushing like a rose, her blue eyes shining like stars, her sweet red mouth quivering as she looked wistfully up into Mr. Templeton's face when Fred presented her.

"We've quite stolen a march upon you, but it is my wife, Uncle Theophilus—Mrs. Fred Warrington, fast and sure."

"I'm astonished and dumfounded and delighted, my dear. However did you do it, Fred?"

But before Fred could make the explanation he deemed incumbent a servant announced a lady, who came sweeping in in garments of deep purple velvet—a girl with starry eyes and hair as golden as sunshine.

"Miss Beatrice Lovett!" said the servant.

And then—well, the scene is indescribable, but with two lovely women beseeching him to forgive, and the pansy purple eyes making him feel the queerest around his heart he ever had felt, somehow—he never knew how—Theophilus Templeton沉入了 the quiet down and accepted the situation with the best grace at his command until six months afterward, when he triumphantly announced to his nephew that the luckiest day of his life had been when he mistook Rosalie for Miss Lovett.

"For since you wouldn't have her for your wife you shall have her for your aunt and help yourself if you can!"

But as no one was at all anxious to help it Mr. Templeton married his beautiful young wife and it is a question who the quartet is the happiest—Pauline蒙古人 and Beatrice Lovett.

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F THOU HADST NEVER SMILED.

If thou hadst never smiled on me
Or fondness for me shown,
Despair's dark shadows would not now
Around my heart be thrown.

The hopes I cherished long ago,
In happy boyhood's years,
Have perished—have been washed away
By many bitter tears.

Yet still my heart in secret shall
With fond affection beat,
Although we never more on earth
Again in love may meet.

So fare thee well; the die is cast,
Death soon shall close the scene,
But you and I shall never be
The same as we have been.

—New York Ledger.

BOILING WATER WITHOUT FIRE.

The Only Trick About It is to Stir It Long and Hard Enough.

It is possible to make a pail of water boil without putting it on the fire and without applying external heat to it in any way. In fact, you can make a pail of water boil by simply stirring it with a wooden paddle. The feat was performed in the physical laboratory of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and any one may do it with a little trouble and perseverance.

All you have to do is to place your water in a pail—it may be ice water if necessary—and stir it with a wooden paddle. If you keep at it long enough, it will certainly boil. Five hours of constant and rapid stirring are sufficient to perform the feat successfully. The water will, after a time grow warm, and then it will grow hot—so hot, in fact, that you cannot hold your hand in it, and finally it will boil.

That wonderful power-making "Golden Medical Discovery," invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., imbues the human digestive juices and blood-making glands with capacity to extract abundant nourishment from the food. It builds up organic tissue, nerve fiber, hard muscle, flesh and working force, and gives a man *steam*.

Now it did not Mr. F. S. Hughes of Junction, Hunterdon Co., N. J., is given in his own words. He writes: "I received your kind letter, and in reply would say that mine was a bad case of kidney and heart trouble, and that I suffered from it for a long time. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and four bottles of little Pellets effected a complete cure. It is well known that almost every engineer is troubled more or less by kidney trouble, especially on account of express trains. I run on them forty-four miles on these trains every day in the week, and have had no trouble since taking the remedies, nearly three years ago."

The point which Professor Ames wishes to illustrate is what is known as the mechanical equivalent of heat. It requires just so many foot pounds of work to produce a given quantity of heat. By turning the paddle in the water at a regular speed it is possible to find out just how much work is required to raise the temperature of water one degree. The best measurement so far made, and in fact the one which is accepted as the standard of the world, is that which was measured in Johns Hopkins University.

Heat is developed in almost any substance which is subjected to continuous or very violent action. It is an old trick for a blacksmith to forge with fire.

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

OUR STATE BOSS.

It is asserted by a prominent Republican politician that there is no state in the Union so under the thumb of any boss as Massachusetts is under the thumb of Senator Lodge. He says that he has been investigating the situation, and he finds that every Republican town and city committee in the state is already fixed for the re-election of Senator Lodge. The machine Republicans will run the caucuses and will see to it that only Lodge men are nominated for the Legislature. The dreariness of the outlook led this politician to be very blue regarding the success of any effort to defeat Lodge. He did not see how it could be done, and he had evidently been studying the question with much attention to detail. "Lodge never stops working in politics," he affirmed. "He is always at it, and that is the reason why it is so hard to do anything. He had this election all attended to long ago."

There is but little doubt of the truth of all this, and yet what has Senator Lodge ever done for the state of Massachusetts in his public career? The business men of the state do not like him, as he never has time to attend to them, unless it is something that will redound to the advancement of Mr. Lodge personally. It would be difficult for even Mr. Lodge's warmest friends to tell what he has done for his own state, with his force bills, his immigration bills, his bimetallism, his bill for the recognition of the insurgents in Cuba, and his other measures, all of which failed, and all of which were not popular in his own state. The jingo policy has never been popular in Massachusetts, and yet Mr. Lodge has been one of the loudest jingoes in Congress.

One trouble is that Mr. Lodge has no sympathy with the common people, no bonds of contact with them, and does not understand them. For this reason he always takes the unpopular side of measures, even when he is taking them up because he thinks that he is taking the popular side. His failure in politics has its humorous side, especially as he is always under the impression that he has just found out what will advance his popularity.

It would be much to the advantage of Massachusetts and of the nation, to trade off Mr. Lodge for some man of principle, one able to see in public matters something besides his own personal interests, and capable of giving wiser advice when called on by the national party leaders. Business men say that the business interests of Massachusetts are utterly neglected by him, and yet in spite of all the growing and all the dissatisfaction, it is believed that Mr. Lodge has built up such a machine for himself that effective opposition to him is hopeless.

There have been several attempts to start a movement for a better man, and the latest is in favor of Councillor William Plunkett of Adams, who would stand well with the business men and with the party men, and who would be a strong candidate. If the people could be aroused, there is no doubt but that they could smash the machine, as bosses are not popular in Massachusetts.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

The stories of the suffering of the sick and wounded soldiers on the hospital ship Concho have caused great indignation among the people of this country, as it was something that might easily have been avoided. It is only another instance of the way the war department has been mismanaged.

The ship left Santiago for New York with putrid water, insufficient supplies and no ice, although those in charge knew that the sick and wounded men would need all of these things. The ship became a thing of horror long before the voyage was ended, and popular indignation has been aroused to such an extent that the war department has been stirred up to make an investigation.

The medical department of the army is thoroughly aroused over the attempt to cast odium upon it, and the responsible officials assert that they propose to have the investigation of the Concho broad enough to name the persons responsible for the criminal blunders.

Major Gen. Shafter is scored severely by medical officers, who claim that his arbitrary orders were largely the cause of the mistake which inflicted so much unnecessary suffering upon soldiers convalescing from fever or recovering from wounds inflicted in battle.

Surgeon General Steruber is not one of the popular heroes of the war, and his comments on the work of the Red Cross nurses have not recommended him to popular favor.

The failure of the commissary department has been scandalous ever since our troops have been taken to camp, but nothing

else could have been expected from the officers in charge, most of whom were appointment merely because they had a political pull with Secretary Alger, and he has gratified his political favorites, while our soldiers have had to suffer from the consequences of such unfit appointments.

One would have thought, nevertheless, that the medical department of the army would have been efficiently managed, as it would have been an easy matter to have foreseen what supplies would be needed, and there was no lack of medical men to volunteer their services, at the outset of hostilities. These men were not welcomed by the Surgeon General, but rather the reverse. So much sticking for red tape and too little regard for the comfort of the sick seems to be two things that are the matter with the medical department, and it is to be hoped that the investigation will be thorough and impartial, without any suspicion of whitewashing methods. The country pays for the best service and that is what we should have.

The scandals in the medical and commissary department give some idea of what we may expect in our management of foreign colonies, Hawaii and the other islands we annex, where the officials are appointed by means of these "influences" or as rewards for political service, and who go into the thing for what they can make out of it. They can be depended on, most of such appointees, to get in "on the ground floor" of whatever enterprises are going on.

Who will be the Representatives from Newton, this fall, is a question that is exciting some interest. The present representatives have held office the usual two terms, and if the old custom is followed, new men will be chosen. As a United States Senator is to be elected, this fall, to succeed Mr. Lodge, the question becomes

of what the new men will be chosen.

As the new men will be chosen.

and the papers for the past week have been full of the troubles of the too confiding investors.

WALTHAM'S TAX RATE is \$16 this year, a reduction of \$1.50 from last year. The total valuation of the city is \$18,829,024, of which \$4,489,524 is personal property. The real estate shows an increase of only \$149,000, which shows how the Watch City has been affected by the hard times. The reduction in the tax rate is brought about by the cut in the running expenses of all the city departments during the first of the year, which may contain a hint for Newton. Our running expenses have not been cut down, to say the least, although no city of its size pays a larger amount of money in salaries.

SPEAKER Reed was renominated without opposition, of course, and seems to be the most popular man in Maine. In his speech of acceptance he gave utterance to this sentiment, which the great majority of Americans will endorse.

The problems after the war will be the most troublesome, and will demand the most earnest efforts of us all. For my part I hope that all our problems will be worked out consistently with our time-honored and dearly bought institutions, and with the traditions of our wise forefathers.

It has been left for a woman to establish a record for riding from New York to Boston. Mrs. A. M. C. Allen of Worcester covered the distance in twenty-four hours, lacking 45 seconds. The distance made was 254 miles, and as all know who have tried it, the route includes some terrific hills, and many bad roads, but Mrs. Allen kept right on in the mud and rain, and did something that no man has yet accomplished.

OVER two thousand men were in line at the State House, Monday morning, to secure a place on the list of the civil service board for city work. Only 500 men were to be chosen, and even then have little chance of work for some time, but it shows what a large number of unemployed there are in Boston.

It is expected that the Newton tax rate will be announced by the 15th. The great increased valuation of Washington street land, based on the claims for damages of the owners, will, it is said, largely increase the valuation of city real estate.

THE TAX-RATE in Brookline this year is \$11.80, but if you think that is low, you had better see how high the assessors value property there. They say Newton assessors are not in it when compared with those of Brookline.

WALTER H. PAGE has become the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, succeeding Horace E. Scudder. Mr. Page has been recently the editor for the past year, having had charge during Mr. Scudder's absence in Europe.

FIRST Assistant Postmaster General Perry S. Heath is making good use of his opportunities, as he has secured the charter for "The First National Bank of Honolulu." That ought to be worth a snug sum to him.

CAMP ALGER is in bad condition and is to be removed. What else could be expected under such a name.

"But," said the government official, "how are we going to keep the people in Spain from getting excited and revolution when they receive news of the termination of this war with America?" "Oh, I am prepared for that," replied the able Spanish editor. "I have a perfectly good type, saying that Spain has finally succeeded in working off her worthless and rebellious colonies on the United States."

A member of the House asked speaker Reed the other day if he did not think that Hawaii should come into the Union before Cuban annexation was discussed.

Mr. Reed thought a moment and then dryly replied: "Some people prefer leprosy to yellow fever; but, if I had to have both, I should take the yellow fever first." —Arthur.

Book Agent—I have here a very valuable work on "What to do Until the Doctor Comes."

Mr. Owen Dray—Don't want it. Why don't you get out something on what to do when the collector comes?—Indianapolis Journal.

The honors between Sampson and Schley ought to be easy. If one hadn't done it the other would have done it; and the postscript of the former was as important as the letter of the engagement. Still, if Sampson hadn't been there Schley would have seen it to that the flag was.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again; but, in the meanwhile, there is usually time to get out several war extras.—Puck.

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THE "JENKINS EAR" ISSUE.

It Resulted in a New Era of Activity in England.

Spain claimed to be mistress by decree of the pope of all the seas and continents covered by the vague title of "the Spanish main," and so for two centuries, whatever was the case in Europe, perpetual war raged in the tropics.

By the Assiento treaty the British were allowed to dispatch one ship, not exceeding 600 tons, to the Spanish main each year, but what parchment skin of treaties could keep the volume of the world's trade flowing through such a petty squirt? Illegal traders in the Spanish main abounded, and Spanish guarda costas were not gentle in their methods of suppressing them. Captain Jenkins, with his vessel, the Rebecca, sailing from Jamaica to London, was stopped and searched off the coast of Havana by a Spanish revenue cutter. Jenkins was slashed over the head with a cutlass and his left ear was chopped off. A Spanish officer then tore off the bleeding ear, flung it in its owner's face and told him "carry it home to your king and tell him what had been done." The story of how that little morsel of brown, withered flesh turned out a spark which kindled the inarticulate slow burning wrath of the English nation into a flame and swept England itself into war Carlyle tells.

"The Jenkins' ear" question, which once looked so mad, was sane enough and covered tremendous issues. Half the world lay hidden in embryo under it. "Colonial empire"—whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England's for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the multiplication table, at least and other plain laws, or shall it be Spain's for arrogant, torpid, sham devoutly purposes, contradictory to every law? The ineluctable "Yankee nation" itself, biggest phenomenon (once thought beautiful) of these ages—this, too, little as carelessness on either side of the sea now know it—lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation? Shall there not be? Shall the new world be of Spanish type? Shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense! Among the them extract sons of Adam where was he who could in the faintest degree summarize what issues lay in the Jenkins' ear question? And is it curious to consider now with what fierce, deep-bred doggedness the poor English nation, drawn by their instincts, held fast upon it, and would take no denial, as if they had surmised and seen? For the instincts of simple, guileless persons (lable to be counted stupid by the unwary) are sometimes of prophetic nature and spring from the deep places of this universe."—Cornhill Magazine.

Married Daily for Three Days.

A couple were married on the North Side last week for the third time within three days, and it happened this way:

NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mrs. Curtis of Bath, Me., is the guest of friends here.
—Mr. Ernest Booth registered at Nautilus Inn, Hull, last week.
—Mr. and Mrs. N. W. McClure of Gibson road are summering at Truro, Mass.
—Mr. Dyer and family of Walnut street are enjoying two weeks on the Cape.
—Mr. and Mrs. Decatur of Otis street are at Rangeley Lakes for a few weeks.
—Mr. Samuel J. Brown and family are at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, for August.
—Master Chester Griswold of Foster street is recovering from his recent illness.
—Mrs. Charles Johnson of Washington street is at her summer residence at Hull.
—Miss Lydia Thompson of Foster street is enjoying a month's vacation.
—Miss Edith McMann of Cabot street has gone to Northampton for a few weeks' stay.
—Mrs. F. E. Brooks of Norwood avenue has leased the Carter house on Austin street.
—Miss May Clark of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks' stay among the woods of Maine.
—Mr. William H. Sylvester and family are at Wellesley Hills for the month of August.
—Miss Lulu Moulton has returned from New Hampshire, where she passed her vacation.

—Mr. E. W. Robinson and family of Highland terrace have returned from Gloucester.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Judson of Trenton, N. J., are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. A. J. Dodge left this week for Nova Scotia, where he will be the guest of his mother.

—Mr. George L. Woodworth and family of Washington park are at the seashore for a month's stay.

—Mr. Thomas Elwell and family leave today for Maine, where they will remain during August.

—The new concrete walks on the south side of the track add much to the comfort of pedestrians.

—Miss Helen Gaudelet of Washington street has gone to Maine, where she will pass her vacation.

—Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Josephine Sherwood have gone to Ogunquit for the month of August.

—Mr. M. C. Taylor and family of Walnut street left this week for a two months' stay at the seashore.

—Mrs. R. Hollings of Washington park has returned from Vermont, where she passed her vacation.

—Mrs. N. H. Brown and Miss Nellie Brown of Walnut street have returned from the mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hill are at Camp Buena Vista, Haines Landing, Rangeley, Maine, for a few weeks.

—Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett of Hyde Park is the guest of his parents at their summer home, at Compton, N. H.

—Mr. E. M. Rumery and family have returned from Marblehead, where they passed the month of July.

—Dr. Otis E. Hunt of Washington park left this week for Poland Springs, where he will remain several weeks.

—Dr. George H. Talbot and family of Walnut street are enjoying a few weeks' rest in Prince Edward's Island.

—Capt. G. Frank Elliot and family of Lowell avenue left this week for their summer residence at Woods Hole.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for Clifford Allen, C. N. Converse and Miss Alma Poppler, 8 London street.

—Dr. W. E. Hunt of Walnut street has returned from North Weymouth, where his family will remain until later in the fall.

—Mr. A. J. McGlinchey and family of Roxbury will occupy the house on Highland park recently vacated by Mr. Robert Bunting.

—Mr. Curtis Abbott and the Misses Alice and Olga, sailed Thursday for the British Isles, where they will make a month's stay.

—Mr. T. Aubrey Byrne, who holds a government position in New York, is passing his vacation with his family on Walker street.

—Mr. Robert Bunting and family have moved from Highland park to their new home corner of Austin street and Lowell avenue.

—Mr. Samuel J. Brown and family, formerly of this place, are at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, for the remainder of the warm season.

—Col. Frank B. Stevens will take a trip through England and the continent. He sailed Thursday on the Hamburg steamer Furst Bismarck.

—Miss Mabel W. Hall of Brooks avenue left Wednesday for Annsquim, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mundy for a short stay.

—Mrs. H. M. Soule and Master Howard Soule of Brooks avenue accompanied by Mrs. H. E. Soule of Portland, Me., are at the Bellevue, Intervale, N. H., for a month's stay.

—Master Harry Stoddard of Newtonville avenue left Tuesday for Hampden Beach, N. H., where he will be entertained by Mrs. Osgood and family at their summer camp.

—Mr. George Breedon of Walker street leaves today for New York. He sails tomorrow on the Lusitania for London. Mr. Breedon expects to remain abroad several months and will visit all leading places of interest in England and the continent.

—Mrs. Eunice W. widow of the late William A. Lawrence, died yesterday at home on the Lincoln street, having passed away twenty-four years of age. She resided here for many years and possessed a large circle of warm friends. Four sons survive her, William, mayor of Orange, N. Y., Walter of Brockton, and Arthur of Marietta, Ohio. The funeral will take place this afternoon from her late residence.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. E. E. Hurd is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Ethel Gammons is enjoying a few weeks' vacation at Mountmout, Me.

—Mr. Richard Conroy and family of Washington street have returned from Greenfield, where they passed several pleasant weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Williamson of Highland street are at York Harbor, Me., where they expect to remain several weeks. They register at Hotel Albraeau.

—Detective Roche of New York was at police headquarters Monday with a warrant for Everett H. Merritt of that city. Merritt is wanted by the Metropolitan police on several charges. It is said he is a kleptomaniac. Merritt called at Capt. Huestis' office last Friday morning, and declared he was a former and thief. He said the New York police had been in search of him for four years. Capt. Huestis locked the man up, and communicated with the New York police, and as a result

Merritt was taken back to Greater New York to face the music.

—Mr. W. H. French was in town for a short time this week.

—Capt. J. W. Weeks is registered at the Pemberton, Hull, for a short stay.

—Mr. Harry Glazier of River street is enjoying a two weeks' carriage trip.

—Miss Gertrude Haynes of Eden avenue has returned after a month's vacation.

—Mrs. C. N. Fyffe and family of Perkins street are enjoying a month's vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wilder M. Bush of Temple street are enjoying a month at Kline, Me.

—Miss Helen A. Brigham is enjoying her stay at the White Mountain House, N. H.

—Miss M. C. Baird left this week for Orange, where she will remain until September.

—Rev. S. H. Dana, D. D., delivered the sermon at the Congregational church last Sunday.

—Mr. H. B. Day and family of Prince street are enjoying the warm season at Wianno.

—Mr. Henry F. King and family of Temple street are enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.

—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton of Chestnut street are passing a few weeks in August.

—The regular meeting of John Eliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., will be held Wednesday evening.

—Mr. W. E. Rice and family of Cross street will enjoy a few weeks' stay at Truro, Mass.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred F. Thayer of Walham street will enjoy a few weeks at Pigeon Cove.

—Mr. C. A. Willison and family of Prince street have returned from their summer's outing.

—Prof. Henry C. Sheldon and family of Cherry street will pass the month of August in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Humphrey of Webster street are enjoying a few weeks at Sandwich, N. H.

—Judge George A. Blaney and family of Valentine street are enjoying a month's outing at the seashore.

—Mr. Harry Crafts of River street leaves today for Chatham, where he will remain during his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. March, who were the guests of friends here, have returned to their home in New Jersey.

—Mr. George A. Frost and family of Highland street left this week for their summer home at Osterville.

—Mrs. H. H. Hunt and family are summering at Green Harbor. Mr. Hunt enjoys a few days there each week.

—Mrs. Charles H. Stacy and Miss Ida Stacy are at Sandwich, N. H., where they will pass the month of August.

—Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett of Hyde Park is the guest of his parents at their summer home, at Compton, N. H.

—Mr. Edward Gately and family of River street left this week for Green Harbor, where they will remain until September.

—Miss Lucy Carter and Miss Grace Elkins are passing a few weeks at Waltham cottage, Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mrs. George P. Whitmore and Miss Grace Whitmore have returned from Settlement, where they passed the month of July.

—Mrs. Freeman Fiske of Watertown street has returned from Prince Edward's Island, where she passed several months.

—Cornelius Burns of Cherry street reports that some time Monday night eighteen valuable hens were stolen from his premises.

—Mr. T. E. Stutson and family of Fountain street has returned from Falmouth, where they passed several enjoyable weeks.

—Mr. Samuel E. Thompson and family of Waltham street left this week for the mountains, where they remain until September.

—Mr. Charles P. Hall and family of Otis street leave today for Sunapee, N. H., where they will pass the remainder of the warm season.

—In the police court, yesterday morning, Matthew Connors was fined \$5 for assault on Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy with a piece of kindling wood.

—The regular meeting of the local branch of the American Legion of Honor will be held Tuesday evening in Metcalf's studio, Chestnut street.

—Mr. John S. Alley and family of Prince street left this week for Linneboro, N. H., where they will remain for the remainder of the warm season.

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THE FOOLISH CLUBMAN.

Folks wonder why his leisure hours
Are spent apart
From her, the lovely woman who
Has won his heart.
Ere they were wed he used to scoff
At men who stole away
To clubs and got enjoyment there.
He said that they
Were fools or worse to thus desert
Their hapless wives.
Poor women, left alone to lead
Such lonely lives!

She cannot stand tobacco smoke—
Foul smelling stuff.
It scents the curtains, she declares.
Why must men puff?
Why can't a man sit decently
Upon a chair?
And not destroy the tidies she
Has learned there?
Why must her sofa pillows be
Crushed out of shape?
Whenever he's around the house,
The awkward ape?

Why must a man sit down at night
And read the news?
Why, when he does things, should he want
Her to know?
Why must he leave his work behind
And talk about
Her dresses and the "h'md" that she's
To help bring out?

I wonder why his leisure hours
Are spent apart
From her, the lovely woman who
Has won his heart?
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

THE STOWAWAY.

"Bring him up," said the skipper tersely.

They dragged him up the companion ladder—
a shrinking, ragged lad, his pale face pinched with days of hunger, his sunken eyes scanning those around him as do the eyes of captive animals.

"How did you find him, Mr. Billings?"

"Behind one of the cotton bales, sir," the mate replied.

"What's your name and where d'you come from?" demanded the captain of the stowaway, notebook in hand.

Trembling, the boy replied that he was Dick Harley, late of the Tenterden Grammar school; that his father, a widower, had left him behind in England while he went to South Africa as assistant surveyor on the new Matabeleland railway line; that nothing had been heard from that kindly father for a year or more, and lastly that, compelled to leave school on account of unpaid bills, he had resolved to go to South Africa and find his missing parent.

"And so you thought to steal a passage on the Only Son of Portsmouth?" said the skipper.

"I was refused a berth by every other ship," pleaded the boy. "They said I looked too weak to work."

"Weak or not, you've got to work aboard the Only Son," said the first mate. "Hasn't he, sir?"

"That's correct, Mr. Billings," he answered. "If he doesn't want to pay for his passage, try him with the rope's end."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

And again Billings grinded eloquently as he led the boy forward. A quiet, elderly gentleman, who had been watching these proceedings, now stepped forward.

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Billings," he said. "He's only a child, you know."

"Captain's orders, sir," answered the mate, giving Dick Harley's ear an extra tweak.

The skipper laughed.

"Don't you waste any sympathy on that youngster," he exclaimed. "We can't afford to have any useless, white handed stowaway aboard a vessel that carries £250,000 to the Chartered company. How do you know, my dear Mr. Lancelot, that yonder boy is not the spy of some high sea robbers, put on board to find out about the money?"

The man addressed as Lancelot looked grave.

"True," he said, "they did think in London that an attempt might be made to rob the ship. But still this mere boy—"

"I've seen 'mere boys' ere now, Mr. Lancelot, that were old men in crime. Take my advice and leave the stowaway to my first officer."

At this moment a shrill cry of pain, followed by another, came from the lower deck.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Lancelot.

The captain of the Only Son of Portsmouth put his notebook, containing Dick Harley's name and circumstances, carefully into his pocket.

"That, my dear sir," he answered smilingly, "is the stowaway getting his first lesson in seamanship from Mr. Billings."

Mr. Lancelot shrugged his shoulders. After all, he had been sent out in charge of £250,000 in gold which was consigned by the Bank of England to Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered company of South Africa. His duty lay in the after cabin, where that treasure was stored, and not in preventing venturesome little stowaways from being rope ended.

Bruised and stiff, Dick Harley lay curled up between a seaman's chest and the forecastle bulkhead. One of the deck hands had taken pity on him and thrown a piece of tarpaulin over his aching shoulders. Thus he lay completely hidden, so that the men on the larboard watch, who had just turned in after four hours' wrestling with wind and water, knew nothing of his presence.

"What became of the stowaway?" asked one of these worthies.

"Jumped overboard, I expect," answered another. "Billings gave him 'what for,' I can tell you. I must say I don't understand why he wanted to wallop the little wretch."

A chuckle ran around the forecastle.

"Why, you donkey," cried the man who had first spoken. "Billings just wanted to show how zealous he is in the company's service. The captain thinks there's no body like Billings."

"And neither is there, my boys; neither is there," cried a voice from the companion ladder. Dick Harley, cowering under his tarpaulin, knew that voice and shuddered involuntarily. The first mate of the Only Son, in defiance of strict maritime etiquette, had paid an uninvited visit to the sailors' sanctuary—the forecastle.

"Hello, Billings!" cried a dozen voices. "What's afoot, my lad? Tell us the news."

"Nobody here but our own crowd, is there?" asked Billings, peering about the dimly lighted cabin.

"Nobody but ourselves. You may talk right out, Tom Billings," was the answer.

"Very well, then. Let the attempt be made tonight, when the other watch has turned in. The money is all right. The skipper and Mr. Lancelot showed it to me this afternoon."

"How much altogether?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Plenty for all of us. You are all familiar with the scheme. When the other watch has turned in, you, Sam Bowers, and you, Billy Reid, will mount guard over 'em with your guns. Two men can hold the hatchway, I feel certain. Then the rest of us will make for the skipper's

cabin, where the money is. The skipper is a wise man. He will make no resistance against numbers."

"Lancelot may fight, though," cried a voice.

"What if he does? We will wait till he's asleep in his bunk. At daybreak we'll put the skipper and Lancelot into a boat, with a chart to give them their bearings. Then we'll make for South America, run the ship ashore and spend our well earned money."

"But how about the rest of the crew?" asked one of the listeners.

Billings grimed.

"Let them get out as best they can," he said. "Perhaps if they behave nicely we may leave them a boat, but not a pound of the money do they get."

"And when are we to start in?"

"I'll give you the signal," Billings replied. "Meanwhile turn in and get a rest. Good night, my lads, and remember! I shipped every man jack of you at Portsmouth, and you're under oath to do my bidding. Kill 'em if necessary, but get the cash at all hazards."

"Aye, aye, sir! We'll follow you," cried several of the rascally crew as their leader sprang up the ladder. Little Dick Harley breathed a sigh of relief as he heard Billings depart, but in the next moment there flashed across his youthful mind that a stern duty lay before him. Notwithstanding the danger, notwithstanding the mortal terror with which he regarded this brutal first mate, he must endeavor to give the captain warning of the intended robbery.

To stir from his hiding place at this moment would mean death at the hands of those desperate men, and as yet none of them showed any intention of obeying Billings' advice and "turning in."

They examined their revolvers, for every one of them seemed to be armed, and talked over the coming attack upon the Chartered company's treasure. Dick had almost made up his mind to risk a crawl along the floor toward the companion ladder and a rush thence upon deck when one of the desperadoes yawned. A yawn is more contagious than yellow fever. Within five minutes every man in the forecastle was showing evidence of weariness. First one and then another crawled into their bunks and were presently heard to snore noisily. The example spread until the last of the band knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired to rest. Soon all of them were in the land of Nod.

Cautiously Dick Harley peeped out from under his tarpaulin. Then he ventured forth and set one foot on the companion ladder.

"Who's there?" growled a sailor drowsily.

Dick's only answer was to slip as quickly and as noiselessly as his bruises would allow up the ladder. At the head he listened intently.

"Who was it, Bill?" asked a second voice.

"It was that blamed cat, I'm thinkin,'" replied the first speaker, and, to Dick's relief, there was no pursuit. Quickly he ran along the deck and mounted the bridge to where the skipper stood.

Hedwig was very happy. I had not met the groom during their short engagement, but what I heard of him in the family circle was well adapted to increase the good opinion of him which his proud reserve had given me.

The carriage stopped. The ceremony had already begun when I entered the church and mixed with the inquisitive spectators. I could see only part of the splendid wedding guests, but the bridal couple were in full view.

Hedwig, with a serious, thoughtful expression on her sweet face and a happy look in her blue eyes, looked quite as I had pictured her, but the bridegroom did not please me quite so well. It seemed to me that he had something intense in his face and closely knitted brows, something reckless, something in his eyes—in short not at all the looks of a happy man.

To be sure, I had a friend who maintained that there was no being more miserable than a bridegroom on his wedding day. "Why," he used to say, "the poor fellow simply dwindles away beside his bride. For her the day is the most beautiful of her whole life, on which she is received like a queen. He does not only play a subordinate part, but an entirely miserable role is the one he has to act, and one can easily see how uncomfortable he feels." But my friend was a confirmed bachelor, and I never believed what he said about these things, and do not yet believe him.

"Why—what is the meaning of this, sir?" spluttered the mate.

"The meaning, Mr. Billings," put in Lancelot, "is that this boy here heard your whole delightful scheme to rob the Chartered company of £250,000. He very promptly informed the captain. Your accomplices in the forecastle were captured in their bunks, and most of them have confessed everything."

Billings looked at the speaker and then at Dick Harley.

"The stowaway!" he cried. "This miserable little rat of a stowaway!"

"Yes, Mr. Billings, the stowaway has saved the Chartered company of South Africa £250,000, and a stanch, seaworthy ship. You will find that the company knows how to be grateful."

And grateful, indeed, the company proved itself to be. A month later, while Billings and his gang were awaiting trial for attempted piracy in the Cape Town jail, Dick Harley was shaking his father's wasted hand in the new hospital at Salisbury. The surveyor's recovery from a lingering fever was greatly accelerated, and you may be sure, by the news that the Chartered company had rewarded by a position of trust and honor the timely action of the quondam stowaway on the Only Son.

—Atlanta Constitution.

He Learned the Lesson.

"This is a straight story," said a grocery clerk, whose veracity has never been impeached. "It happened in my store. A little boy came into our Market street store and waited for some one to notice him. He carried a sheet of writing paper in his hand, at which he glanced from time to time. One of the idle clerks came to him finally, and the boy, reading from his paper, announced in a singsong voice: 'My mother wants 10 pounds of rice, 15 pounds of sugar, 12 pounds of oatmeal, 20 pounds of—' Hold on!" interrupted the clerk. "Not so fast. Suppose you give me that paper, and I'll fill out the order."

But the boy insisted on calling off the articles himself. Two other clerks were pressed into service, and the three men proceeded to do up the various packages as the boy called them off. He was indeed a remarkable fine profile, but nevertheless gave me the impression that she was a seamstress in her Sunday clothes.

When she turned, I found that she was exceedingly pretty. The pew in which she sat was at right angles with our seat, so that I could easily look at her pretty face and the large gray eyes shaded by long lashes without being observed, particularly as the girl's whole attention seemed to be riveted on the bridegroom—perhaps on the bridegroom, and his on her.

I began to look at my neighbors. Beside me sat a stout woman with a good natured face and a hat covered with bright flowers and ribbons, and a little way from us sat a young girl, who was dressed prettily and with taste, and who had a remarkable fine profile, but nevertheless gave me the impression that she was a seamstress in her Sunday clothes.

When she turned, I found that she was exceedingly pretty. The pew in which she sat was at right angles with our seat, so that I could easily look at her pretty face and the large gray eyes shaded by long lashes without being observed, particularly as the girl's whole attention seemed to be riveted on the bridegroom—perhaps on the bridegroom, and his on her.

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Somebody's Hand

is always in the cracker jar when its full of

FAVORITE MILK BISCUIT

You never have to coat an appetite to eat these dainty morsels. Always crisp, light and flaky. A delicacy for invalids, a health food for children.

Sold everywhere with the word "Favorite" on every biscuit. Baked in the best bakery in New England.

NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.

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CHAMBERLAIN'S NEWTONVILLE AND BOSTON EXPRESS

Newtonville Office: Tainter's, 286 Walnut St.

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Leave Newtonville 9:30 A. M., Boston 2:30 P. M.

HOLMES' BAGGAGE EXPRESS.

You can always find one of Holmes' Expressmen at their stand, NEWTON BAGGAGE ROOM, from 6:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M., where a call may be left, or leave orders at G. P. Atkins', Grocer, or Newton Business Exchange, 402 Centre St., Telephone connection.

Furniture and Piano Moving also Crockery and Pictures carefully packed for transportation.

General Jobbing of every description promptly attended to.

Residence, 152 Adams St., Newton, Mass.

NEWCOMB & SNYDER, Newton and Boston Express.

Leave Newton 7:30 and 9:30 a.m. Leave Boston 12 m. and 3 p.m. Newton Office: 334 Centre St., Order Box, 91 Fenueill Hall Market. Newton Office: H. B. Coffin's, Order Box, Postoffice and Atkins'.

Leave Newton 9:30 a.m., Leave Boston 3 p.m.

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Certified Teacher of the Synthetic Method.

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EDGAR A. BARRELL,
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Organ, Harmony, and Counterpoint.

HOTEL HUNNEWELL, NEWTON, MASS.

ALL LEADING Writing Machines

Remington, Smith Premier, Yost Caligraph, Densmore, Williams, Bar-Lock, Blieckenderfer, Franklin, Williamson, American.

Rented, \$8, \$4, \$5 per month.

Sold, \$8 to \$80.

Ribbons furnished free, and machines kept in good working order. Six months guarantee given when sold. Typewriters repaired.

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CRAFTS STREET, - NEWTONVILLE

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Prescriptions properly prepared

Say it,

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We carry the best goods at popular prices.

Twenty-five years' experience.

J. G. KILBURN,

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NONANTUM.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.**LIST OF NEW BOOKS.**Banner, Bertha. *Household Sewing with Home Dressmaking*. This manual for teachers and others contains chapters on mending, patching and darning.Behar, Dina. *Life of Saladin*, 1137-93 A. D. The author of this biography was a contemporary of Saladin in the twelfth century.Bury, Yvette. *Blaze de*. French Literature of today: a study of the principal Romancers and Essayists.

Literary portraits of contemporary French writers, with an estimate of their works.

Haddon, Alfred Cort. *The Study of Man*.

"This does not profess to be a treatise on anthropology or its methods, but merely a collection of samples of the various parts of the subject are studied. It is not for scientific students, but for the amateur student and the intelligent reader."

Hewlett, Maurice. *The Forest Lovers*.Heyse, Paul. *L'Arrabbiata and other Tales*.Homerus. *Popes Translation of the Iliad*: Books I., VI., XII., XXIV.; ed. with introduction and notes by Wm. Tappan.Louis Alexander, Prince of Battenberg. *Men-of-War Names*, their meaning and origin.

Written to interest those who care to know why a ship bears a particular name and how she came to receive it.

Mackie, Pauline Bradford. *Ye Lyttle Salem Maide: A Story of Witchcraft*.

Several historical characters are introduced, including the Rev. Cotton Mather, and Governor and Lady Phipps, and a picture is drawn of Puritan life in the seventeenth century.

Murray, Alexander S. *Greek Bronzes*. (Portfolio Monograph.)Palmer, Charles Follen. *Inebriety, its Source, Prevention, and Cure*.Petrie, William M. *Flinders. Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt*.

Back of the outward manifestations of Egyptian religion Dr. Petrie seeks for its ethical and spiritual meaning and directions.

Sedgwick, Adam. *Student's Text-Book of Zoology*, Vol. 1.

A work from which "information may be gained of the general habits and habits of a large number of animals, and of the more important and striking phenomena of animal life." Preface.

Simpson, Mary Charlotte Mair. *Many Memories of Many People*.

A large space in Mrs. Simpson's volume is devoted to the memoirs of her father, Nassau William Senior.

Tait, Peter Guthrie. *Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science*, with a special lecture on Force.

Tales from McClure's: Vol. 5, War, being True Stories of Camp and Battle-field.

Ten Years in Cambridge, a Jubilee Volume, published by the Citizens Committee.

Vivian, Thomas J., ed. *With Dewey at Manila*.

The plain story of the glorious victory of the United States Squadron over the Spanish fleet, Sunday morning, 1st March, as reflected in the notes and correspondence of an officer on board the flagship Olympia."

Walpole, Spencer. *History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815*. New and revised edition. 6 vols.Woodbury, Walter E. *Encyclopedic Dictionary of Photography*, containing over 2,000 references.Young, Lucien. *The Boston at Hawaii*.

Lieutenant Young was fourteen months in the Hawaiian Archipelago, and gives a study of the little island republics, the record of an eyewitness.

E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.

August 3, 1898.

NONANTUM.

—Mrs. Wm. Butler of Pleasant street is ill at her home.

Andrew Marchand has resumed his position with Louis Burofski.

—The best goods at popular prices.

—Mr. Geo. Wallace and family have closed their house corner of Crafts street and Linwood avenue for several months.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Murray of West street have the sympathy of friends in the first of their nine months old daughter.

—Patrolman O'Halloran's apartment on Clinton street is completed and ready for occupancy. Patrolman Desmond will occupy one tenement.

—For proficiency in drilling at Camp Dalton, South Framingham, the following young men of this place has received drill stripes: Privates John Garrity, Patrick Neville and Joseph Lovell.

—The house of Mrs. Margaret Shea on Chapel street was searched for liquor by Virgil Clay and patrolmen J. J. Davis, Dolan, O'Halloran and Desmond last Friday. No intoxicants were found.

—The continued case of Gregory Burns of Clinton street charged with maintaining a liquor nuisance, came up for a second hearing before Judge Kennedy, Saturday morning, and was again continued until November 26.

—Now that the use of the bath house on California street is given up exclusively to the ladies, Wednesday afternoon, it would seem desirable to have a lady attendant in charge. Last year the plan was operated with success.

—A business meeting of the Nonantum Club members was held Monday evening. Plans for a mid-summer entertainment were considered. Several letters from C. were read. Mr. Frank Joyal was elected a member of the executive committee.

—There will be a social meeting next Sunday afternoon at the Buelah Baptist mission on Bridge street. If the weather is favorable the exercises will be held on the lawn of Mr. George Hudson's residence. It is expected that Warden Rockwell of Watertown will speak.

—Residents of Chapel street have asked the police to use their influence to prevent the owners of "hurdy-gurdy" on the street from tuning their instruments at early morn. At present these Italians awake the entire neighborhood at 5 a. m. with the harmonious strains of the several street pianos.

STUMPY CELEBRITIES.**Many Notable Characters Have Been Short In Stature.**

Socrates was stumpy, also St. Paul and Alexander the Great, great only as a warrior.

In stature both he and his far more intellectual father, Philip of Macedon, scarce reached middle height. In this regard we may rank them with the famous Spartan general, Agesilaus; with Attila, the "scourge of God"; broad shouldered, thickset, sinewy, short; with Theodore II, King of the Goths, of whom Cassiodorus writes, "He is rather short than tall, some what stout, with shapely limbs alike little and strong."

Actius, too, commander in chief of the Roman troops and prop of the tottering Roman empire in the days of Valentinian, was a man of low stature, therein resembling Timour the Tartar, self described as a "puny, lame, decrepit little wight, though lord of Asia and terror of the world;" also the great Gondo and his pugmy contemporary, Marshal Luxembourg, nicknamed "The Little." Keppel, as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration.

When Actius gave birth to young, almost the first thing she does is to take her babies one by one in her mouth, and, accompanied by the father coon, proceed slowly and solemnly to the pool. Arriving at the brink and while the dad coon stands thoughtfully by the mother baptizes the little one beneath the wave with all the decorum and solicitude of a Baptist clergyman immersing a candidate for church membership. After lowering it goes down beneath the surface and lifting it up again, Mrs. Coon and her husband wend their way back again to their family corner of the yard. This service, solemn and staid, is continued by Mr. and Mrs. Coon until every mother's son of their just arrived offspring has been duly christened.

Viewed soberly, it is really one of the most unique, impressive processional performances imaginable. But the indescribable drollness of the picture made by the wee husband and wife as they go through with the performance is inimitable, and smiles, if not laughter, come to almost every one who witnesses the serio comic bit of drama.

Almost any hour any day in the year you can find a group of people tossing bits of goodies to the coons. Upon picking up one of these Mr. or Mrs. Coon instantly, with a "goody" held daintily in its teeth, trots over to the pool and swashes the morsel back and forth in the water two or three times. Then returning to its favorite corner or up to its favorite crotch in the tree, the little chap sets to devouring it in a way so dainty and sedate as to put food gulping humans to the blush.—Cincinnati Enquirer

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.**Something Which Should Not Be Taken In Little Daily Doses.**

The admitted advantage of an outdoor life in many morbid conditions and notably in consumption seems to point to the conclusion that there is something definitely injurious in the indoor life which is now the common mode of existence among civilized people. It is a striking and startling thing that the mere removal of a patient into the open air should lower his fever, should remove his night sweats and take away his hectic, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if these symptoms are removed by the purity of the air outside they must have been largely caused by the impurity of the air within the house.

Nor have we any right to assume that it is the consumptive only who suffers. Doubtless the healthy struggle against and overcome evil influences before which those who are tuberculous succumb, but that is not to say that in the struggle we do not suffer, and, indeed, the facts recently brought forward are sufficient to show that the stuffy life of warmth and comfort which civilized man now "enjoys" is bad for the health even of the healthiest. We make our windows fit, we pad our doors, we shiver at a draft, we surround ourselves with woolen curtains, dusty carpets and fluffy, luxurious upholstery, we breathe the same air over and over again, and then we wonder that we are not strong and vigorous.

The fact is we are daily using up the exuberant vitality with which nature has provided us in struggling against artificial conditions. How powerful for evil, how deteriorating these conditions are, is shown by the fact that their mere removal gives back to the consumptive that vitality which enables him to overcome the seeds of disease within him. Fresh air is not a thing to be taken in little doses, once a day, but a thing to live on.—London Hospital Review.

The Eskimo's "Huskie."

The wild dog, uninfused at all by association with man, is typical of nothing but the wolf, and in the circumpolar ice he is found in numbers, roving over the fields of snow and ice, frequently in company with the wolves. The Eskimos have taken their wild creatures and by a rude process of selection and training they have developed the "huskie," a colloquial abbreviation of the word "Eskimo." These animals represent a type of dog but little removed from the wolf—hardy, vicious, swift of foot and keen of eye. They have been trained to haul sledge loads of goods across the snow and ice, and this comes as natural to them now as for a pointer to point. They possess the blood of the wolf, however, in their veins—the taint of the jackal. At the first opportunity they will run away and join the wild dogs and deteriorate rapidly in their company.

George E. Walsh in North American Review

—A book of verses underneath the bough, A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou Beside me sing in the wilderness— A wilderness were paradise enough.

After most of the guests had gone home the author and asked him if the lines were from one of his own poems:

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Smith; "they are from Omar Khayyam."

"I guess you're wrong," was the reply.

—I pretend to know much about literature, but I'll bet you the drinks there is no such paper as the Omaha Khayyam."—Philadelphia Press

An Utterly Lovely Girl.

A lovely girl was caught by her aunt while indulging in a surreptitious cigarette.

"My dear," said the horrified aunt, "do you know that every time you smoke one of those beastly things you drive a nail in your coffin?"

"No, auntie, dear," said the lovely girl, "you are wrong. A woman can't drive a nail."—What to Eat

Can Afford to Have a Cow.

"Just after President McKinley's inauguration he had his relatives who were in the city at a family dinner at the White House," says The Ladies' Home Journal.

"It was a large company and a very good dinner. Dear old Mother McKinley was there, but she was not very talkative. She was too happy for words. But she kept a sharp eye on the dinner, and no detail of it escaped her. She was impressed by the quantity of cream served with the fruit and coffee, for she looked up at her son in her sweet way and said

"William, you must keep a cow now

—Some of the younger members of the family party found it difficult to suppress a smile, but the president, with his usual tact and gracefulness, replied:

"Yes, mother, we can afford to have a cow now and have all the cream we can possibly use."

Funny Elisha.

Elisha (inclined to be facetious)—I'm getting to be pretty bald, aren't I? S'pose you'll have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, eh?

Tonsorial Artist—Oh, no, sir! We always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair!—Boston Traveler

Some years ago W. H. Brown, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania railroad, was introduced to a clergyman as the greatest bridge builder in the country.**"Can you build a bridge to eternity?" asked the clergyman.****"Yes, if you can furnish the abutments," was the prompt reply.****RACCOON.****Their Immersion of Infant Coons and Their Washing of Food.**</div

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre. Agent for The Graphic, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton. —Henry Williams has returned from a brief outing. —Mrs. Deacon Coffin is recovering from a short illness. —Mr. A. K. Pratt and family returned home Tuesday. —Mr. Horace Consens and family are at South Beach. —Mrs. J. Storrow left this week for an outing at Manomet. —Capt. Ladd is a guest of his sister, Mrs. Barnes of Beacon street. —Mr. G. M. B. Flanders of Langley road has returned from Onset. —Mr. H. W. Mason and family are summing at North Scituate. —Mr. Chester Fearing left last Saturday for an outing at Hingham. —Read J. W. Beverly's new advertisement, bicycles and watches.

—Mr. L. R. Stevens of Centre street is at Cape Cod for a month's visit.

—Mr. H. F. Colwell of Glenwood avenue is away on a summer's outing.

—Mr. Arthur Washburn has returned from Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

—Dr. J. B. Thomas and family of Warren street are in Newport, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spinney of Homer street are at North Sutton, N. H.

—Mr. Samuel Shannon and family of Lake avenue are at North Scituate.

—Mr. T. L. Crowell and family are spending several weeks at North Scituate.

—Mrs. Dr. West of Beacon street is summing at Old Orchard beach, Maine.

—Messrs. Otis Swain and the Benedict brothers are enjoying a trip to Maine.

—Mounted patrolman C. R. Young started ed Wednesday on his annual vacation.

—Miss Ethel and Bernice Leach are at North Woodstock, N. H., with friends.

—Mr. G. A. Burdett and family of Langley road are in Brownington, Vermont.

—Driver Edward G. Henriksen of hose 3 started Tuesday on his annual vacation.

—Miss Martha E. Stone of Institution avenue came up from Onset this week.

—Mr. D. A. Harrington of Knowles street is away for a portion of the summer.

—Mr. Fred Dunbar has left for Kennebunkport, Maine, for a several weeks' outing.

—Mr. A. J. Walworth and family of Centre street are summering in Rockland, Maine.

—Mr. T. A. Plimpton and family of Sumner street have returned from their recent outing.

—No serious damage was reported in this place as a result of Saturday's thunder shower.

—Walter Griffiths, who is spending the summer at Onset, came up for a short visit this week.

—Letter carrier W. H. Barley started Thursday on his annual vacation trip of two weeks.

—Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Williams of Evertville, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Jones of Hartfort street go to Exeter, N. H., next week.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Avery are being congratulated on account of the birth of a son.

—Mr. J. H. Wentworth and family have gone to Buzzard's Bay for a stay of a few weeks.

—Mr. E. W. Warren and family have returned from a stay of a month at North Falmouth.

—Rev. C. E. Havens has gone to Nova Scotia, where he will spend a portion of his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spaulding have an addition to their family, a circle by the birth of a son.

—Miss Goodwin, bookkeeper with E. Moulton & Son, is taking a vacation, and has gone to Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Moore of Hillside road have an addition to their family by the birth of a daughter.

—Louis S. Brigham and his cousin, Edmund F. Brigham, are on a bicycle tour, and were heard from at North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. G. Fred Crosby, architect, and family, of Brookline, now occupy their new house, just completed, on Woodward street.

—Mr. Wm. Greig, who has had a market in Patterson block, has given up his business here, and with his family has removed to Lowell.

—Rev. Wm. Thompson B. Greene of Pomfret, Conn., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. Services commence at 10:30 and 7:30.

—Mr. Jagger, one of the conductors on the electric road, who has had a suite of rooms in Newhall's block, and has been running a dining saloon, has sold out and removed to Andoverdale.

—Mr. J. F. Loring and daughter are at home from their vacation of the last week, which was spent in the Lake Champlain region and the Adirondacks, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Loring have also returned to their home here.

—Greenwood's Real Estate Agency has let the house on Columbus place, belonging to Mrs. Holmes, and formerly occupied by the late Mrs. Kingsbury, to Mr. F. McCulloch Williams in Harper's Magazine.

—Mr. W. E. Ryder, who has been a member of a theatrical company in Chicago, playing to crowded houses, since the early summer, was married on Monday, July 25th, in New York, to Miss Frances Whitehouse of Brooklyn. They are now at the Highlands, and are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ryder.

—Rev. Wm. Safford Jones will preach Sunday morning at the New North church, Hingham, and Sunday evening at the South Hingham Unitarian church, in the absence of Rev. Chas. V. Porter, the minister. Mr. Jones leaves for Bar Harbor, Monday, to join Rev. S. B. Macdonald at East Lawrence. The 15th he goes to Quebec with Rev. Geo. H. Latimer of Salem.

—HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Bitterness, Indigestion, Headache, Easy to take, easy to operate. 25¢.

grand jury in \$500, on the charge of attempting to break and enter.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brigham of Oxford road are at Sea Cliff, Nantucket.

—Miss Mabelle Leach is spending a few weeks with Miss Hattie Kistler in Pennsylvania.

—Dr. George Bullen supplied the pulpit, morning and evening last Sunday at the Baptist church. The pastor is still in Europe.

—Miss Emma Giles of Parker street is at Maplewood Cottage, Bethlehem, where she is enjoying a trip through the White Mountains.

—Dr. Elbridge G. Leach, father of Dr. Leach of this village, died last week at his summer home at No. Leverett, Mass. He had been very ill for some months, his health having been gradually failing for some time. He was a surgeon. He had been one of the leading dentists of Boston for over 50 years, and was the founder of the Harvard University Dental School, in which he held a prominent office for many years. He had a very large acquaintance and his death will be learned of with regret. His wife and seven children survive him, among the number being Dr. E. C. Leach and Mrs. Francis H. Williams of Crystal street, and Mrs. Philip Carbone of Newton Highlands.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. E. S. Ritchie has gone to Nonquitt, Mass.

—Mr. Seward W. Jones has gone to Philadelphia.

—The Foster family have gone to Portland, Me.

—Miss Mary Hills of Eliot is away on her vacation.

—Mrs. A. H. Greenwood has been very ill for the past two weeks.

—The Luitwiler family have gone to Maine for summer outing.

—Mr. F. R. Moore and family of Eliot have gone to the mountains.

—Mr. E. Burrill Moulton is taking a vacation, and has gone to Maine.

—Mr. E. P. Bosson and family are at Ogunquit, on the coast of Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. Pierce Brown of Hartfort street are at Southwest Harbor.

—Mrs. J. F. C. Hyde is at Kennerly, and is the guest of her son, Mr. F. C. Hyde.

—Mr. C. A. Guld and family have returned from their stay in New Hampshire.

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—Louis S. Brigham and his cousin, Edmund F. Brigham, are on a bicycle tour, and were heard from at North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. G. Fred Crosby, architect, and family, of Brookline, now occupy their new house, just completed, on Woodward street.

—Mr. Wm. Greig, who has had a market in Patterson block, has given up his business here, and with his family has removed to Lowell.

—Rev. Wm. Thompson B. Greene of Pomfret, Conn., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. Services commence at 10:30 and 7:30.

—Mr. Jagger, one of the conductors on the electric road, who has had a suite of rooms in Newhall's block, and has been running a dining saloon, has sold out and removed to Andoverdale.

—Mr. J. F. Loring and daughter are at home from their vacation of the last week, which was spent in the Lake Champlain region and the Adirondacks, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Loring have also returned to their home here.

—Greenwood's Real Estate Agency has let the house on Columbus place, belonging to Mrs. Holmes, and formerly occupied by the late Mrs. Kingsbury, to Mr. F. McCulloch Williams in Harper's Magazine.

—Mr. W. E. Ryder, who has been a member of a theatrical company in Chicago, playing to crowded houses, since the early summer, was married on Monday, July 25th, in New York, to Miss Frances Whitehouse of Brooklyn. They are now at the Highlands, and are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ryder.

—Rev. Wm. Safford Jones will preach Sunday morning at the New North church, Hingham, and Sunday evening at the South Hingham Unitarian church, in the absence of Rev. Chas. V. Porter, the minister. Mr. Jones leaves for Bar Harbor, Monday, to join Rev. S. B. Macdonald at East Lawrence. The 15th he goes to Quebec with Rev. Geo. H. Latimer of Salem.

—HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Bitterness, Indigestion, Headache, Easy to take, easy to operate. 25¢.

The Funds.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal writes in The Century of "Holy Week in Seville." Mr. Bonsal says:

We are returning from the social function of the week, for, alas, even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the tablado, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed tomorrow by the most celebrated matadores in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull ring, and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bullfight, even if, as often happens, he has to pawn his household gods and sacred images to do so.

Easter Bullfights in Seville.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 46.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1898.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR

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Successor 1897.

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JAPANESE BLUEING, which is pronounced by experts to be the best blueing known to science.

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FURS.

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FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
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HALF A LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS BETTER THAN ANY WHOLE BAKER BREAD FROM THE WHOLE BAKER. WE ALSO BAKE DAINTY CAKES, DELICIOUS PIES AND HOME-MADE DOUGHNUTS. TEL. 224-3. GOODS DELIVERED.

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Its object is to unite externally for their mutual protection, and internally, and to protect the widow, orphans, or dependents of its members by paying them on the death of the members five hundred, one thousand or two thousand dollars, as the member may have else. It has benefited thousands. It can benefit you and your...

Nonantum Colony, No. 77, meets in Nonantum Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 o'clock P. M.

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Household Goods

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NOTE—Mr. J. M. Quinby of the firm who had charge of the furnishing the Hunnewell Club lives at 37 Wesley St., Newton, and would be pleased to call and give estimates on any old or new work. Re-upholstering and re-furnishing of furniture, at reasonable prices.

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JOHN C. MEYER & CO.,

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87 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

NEWTON.

Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.

—Mr. L. T. Burr has returned from his European tour.

—Mr. John Crowdie left Tuesday for his annual vacation.

—Miss Julie M. Meehan of Fayette street is at Salisbury Beach.

—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.

—Miss Helen Meade is enjoying her annual vacation of two weeks.

—Miss Mary S. Sweeney is spending two weeks at Hopkinton Heights.

—Mr. Willard Harding is spending a portion of the month in Nantucket.

—Mr. Robert S. Cody returned Monday from Canterbury, N. H.

—Mr. E. A. Whitney visited relatives in Ashburnham this week.

—Miss Atkins of Thornton street is enjoying a visit out of town.

—Miss Hitchcock has returned from several weeks vacation.

—Mr. Pitt F. Parker returned last Saturday from West Dennis, Mass.

—Mr. M. C. LaFave left to-day for Vermont to be gone for some days.

—Mr. Dr. James Utley of Centre street has returned from Bradford Springs.

—Miss Mand C. Hartwell is visiting in Stanstead, Province of Quebec, Canada.

—Mr. Howard Travis has returned from an outing of several weeks at Magnolia.

—Mr. James McDonald of Church street is spending the week at Bethlehem, N. H.

—The Misses Snow of Waverley avenue are spending their vacation at Newport, R. I.

—Mrs. I. D. Allen has returned from North Pomfret, Vt. to her home on Centre street.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Barber and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Leonard are in North Bridgton, Maine.

—Mr. Theodore Jones and family of Baldwin street are summering in Nantucket.

—Rev. W. F. Parker of New Brunswick is here visiting his brother Mr. C. W. Parker.

—Mr. Wood was among those registered at Hotel Ponema, Milford Springs, N. H. last week.

—Miss Irene and Miss Susie Atkins of Thornton street, left this week for a visit in Provincetown.

—Mr. Abra Byfield and family of Grasmere street are registered at the Bay State Cottage, North Scituate.

—Mr. Howard B. Coffin and Mr. Lewis Coffin were among the guests at the Ocean-side, Magnolia, last week.

—Mr. J. Finnegan of this place has been spending a portion of the summer at the Anchorage, North Scituate.

—Mr. Charles Jones of South Walpole is in town this week visiting his mother, Mrs. Hamlin of Channing street.

—Mrs. Maria R. Holmes of Channing street left this week for Abington, Mass., where she is visiting friends.

—Miss Katie Carlin, who has been visiting W. H. Thomas of Green street, has returned to her home in Roxbury.

—Mr. C. W. Parker will be the leader at the regular session of the Baptist Sunday School at 10:45 a. m., 12 m. and 7:30 p. m. Strangers and others are cordially invited.

—Mrs. Hall, formerly of the Hollis, is reported as improving at the private hospital in Boston, where she has been for some weeks.

—Mrs. W. H. Furber and wife with Mrs. E. J. Sweetser of Chicago, sister of Mrs. Welles Holmes at the Quissett Harbor House.

—Miss Florence Snow of Dorchester, who has been a guest of Miss Inez Mason of Jefferson st., returned this week to her home.

—Messrs. Thomas Edmonds and Charles Kimball returned last Saturday from North Scituate, where they have been spending several weeks.

—Miss Katie M. Sweeney of Fayette street and Miss Julia Hayes of Crescent street are spending part of the month at the Isle of Shoals next Thursday afternoon.

—Mrs. Hall, formerly of the Hollis, is reported as improving at the private hospital in Boston, where she has been for some weeks.

—Miss Emily Cutler of Linden Terrace is spending August with Mr. and Mrs. S. Welles Holmes at the Quissett Harbor House.

—Miss Florence Snow of Dorchester, who has been a guest of Miss Inez Mason of Jefferson st., returned this week to her home.

—Mrs. Samuel Farquhar and Miss Beatrix Farquhar were guests at the opening hop at the Arlington, Bethlehem, last Monday evening.

—Past Grand Master Workman Dunphy of Boston visited Newton Lodge A. O. U. W. in the lodge hall, Nonantum building, Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Quinby, who have been spending the season at Paris, Maine, and Poland Springs, have returned to their home at 37 Wesley street.

—Charles Burgher, formerly of this place but now out of Winthrop Highlands, has been in town the past week the guest of John Sheppard of Maple avenue.

—The Boston Herald says: "Mr. Chester Guild of Newton drives one of the handiest turnouts at Kennebunkport. His horses are a cross match pair—a black and a gray."

—Mr. E. J. Looke and the Misses Stone of Tremont street sailed this week for Nova Scotia, where they will pass the month of August touring the Land of Evangeline.

—A horse belonging to George Pearson, the expressman, was overcome by the heat while being driven on Washington street, near the Brighton line, last Saturday evening. The animal fell to the ground, and in a few minutes died.

—Capt. Pressley has leased the house corner of Washington and St. James streets, occupied by Mrs. Mandell for the last fifteen years, and the latter is moving to the new house on Pembroke street, which Mr. Robert H. Mandell has recently purchased.

—Jefferson street residents have not taken kindly to the old Hyde and Hodges buildings recently placed on vacant lots on that thoroughfare. They sincerely hope the owners of these buildings will be active in making both more presentable. Painting and judicious repairing would undoubtedly have a desirable effect.

—Cards are out for the marriage of Adele P., daughter of Henry Henselz, former consul general at Manila from Germany, to Charles S. Sumner. The ceremony takes place at the residence of the bride's parents in Hingham, on Aug. 15th. The party consists of 200 guests, to be immediately followed by a public demonstration in that place to-morrow evening. The affair will be in charge of the Nonantum club, and promises to be an occasion of unusual interest. Illuminations, speech-making, and a spread will make up the features of the program.

—While Edward Curtis, employed as a driver for Atwood & Prescott, provision dealers, was delivering goods at the house of Mr. Clark on Charlesbank road early Tuesday afternoon, he was set upon by a large St. Bernard dog and severely bitten in the hip. The animal set his teeth deep in the flesh, and it was only after strenuous efforts that Curtis managed to free himself. He was taken to his home and attended by a physician. The wound was cauterized, and it is said will not prove serious.

—Much interest has been manifested by patrons of the Boston & Albany in the improvements at Faneuil, which when completed will materially alter and benefit the appearance of the station and vicinity. Good progress is being made on the extension of Brooks street, which is to pass under the railroad tracks, connecting all the region to the south of the station with the brick bridge over the Charles river at the Arsenal. The railroad is to build a new station at this point, replacing the little old frame structure that has done service for so many years by a new one, 37 by 22 feet on the ground. There has been considerable building on the territory served by the station.

—In attempting to board an inward bound accommodation train at the depot early last evening, Miss Annie Marshman, a young woman, was unable to get on the train. The train was moving out. Miss Marshman attempted to step on the platform of the center car. She missed her footing, and was dragged several feet. That she was not thrown beneath the cars is considered wonderful. The train did not stop, but a gentleman on the platform assisted Miss Marshman on the car. She was evidently

station, toward Oak square, and it deserves better facilities than it has had.

</div

THE SECRET OF THE STATUE.

In an old studio, fame garlanded,
A fair, mysterious statue once had place,
With long hair shrouding its averted face
And on each graceful foot a wing widespread.
"Tis a mask'd Mercury!" quoth one. "Nay,"
said

The sculptor. "This is Opportunity.
Men know him not too oft, when him they
see,
Because of his veiled face, averted head."

"But why these wings upon his lovely feet?"
"Because," the grave eyed master made re-
sponse,

"He cometh even upon pinions fleet,
To flee as swiftly. He can come but once,
And once deplored, unembraced by men,
None can avert or urge him back again."

—Eleanor C. Donnelly in *Domino's*.

PURCHASED LOVE.

Sola Vejar, simple child of a guileless race, believed in her very soul that wealth would outweigh in the heart of Antonio Mascavel the beauty of Refugio Garfias, great and renowned though that might be. Therefore, and for this only, did she sigh for riches and hate the poverty with which Providence had seen fit to curse her. For Sola was not beautiful, save for the beauty that some find in a firm chin and a powerful mouth, a wide forehead and deep eyes overset with mighty brows, which may have their charm for the student of his kind, but not for a lover and least of all for a Mexican lover.

Antonio Mascavel preferred the type of Refugio—small featured, red lipped, soft eyed, graceful and lovely as a dark Venus—and his opinion was also that of the surrounding country, of the city of Los Angeles and the mission of San Gabriel. The fame of the daughter of Garfias had spread even among the Americans, and when strangers asked to be shown a beautiful Mexican they were taken to the house of Garfias, upon the outskirts of Sonora town. So it may be supposed that Refugio had lovers. They came from far and near and from every rank of California life. There was an American whose fortune was vast and as generously spent as fortunes were in the early fifties. There was an Englishman with a determination to have her at any cost, even at that of a few lives, a tendency of character which accounted for his presence in the States and for his expatriation. There were innumerable Mexicans, ranchers, shopkeepers, desperadoes and gamblers. All followed tamely and suppliantly in Refugio's train.

But she loved only Mascavel. She admitted it at last to Senor Garfias when that wily little creature demanded that she make a choice. The senor was aghast. The possibility of it had not occurred to him.

"Antonio Mascavel!" he said. "But you do not know him."

Refugio nodded her little head. "Si," she said.

"Where have you seen him?"

She was not minded to tell of the meetings in the willow hidden bed of the arroyo, so she held her peace.

"But the man is a bad character. He is a gambler."

Still Refugio was silent. There must be better arguments than faults, vices or crimes to bring against the unanswerable one that a woman loves.

Of this Senor Garfias became gradually aware after he had protested for hours and for days and after finding that despite his prohibitions, despite close supervision, his fair daughter and Mascavel were in constant communication.

Then he hunted out Antonio himself where he sat playing at cards in the bar-room of the Lafayette, and he pleaded with him courteously and respectfully, for Mascavel was a big man and a desperate one. But he, too, answered that he lo ed, and when all was said and done it had gone no further than this—that they both loved and that wisdom might stand aside.

Garfias went with his baffled hopes to Sola Vejar, the brother of Sola. The house of Vejar, a two roomed adobe which had never been whitewashed, stood several hundred yards farther north along the road than that of Garfias. It was the last one before the open country and had no neighbors.

Sola Vejar was much younger than Garfias. He had the same mighty brow and powerful mouth that made his sister hideous to a race that loves all things gentle and gracious. He was one of those who pined for Refugio, but her father did not know this. So he told him the whole story of his thwarted will and plans and implored advice as he made a cigarette.

"If it were not for the cursed laws of the gringos if things were as they were in my youth, I could force my own daughter to marry the man I pleased," he said.

Vejar shook his head. "You cannot do that," he answered.

"What, then, shall I do?" Garfias was moved to the point of tears. They hung on his long blue lashes and dropped on his old blue overalls.

The situation was too complicated to be set straight in a moment. It was not simplified by Vejar's having his own suit and chances to consider. "I cannot advise you at once," he said. "I will think and will help you if I can in the morning." He took counsel with his sister when Garfias had ridden away.

"Oh," snarled Sola, "the love of Antonio!" A thousand dollars would bury it so deep that it would never rise again.

"Yes," said her brother, not understanding woman, "you would be glad to have him caused it."—Gwendolen Overton in *Argonaut*.

Barred by His Own Order.

The secretary of the navy had one of his own rules enforced on him a few evenings ago. Secretary Long went to the department after office hours, and instead of going to the main entrance, where he was known, found it more convenient to go in one of the side doors. He was met by a watchman, who demanded his pass.

It was long after dark when a horse stopped at Vejar's adobe. Vejar had been asleep. He jumped up and went to the door. He had his finger on the trigger of his revolver. A man stood under the broken down ramada. Before he spoke the Mexican had seen by the moonlight that he was a gringo. They talked together in low tones until Sola joined them, rubbing her eyes and moving noiselessly with her bare feet across the dirt floor.

"This man," said her brother, "is an American. He says he has ridden all day to get into Los Angeles before night, but his horse went lame. It is so bad now that he can go no farther, and he wishes to stay here until morning."

"Let him stay," said Sola, not too graciously. "He can have my bed. I cannot sleep."

Vejar grunted in much contempt. "Mascavel does not lie awake for you," he said.

Sola made no answer. She accepted the fact. She put the American upon the blanket covered willow boughs that she called her bed. Her brother tied the horse beside his own in the roofless adobe out-

THE LOVERS OF THE SEA.

Twain are the lovers of the sea.
And hard the burden of their life
Who wage for that which may not be
Wars unproclaimed and secret strife,
While the gold wanton feeds their hate
And triumphs in their sad estate.

Sometimes about the earth she flings
Her foam white arms and clips his waist,
And with low, purring laughter sings
Her love song to him so enlaced.
Sometimes she casts one lazy kiss
To heaven that stoops and smiles for this.

And presently in wilder mood
She leaps to meet the lowering skies,
With sparkling lips to taste love's food
Full tenderly from starry eyes
Then frets and sighs to be caressed
Awhile upon earth's envious breast.

Yet fears she wholly to declare
For one or other of these twain,
Lest the love, destined to despair,
Forget its worship in its pain.
Lest the high heaven should crack and fall
Or earth divide and swallow all.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

BOWIE AS A SLAVE TRADER.

Tactics by Which He Beat the Law and
Made Enormous Profits.

The United States had not long suppressed the slave trade. There were plenty still of lowland planters, with money in both pockets, ready to buy whatever of "black ivory" other men would fetch in. Lafitte, the Louisiana pirate, kept up the business of such fetching in. His haunts were no great ways from the Bowie habitat. Moreover, young James was in the way of coming upon the pirate whenever the business of board rafting took him to New Orleans. He was too shrewdly American not to grudge such fair profits to a pack of foreigners. In company with his brother, Rezin Bowie, Jr., and two others of like adventurous minds he undertook to get a fair sharing in it.

Money was needed to begin. Bowie sold his land to get it. Then the four entered into treaty with Lafitte. He sold them sound and likely blacks off his slave ships at the rate of \$1 a pound. That made the average price something like \$140 the head. In the open market the blacks would fetch from \$500 to \$1,000 each. But there was another and a better chance of gain, which the trading crew were quick to seize upon. Under the laws then standing all Africans brought in violation of the statute were confiscated and sold out of hand, one half the price going to the authorities, the other to the informer. Bowie and his comrades made a practice of informing upon themselves; then when the slaves were seized and sold they bid them in, pocketed half the money they paid and found themselves free to offer their purchases wheresoever they chose, for the blacks were now lawfully within United States boundaries and a commodity as staple and as marketable as cotton.

The profit was enormous—nobody ever

bid against the partners at the forced sales, though there were a lively crying and a swift mounting of prices at the later vendings. Altogether the company realized a profit of some \$65,000 within a couple of years. But the business involved such mummery and flummery of false names, pretended disguises and pretended seizures that the Bowies pretty soon tired of it. They dissolved it, and at least set about spending as strenuously as they had gone about making.—Martha McCulloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.

The End of a Famous Old Inn.

Hampstead folk and Londoners who find their way up to the heights of Hampstead for a breath of fresh air will have noticed that the famous "Jack Straw's Castle" is now in the hands of the builders. At present the old inn is supported with huge props and the lower part increased in scaffolding. This should be enough to raise an alarm among those who fly to the defense of historic buildings, for "Jack Straw's Castle" is well known, has been frequented by some of our most famous celebrities, past and present. Here Dickens came for a well cooked chop and a bottle of good wine after a ramble on the heath. Washington Irving introduces the inn in his "Tales of a Traveller," and it has always been a hospitable home to artists. Here, too, the old courts were held. As a matter of fact, the ancient face of the "Castle hotel" is to be preserved, but the interior will be entirely changed, and the charm of the old inn will have passed away. The low rooms and bar will be replaced by loftier rooms and a modern bar. There must be many who have pleasant recollections of good dinners at "Jack Straw's Castle" after breezy walks on the heath, and many will mourn over the inevitable changes that modernize old cities.—Westminster Gazette.

Farsighted Economy.

Mrs. Widdow—Jenkinson, we ought to take one of the first class magazines. It's only \$4 a year, and the children are getting old enough now to have something good to read.

Mr. Widdow—Only \$4 a year! That's all, is it? If you begin on magazines, you'll think you have to keep it up. At the end of every year you'll want to have 'em bound. There's two volumes in a year. Costs \$1 a volume for binding. That makes \$6 a year. In ten years it's \$60. Then you'll want a bookcase to hold the 20 volumes. That'll cost about \$25, because you'll think it ought to be big enough to hold the 20 more volumes. There's \$5 thrown away. Do you think I'm made of money? If you want to read the magazines, what's the matter with borrowing 'em?—Chicago Tribune.

Testing Them.

Alexander Hamilton, when slavery existed to a limited extent on Manhattan Island, bought a slave for the purpose of emancipating him.

At the first meeting of the Emancipation society of the city of New York Hamilton attended at the request of Lafayette, who desired to become an honorary member.

"Gentlemen," said Hamilton, coming straight to the point, "in token of our sincerity, let every person here emancipate his slaves now."

The members were astonished at the application of this severe test. Not one was willing to submit to it. Hamilton, seeing that his proposition met with general disapproval, took his hat and left the building.—Exchange.

The secretary appreciated the fact that the watchman was strictly complying with the rules which he himself had made, and he was too good a disciplinarian to do more than command him for his strictness. Mr. Long then made his way to the main entrance of the building, where the watchman knew him.—Washington Star.

He Got Away.

"What is the sense of the meeting?" asked the president of the new woman's club as she brought down the gavel.

"It has none," shouted a red faced man who had sneaked into the rear of the hall.

And he just escaped half a dozen clubbed umbrellas as he rushed through the door.

—Detroit Free Press.

The provision for a traveler's requirements are distinctly generous in Servia. Not only does he find public soap, which Englishmen sometimes resent in France, but also hairbrushes, clothes-brushes, combs and slippers in his bedroom. Even a public toothbrush is by no means unknown.

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

—The Times.

Knowledge is power.

There is one kind of knowledge that

is power and prestige in the hands of a woman. It is the knowledge of her own nature, her own physical make up and the home treatment of disease peculiar to her sex.

There is a great home medical book that teaches all this. It is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Over 100,000 American homes contain copies of this work. It used to cost \$1.50; now it is \$1.25. It is a great home medical book that teaches all this. It is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Prescription. During the past thirty years Dr. Pierce's prescription has been used with marvelous results. It imparts health, vigor, virility, strength and elasticity to the organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Taken during the period of gestation it makes the coming of baby easy and almost painless. It completely banishes the pain and misery that are the result of a woman's neglecting her womanly health. An honest medicine dealer will give you what you ask for, and not try to persuade you to take some inferior substitute for the little added profit he may make thereon.

Mrs. Jas. Schaffner, of Freemansburg, Northampton Co., Pa., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to let you know the great good I have received from your medicine and the local self-government it has given me, in the cure of female weakness, and pains in my back all the time, sometimes so severe that I could not lie in bed at night. I tried different doctors but they did not help me. Then my husband got Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser and induced me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. After taking six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I feel like a new woman."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Drugists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

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AT

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

THE MAKING OF GOOD ROADS.

One of the papers has been recently publishing expert opinions on road making, and materials, which contains a good deal that is of interest to towns such as Newton.

The general opinion of the writers is that macadam is too expensive and dirty for a city thoroughfare, the first cost being only a small part of the outlay, as it needs constant repairing to keep it in anything like a good condition, and also constant watering and cleaning to keep it from being a nuisance to the abutters and a menace to health.

To this might be added, as the result of the experience of Newton and other cities, that macadam is unfit for streets which have railway tracks in the center of the road bed. It is an impossibility to keep the roads on either side of the tracks from wearing out quickly, and it is almost a throwing away of money to build such roads. Walnut street, from Newtonville to Newton Highlands, is a proof of this assertion, if one were needed, as in spite of almost constant repair the roads are always in bad condition. As to whether street railways should bear a portion or all of the expense of caring for streets through which they pass, that is another matter.

In a wide street such as Washington street, with the tracks on one side, macadam seems to answer the purpose fairly well, as the road bed, after a year of use, is still in pretty good condition, though it has already needed repairs in places.

What shall be done with our narrow streets when a street railway is granted a location through them is an interesting question, and one that concerns the taxpayers. The experts referred to condemn stone paving, as being too rough and uneven for a road bed, though it wears well, and this accounts for its extensive use in Boston. Concrete is better for streets where the travel is not too heavy, though on Beacon street in Boston, where it has been tried, its wearing power is not what it should be, and it can not be used on any grades, as it is too slippery.

The most satisfactory pavement is claimed to be vitrified bricks laid in sand, and if the foundation is properly prepared, they are said to be very satisfactory. Possibly Newton will have to give up macadam on such streets as this, as being too expensive, and substitute some kind of paving, and it would be well to get the opinion of our local experts, whether such a course would not save the city several thousand dollars a year, as well as give some permanency to such roads.

Watertown, when the West End wanted to lay double tracks on Galen street, refused permission unless the railway company would pave the street from curb to curb. We did not impose any such restrictions, but there is no question but that Watertown acted wisely, as with double tracks it is impossible to keep the road in even passable condition, if macadam is used, as is shown by Walnut street, and also by Tremont street.

The death of Col. Bogan of the Ninth is said by his physician to be directly due to lack of nourishment, and Dr. Duff adds "his death is only one of many murders that may be ascribed to the same cause in this war," and the war department is as guilty as if all these deaths were the result of intention. Secretary Alger says the fault was in the commissary department, but that does not relieve Alger's responsibility, as he officiated the commissary department with political favorites, instead of men who knew anything about the work, or had any fitness for the position. Such a storm of indignation has been aroused by all these deaths that it is difficult to see how Alger can be much longer kept in his place. He really is responsible for more deaths and more suffering than the Spaniards themselves and his inefficiency and his prostitution of his powers to reward political favorites, contractors and others, is a deep disgrace to the country. It is nothing less than an insult to every friend of the soldiers to keep such a man in office. As an example of the result of the spoils system, it is something that should convince every decent man of the evils of such a system.

The choice of a successor to Secretary Day is interesting all the politicians and people generally, and one Washington despatch says that the advocates of a comprehensive colonial policy and the maintenance of a strong naval force in the East for the safeguarding of our commercial interests in China, declare that there are two essential requisites in the public policy of the new secretary; first, that he should be an advocate of American commercial extension, and second, that he should appreciate the fact that the protectionist system

is an outgrown institution and must be at least subordinated to the promotion of foreign trade. It will be a remarkable evolution if President McKinley and his secretary of state open the way for the subordination of protection to international commerce, but they will only repeat in this respect the experience of Sir Robert Peel, who was brought into power as a protectionist, and whose first act was the repeal of the corn laws.

THE Milford Journal devotes an editorial to boasting of the great increase of our foreign trade under the Dingley law, and claims that our manufacturers sold to foreign countries over twelve million dollars more of goods last year, than in any previous year, and thinks that this demonstrates the wisdom of the Dingley bill. That is certainly very curious reasoning. We must have very high duties to prevent the products of foreign "pauper" labor coming over here and underselling American goods, but because we have these high duties we can send over goods to foreign countries and undersell the products of the same "pauper" labor, right in the country where they are made. This is certainly a wonderful showing, but if we can do this, what is the use of any duties at all? If we can pay the freight and undersell for others, we can surely do the same, where they have to pay the freight. The claim of the Journal is like the other claim made in campaigns, that the foreigner pays the tax, and as Judge Corcoran said the other day, if this were so, Congress was very culpable in passing the internal revenue law, when it might have doubled the Dingley duties, and so collected all the war expenses out of the foreigners.

THE former members of the Bay State Beneficiary Association, of whom there are many in Newton, will be interested in the statement of the receivers, that the evidence is so strong that the association was managed for private profit, instead of in the interest of the members, that they have petitioned the Supreme Court that each of the three former sets of managers shall be called to account. This association was considered such a strong one that it was a favorite, and many men paid their assessments year after year, believing that they were thus making provision for their families, until they were too old to join other organizations, and its failure therefore caused great hardship. No punishment would be too severe for men who thus betrayed their trusts, and cheated widows and orphans in such a wholesale way.

THE new Massachusetts Road Book issued this season by the L. A. W. was evidently not as carefully revised as it might have been. One route, described by the road book as one of the best in the country, and as the fastest stretch of twenty-five miles to be found, turned out to be practically unridable for a great part of the distance. The natives said it used to be a good road four or five years ago, when earlier editions of the book were printed, but that it had been cut up by heavy teaming, on account of the discontinuance of some railroad. It would be too much to expect, probably, that every route given should be gone over and the information brought up to date, but certainly a route that is advertised as "ideal" should have received some attention from the revisors. Nevertheless the road book is so full of information that it is a necessity for all planning tours in New England.

MAYOR Cobb expects to return next week from New Brunswick, and as far as anything appears on the surface of things, every one seems to be waiting to see if he will take the position of mayor for another year. No other candidate has so far been spoken of, and apparently there will be no opposition, unless there is something going on that has not yet reached the public ear. As about every prominent leader in Newton politics is away at some seashore or mountain resort, no one can tell what plans are being fixed up, to be revealed a month later, when they get home and look about fences and wires and such things.

The only paper that we have seen that has no words of condemnation for Secretary Alger is the Milford Journal, but that is not strange, as Alger is only carrying out the Journal's ideas, and rewarding his friends with contracts and appointments, without regard to their fitness or ability. As the Journal would say, "there is no envious service reform about Alger," and he only shows what the public service would come to conducted wholly on the spoils system.

The daily papers print frequent notices of bicycle riders arrested by the officials in country towns, for riding upon the sidewalks. In most of such cases the sidewalk or the dirt path that does duty for it, is a well known fact that towns that keep their roads in decent order never have any trouble from offences of this kind.

THE poor Hawaiian Commissioners had to sail on a steamer from San Francisco that was loaded with onions. In vain did Senators Morgan and Culion protest that it was an outrage and an insult to force them to be so intimate with that vegetable the captain would not have, and the poor commissioners will have to be fumigated when they reach Honolulu.

THE summer session of the State Normal School at Hyannis was a brilliant success, according to Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Mr. Geo. I. Aldrich of Newton and others who have it in charge. It has been rather in the nature of an experiment, this year, but its success has been so good that it is probable that similar sessions will be held every year in the future.

THE Worcester Music Festival is to be a great event this year, and includes a large number of celebrated musicians. Mr. Parker's "Hossa Novissima" is one of the attractions, and a decided novelty is a concert for organ and horns by Gheinberger, with J. Wallace Goodrich as organist. The festival lasts from Sept. 26th to the 30th.

WHAT with the heat and the humidity, Newton people are getting some idea of the average climate of Cuba and the Philippines. It is no wonder that the residents

there are in a state of chronic rebellion against their government and everything else.

SENATOR LODGE is "mentioned" for the next head of the state department, and he would be an admirable exponent of the extreme jingo policy, though possibly in such a position he might show more sense in regard to our foreign policy than he has shown as a senator. But the general impression seems to be that the administration needs a man of much larger calibre for such a position, something after the pattern of Secretary Long, or ex-Secretary Olney. These are men in whom the public have confidence.

THERE is no evidence of any fight in this Congressional district. Mr. Sprague is said to have recovered his health, and will go back for another term.

A Warning.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

When there are so many needy people whom we should help it is a pity that any one should be deceived by wretched impostors who become masters in the art of misrepresentation.

I want now to warn benevolent people against certain English and Canadian impostors who go about our city asking money to get on somewhere else. They want to go to Lowell, or to Providence, or to Fall River, or to some place where good times await them.

One or more of this fraternity have of late been making use of my name again as they have done in the past, some cases stating that I had sent them, and in others saying that they were disappointed in not finding me at home when they were reluctantly compelled to go elsewhere, etc.

I never send any one, and hope their statements will not be credited. Refer them to the office of the Associated Charities, Newtonville. GEO. W. SHINN.

Her Papa Uses Slang.

A little Somerville girl who is away for the summer is afraid of the dog at the house where she is visiting. The other day, while the dog was lying in the front hall, she astonished the people on the front piazza by making her appearance through the door.

"Why, how did you venture to come by the dog?" somebody asked.

"O," she said, "I waited a minute, and while he was itching his leg I ran out."—Somerville Journal.

Moody's faith is simple. He says: "A man came to me with a difficult passage some time ago and said, 'Moody, what do you do with that?' 'I do not do anything with it.' 'How do you understand it?' 'I do not understand it.' 'How do you explain it?' 'I do not explain it.' 'What do you do with it?' 'I do not do anything.' 'You do not believe it, do you?' 'O, yes! I believe it.' 'There are lots of things I don't understand, but I believe them.'"

Not Used to Anything Smaller than \$100 Bills.

Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a \$30 bill?

Jill—No; the editor kept it, of course.

"No, he returned it."

"What! an editor return a \$30 bill?"

"Yes, he didn't know what it was."—Yonkers Statesman.

When He Learns What He's Escaped.

"The only way for a man to learn all about women is to get married."

"And study the ways of his wife, eh?"

"Naw. Listen to what she tells him about the other women."—Indianapolis Journal.

MARRIED.

POWER—SEARCY—At Highlandville, July 29, by Rev. H. A. Thompson, Francis Joseph Power and Ellen Searcy.

HANNA—WHIPPS—At Wellesley, (Newton Lower Falls), July 3, by Rev. P. H. Calahan, William Alfred Hanna and Alice Emma Whips.

DIED.

SARGENT—At Lakeville, Mass., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. F. C. Hinds, Deacon Christopher G. Sargent, formerly of Chelsea, 89 yrs., 3 mos., 16 ds.

WHEELER—In Newton, Aug. 11, Edward Slade, son of Edward Slade and Agnes Simpson Wheeler, 20 ds. Funeral private from residence, 93 Eldridge street, Newton, Friday at 2 p. m.

MOORE—At Newton Highlands, Aug. 9, Ruth, daughter of Frederick and Grace Moore, 14 ds.

WILLIAMS—At Newton Highlands, Aug. 9, Joseph Franklin Probasco Williams, 11 yrs., 9 mos., 26 ds.

FORD—At Newton, Aug. 10, Annie T., daughter of James and Sarah Ford, 7 mos.

McDONALD—At Newton, Aug. 10, Mary Jane, daughter of John and Sarah McDonald, 7 mos., 2 ds.

HAWTHORNE—At Newton, Aug. 4, William Henry Hawthorne, 34 yrs., 8 mos., 17 ds.

KEELEY—At West Newton, Aug. 8, Esther M., daughter of Patrick and Alice Keeley, 8 mos., 22 ds.

PURDY—At Newtonville, Aug. 8, Miss Hattie E. Purdy, 19 yrs., 11 mos., 26 ds.

GERAN—At Newtonville, Aug. 8, John T., son of Edward and Adelade Geran, 3 mos.

THE BRYANT & STRATION COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, BOSTON. Re-opens for 38th Year TUESDAY, SEPT. 6. Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application. The School is the MOST MODERN institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

Reliable instruction by experienced teachers and assistance in obtaining recognition from the business public are both of inestimable value to young people just entering commercial life, and they can best be attained by attending a school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.

The Shorthand and Typewriting departments are distinct from, but equal in perfection of equipment to the Commercial departments.

Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms.

POSTSCRIPT POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

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Valuable Guideboard.

At a crossroads in a New Hampshire township there is a sign which recalls former joys to many old inhabitants and rouses curiosity in the minds of travelers.

It points up a grass grown road and bears in faint letters the mysterious inscription, "Tolpum."

To the stranger it is inexplicable, but the boys of 50 years ago know that it still means, "To Long Pond, one mile." And because of the many fishing expeditions of their boyhood no one of the elderly farmers of that region will let the old board fall to the ground and rot away, as many such guideboards have done.

After a windstorm it often happens that a number of the fishermen of long ago take pains to drive past the old road, and on one occasion three of them, each with a provident hammer and nails, met and talked over old times, and every one of them was late for dinner.—Youth's Companion.

THE MARKS OF RANK.

INSIGNIA OF POSITION AND HONOR IN ARMY AND NAVY.

How to Read the Shoulder Strap or Collar Decorations Worn by Uncle Sam's Officers on Land or Aboard Ship—Grant's Joke on His Buttons.

In military service throughout the world, both upon land and water, there is a wide distinction between the different ranks held by the officers. Usually the rank of a military or naval man is obtained by long service or by appointment by congress or the president. Sometimes, however, rank is given to an officer because he has done something which attracts the attention of his superiors.

In order to distinguish an officer from a common soldier, the government has adopted various marks of rank, which are worn by the officers, both in time of war and peace. During the former these signs are less conspicuous, for during a battle the sharpshooters always try to pick off the officers, so that the soldiers will have no one to command them.

If any one reads this article should in time of peace go aboard a man-of-war or in a gathering of naval officers, he would notice a great amount of gold lace upon their uniforms and see the insignia of rank upon their shoulders. But in wartime each officer puts away his gaudy uniform. Instead of the shoulder straps the mark of rank is worn upon the collar of the coat. An admiral, the highest officer in the navy, wears four silver stars and two anchors upon his shoulder straps or collar; a vice admiral, three stars and one anchor; a rear admiral, an anchor with a star on either side; a commodore, a star with an anchor on either side; a captain, a silver eagle and two anchors, and a lieutenant an anchor with two silver bars on each side. There are also many petty and noncommissioned officers who wear the insignia of their rank on their sleeves above the elbow. The higher officers also wear gold bands upon their sleeves, running about the wrists. The shoulder straps are 4½ inches long and 1½ inches wide. They are made of dark blue cloth, with a border of dead gold a quarter of an inch wide, the device being embroidered inside the border.

The lowest commissioned officer in the navy is an ensign. He wears a single silver anchor on his shoulder strap. It is the ambition of each ensign to change his stripes for those of a lieutenant. There are many cases on record where an ensign showed great bravery during a battle, and his name was sent to Washington with a recommendation from his commander that he be promoted. Often an ensign was sent on a dangerous mission and got his lieutenant's stripes that way. Usually, however, he has to wait till some officer above him is promoted or dies or retires, and then he moves up in rank.

Every sailor and soldier knows in time of war his superiors are watching him and that if he shows himself a brave man he stands a good chance of being promoted. It is a matter of great pride to add an extra bar to his shoulder straps or to have one of the many insignia of rank put on his uniform. There are, besides the honor of being an officer, better pay with each additional rise in rank, more comfortable quarters and more personal liberty. All these things make the soldiers more ambitious to gain promotion.

In the army the insignia of rank is somewhat similar to that of the navy, but even in active service an army officer still wears his shoulder straps. The general is the highest officer of the army. His rank is shown by an eagle with a star on each side. A lieutenant general wears three stars on his shoulder straps; a major general two, a brigadier general one, a colonel a silver eagle, a lieutenant colonel two silver leaves, a major two gold leaves, a captain four silver bars and a lieutenant two bars. The noncommissioned officers wear their devices of rank upon their sleeves. A general may also be distinguished by the arrangement of the buttons on his coat. One of the jokes credited to General Grant was one about the buttons on his coat. A major general wears two rows of buttons, nine in each row and each row divided into groups of three. One day Grant was clad in a military coat much the worse for wear and from which all but three buttons had been torn. An officer brought him word that he had just been promoted to the rank of major general.

Besides the chance which a soldier or sailor has of becoming an officer and wearing an insignia of rank there is another thing which he works for during wartime, but this is confined principally to the navy. It is the matter of prize money. It is the rule of the United States navy that when the crew of a vessel captures another ship the prize is to be sold and a part of the proceeds divided among the officers and sailors. If the captured ship was equal in fighting strength to the captor, all the prize money goes to the victors, but if the prize was weaker half goes to the government, and the remaining half is divided among the crew and officers.

In such a division the commissioned officers come in for a larger share, so it is well to be as high an officer as possible. The commander of a fleet receives one-twentieth of all the prize money awarded to any ship in his command. The captain of a single vessel receives one-tenth of the money awarded to his vessel, but gets nothing from the prizes of any of the other ships of the fleet to which he belongs. The remaining officers and members of the crew of the vessel which has made the capture receive prize money in accordance with their rank and pay. The lower a man

NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mrs. J. L. Atwood enjoyed a short trip this week.
—Mr. Herbert M. Chase has returned after a few weeks' outing.
—The Misses Bailey of Cabot street are in Maine for a few weeks stay.
—Mrs. Atherton of Washington street is enjoying a few weeks vacation.
—Miss E. S. Barry is at Red Gable, New London, N. H., for a few weeks.
—Mrs. Rollins and Louise R. Rollins are enjoying a short stay at Nantasket.
—Mr. and Mrs. John Bird are enjoying few weeks at the Hollis, Nantasket.
—Miss Nellie Tancered of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.
—Mr. George P. Hall of Brooks avenue is enjoying a bicycle trip through Maine.
—Mrs. Rollins and Louise R. Rollins are enjoying a short stay at Nantasket.
—Mr. and Mrs. John Bird are enjoying few weeks at the Hollis, Nantasket.
—Miss Nellie Tancered of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.
—Mr. George P. Hall of Brooks avenue is enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.
—Mrs. Rollins and Louise R. Rollins are enjoying a short stay at Nantasket.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Judson have returned to their home at Trenton, N. J.
—Mr. Frost of Clyde street has returned to his summer home at Lebanon, N. H.
—Harold Hunt returned this week from Falmouth where he passed his vacation.
—Mr. U. H. Dyer and family have returned after an enjoyable stay on the Cape.
—Miss E. L. MacConkey was at the Sun-mit House, Mt. Washington, last Saturday.
—Mr. C. T. Harrington of Linwood avenue is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.
—Mr. Charles Atwood of Claffin place has returned after a month's stay at Gloucester.
—Officer Burke and Mr. Partridge are enjoying a few weeks rest with friends on the Cape.
—Mrs. Curtis, who was the guest of friends here, has returned to her home at Bath, Me.
—Mr. N. L. Lynch and Mr. A. L. Lynch are at the Atlantic House, Nantasket, for a short stay.
—Mr. Chandler Holmes of Highland avenue returned this week after his summer outing.
—Mr. and Mrs. Alonso P. Curtis are at the Humarock House, Mass., for a few weeks stay.
—Mr. A. E. Billings who was reported as seriously ill with typhoid fever is now convalescing.
—Mr. H. W. Calder and family are in New Hampshire, where they will remain several weeks.
—Mr. George Colesworthy and family of Edinboro street, left this week for month's outing.
—Rev. and Mrs. J. N. Dutton of Turner street have returned after a month's trip through the west.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Sullivan left Thursday for Bradford, N. H., where they will make a short stay.
—The Misses Alice and Sadie Bailey of Cabot street are summering at Long Island, Portland Harbor, Maine.
—Dr. and Mrs. George H. Talbot of Wal-nut street have returned after a short trip to Prince Edward Island.
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—Mr. Z. D. Keily and family of Water-town street, left this week for Cape Ann, where they will pass their vacation.
—Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Baker of this place will move into their new residence at Wellesley Hills about September first.
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—Alderman Nagle is building a very handsome house on Kirkstall road, which is said to be the healthiest location in Newton.
—Mr. H. C. Wellman, Mrs. J. H. Wellman, Mr. T. Wellman and Prescott Wellman are at the Russell cottage, Kearsarge Village, N. H.
—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Kempton and family of Birch Hill road, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Payson Call at their home at Larchmont, N. Y.
—Mr. Bassett of Central avenue, secretary of the L. A. W., is in attendance at the 19th annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Indianapolis, this week.
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—Miss Hattie Purdy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Purdy, died Monday night at home on Larchmont. Her death was caused was twenty years of age and was much beloved by a large circle of friends. The funeral took place from the house. Thursday afternoon, Rev. J. M. Dutton officiated at the services. The interment was in Newton cemetery.
—The following from Newton were registered August 3rd, at the Summit House, Mt. Mansfield, Vt.: Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Chadwick, Miss Grace E. Chadwick, Mr. Walter H. Knapp, Mrs. F. L. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Vinal, Miss Ethel Vinal, C. A. Vinal, Jr., and Albert Vinal of Newtonville, Miss Mary L. Nutt of Newton Centre and Mrs. W. L. Whitney of Auburn.
—Norumbega Park.
The rainy weather of the past week has made a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the park. The shrubbery and foliage never appeared to better advantage, and the walks have been rolled into perfect shape. As an adjunct to the park, a carriage annex has been opened where horses can be cared for. This is a distinct advantage to Newton people who come in carriages. Next week the stage attraction is the Boston Novelty Company, a strong collection of vaudeville performers. Knudtson & Allen's Band furnishes an excellent program daily. The Zoological Garden has been increased by the addition of four bald American eagles, who scream patriotism and defiance in the same breath. All the other attractions continue to draw crowds daily, and on all sides are heard words of praise and delight.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mr. Ralph Chase is passing his vacation in Maine.
—Mr. C. A. Potter and family are at North Falmouth.
—Mr. W. F. Rice has returned after a short stay at Truro, Mass.
—Miss Alice Eddy of Cherry street is making a short trip in Europe.
—Mr. and Mrs. George Walker are passing a few weeks at the Weirs.
—Miss Alice Walton of Chestnut street is at Gloucester for a few weeks.
—Mr. C. H. Ames and family have returned after a month's vacation.
—Expressman French has begun work on his new house on Fairfox street.
—Mr. C. C. Briggs is enjoying his vacation at Newbury Hall, Nantasket.
—Mrs. H. W. Vinal and family are summering at the Crawford House, N. H.
—Mrs. Houghton of Washington street is enjoying a few weeks at Cottage City.
—Mr. R. W. Williamson and family have returned after a few weeks at the seashore.
—Dr. Curtis and family of Elm street are enjoying a few weeks' outing at Ashville.
—Miss E. L. MacConkey was at the Sun-mit House, Mt. Washington, last Saturday.
—Mr. C. T. Harrington of Linwood avenue is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.
—Mr. Charles Atwood of Claffin place has returned after a month's stay at Gloucester.
—Officer Burke and Mr. Partridge are enjoying a few weeks rest with friends on the Cape.
—Mrs. Curtis, who was the guest of friends here, has returned to her home at Bath, Me.
—Mr. N. L. Lynch and Mr. A. L. Lynch are at the Atlantic House, Nantasket, for a short stay.
—Mr. Chandler Holmes of Highland avenue returned this week after his summer outing.
—Mr. and Mrs. Alonso P. Curtis are at the Humarock House, Mass., for a few weeks stay.
—Mr. A. E. Billings who was reported as seriously ill with typhoid fever is now convalescing.
—Mr. H. W. Calder and family are in New Hampshire, where they will remain several weeks.
—Mr. George Colesworthy and family of Edinboro street, left this week for month's outing.
—Rev. and Mrs. J. N. Dutton of Turner street have returned after a month's trip through the west.
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SALUTES ON A WARSHIP.

—Mrs. H. P. Perkins of Margin street is enjoying a few weeks in Maine.
—Patrolman Kyte and family have enjoyed a few weeks at Plymouth.
—Miss Grace Brown of Parsons street will enjoy her vacation at Peaks Island, Me.
—Mr. George H. Ingraham was here from his summer home at Rindge, N. H., for a short stay this week.
—Mr. T. Henry Ramsdell and family of Eden avenue are at Hough's Neck for the remainder of the warm season.
—Rev. F. S. Hayden, D. D., of Jacksonville, Ill., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church, Sunday.
—Mrs. Barrett and daughter, Miss Nellie Barrett of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George K. Stacy of Water-town street.
—The regular meeting of John Eliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., was held Wednesday evening. Among the guests present were several officers from North Abington Lodge. Speeches were made and a light rotation was served.
—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton are expected home to-morrow from Vermont, where they passed several weeks. Mr. Walton delivered a series of lectures before the summer schools for teachers at Bristol and Bakersfield.
—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Miss Mamie Hayes is visiting at home for a few days.
—Mr. Stephen Welch has taken a position at E. W. Keyes'.
—Mrs. Louise Chandler is enjoying her vacation at Winthrop.
—Mr. Oliver Judkins is in North Brookfield the guest of relatives.
—Mr. George G. Almy returns to-morrow after two weeks absence.
—Mr. and Mrs. George Keyes are visiting relatives in Quincy, N. H.
—Mr. F. J. Ford has purchased a hand-some horse for business purposes.
—Mr. Murdoch McLean has left his position with Mr. E. B. Haskell.
—Mr. E. W. Keyes has been enjoying an outing at Horse Island Harbor, Maine.
—Herbert R. Wellman of Centererville, Ind., has been here the guest of friends.
—Take a package of Thorne's headache powders with you when on your vacation.
—Mr. W. P. Snow and family of Lexington street are summering at Oldtown, Me.
—Mr. L. Morton and family of Hancock street have been away for several weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. Van Note of Newell road are entertaining relatives from Portland, Maine.
—Mr. Knight of Newell road has returned from a visit to her former home in Maine.
—Mrs. W. F. Fowle of Auburndale street has returned after an absence of two weeks.
—Mrs. Trelawney and family have removed this week from Rouse street to Commonwealth avenue.
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—Work will soon be begun on the new line of the Newton street railway company from "High Cap Corner" through Lexington street to the square. The rails are on the ground and Supt. Henderson hopes to have the cars running by Sept. 15.
—A large company of gentlemen including members of Auburndale Lodge A. O. U. W., and several guests, were entertained by Mr. W. D. Brown at his ranch on the river Thursday evening of last week. A most enjoyable sail following an elaborate banquet furnished complete entertainment for the evening, and the hospitality of Mr. Dennis is fully appreciated by his guests.
—Mr. Charles Shellnut, the expressman, has recovered his horse and wagon stolen last week in Boston. Mr. Shellnut had left the rig in front of a store on Kneeland street, Boston, and had been absent but a few minutes when he returned and found it missing. Later he was notified by the Boston police that it had been recovered in Roxbury, with about \$30 worth of express packages missing.
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—That it doesn't pay to "jolly" Chief of Police Tarbox, John G. Wright, alias John Tarbox, is very willing to admit. His take makes the moral of this story very plain. If Wright is a West Newton citizen, Ward 3 residents do not boast of it. Neither does Wright though he gives West Newton as his address. The 26th of June it is alleged that Wright pawned the carpet he shot off H. H. Hunt on Webster street and secured a number of tools. In court yesterday he was arraigned on the charge of breaking and entering. Judge Kennedy found probable cause, and the man was bound over in \$1,000 bonds for his appearance before the grand jury. The story of the search for Wright is that it is in the greatest interest lies. When in June, Mr. Wright reported his loss to the police, Inspector Fletcher was detailed on the case, and soon discovered the missing tools. The name of John Tarbox had pawned the missing tools in a Merrimac street, Boston, pawn shop. A warrant was immediately issued, and officers set at work. When Chief Tarbox learned the assumed name that had been used by the alleged thief, he laughed heartily, and said he was determined to find the felonious individual. He was well received and succeeded in doing so. Now here is where the puny tools made a mistake. Had he used any other name, things might have been different. But to attempt to amuse himself by using the new chief's name was something the latter could not overlook. Personally Chief Tarbox devoted all of his spare time to the case, and kept Inspector Fletcher and Patrolman B. F. Burke very active watching for the man. Wednesday afternoon, the chief and his brother and Inspector Al Page of Brookline, Inspector Fletcher found Wright at work as a lather in Brookline. The pawnbroker positively identified him. Wright has been charged with similar offences, and in 1888 was given

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To Wind Up the Shirt Waist Season

and close out our entire stock of Ladies' Shirt Waists we have

"MARKED DOWN"

to such ridiculously low prices that we shall sell all we have in a very short time. It is well to remember that each customer selects the best bargain they can find, and those who come first have largest assortment

THE NEW WOMAN.

When the Lord slyly came
And a rib stole from Adam,
Giving Eden a dame
And the first man a madam,
All beauty had birth,
And most that was human
And gladdening to earth
Came with the new woman.

New joy filled the land,
Simple blessedness doubled;
Then the Lord staid his hand
And our ribs left untroubled.

But now, with a moan,
Man is asking, impassioned,
From what funny bone
Is this new woman fashioned?

With physics and law
Her eloquence streams so,
If not made from a jaw,
It really would seem so.

Does the new woman, then,
In her singular robes
Find nothing in men—
Next to nothing in babies?

Alas and alack!
Oh, Moses and murther!
I'd see the old back
And the new woman further.

See, sisters, I kneel,
Though I don't often meddle,
And I pray, ease the wheel;
Oh, woman, back pedal!

—Harper's Bazaar.

THE WRONG BRIDAL.

"Who is the pretty girl you just bowed to?" said Captain Bigg to his friend John Arminger.

"Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the eldest Stackpole girl?"

"I remember the eldest Miss Stackpole—Freddy—the one who hunts—but I should never dream of calling her a girl. And what possible connection has she with your charming young friend?"

"A very close one, as you shall soon hear if only you will keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that, to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpole became engaged last spring to a fellow called Herford, worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpoles all my life. We belong to the same county, hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulations and a hunting crop—I heard afterward that she got 88—and accepted an invite to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday at half past 2 o'clock."

"But this is all beside the question," protested Captain Bigg.

"It is not—it's the main part, so shut up. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crammed, and I was a good deal surprised, I must confess, for I had no notion the Stackpoles had so many friends in London. However, I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth caught hold of me and breathlessly asked, 'Friend of bride or bridegroom?'

"'Bride,' I answered.

"'Here you are. Sit this side.' And he shoved me into a back seat next to an old gentleman who sat by the door and whose legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face and wore an old-fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves."

"I looked about me, and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?"

"I happened to notice the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furiously out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met, and he said:

"'A friend of the bride, sir?'

"'Bless you, yes,' I answered, 'known her since I was in phaethons!—'

"'Since you were in phaethons!' he repeated. 'And he seemed rather taken aback.'

"'Why, yes.' And I was thinking of adding that she was 10 or 12 years my senior but most fortunately refrained.

"He stared very hard for some time and then said: 'I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people here? Can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, eh?'

"'I am,' I said. 'I suppose you are quite a man of the world, and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?'

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Leave Newtonville 9:30 A.M., Boston 2:30 P.M.

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You can always find one of Holmes' Express men at the NEWTON BAGGAGE ROOM, from 6:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., who can carry or leave orders at G. P. Atkins' Grocer, or Newton Business Exchange, 402 Centre St., Telephone connection.

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NEWCOMB & SNYDER,
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Repaired \$8 to \$15 per month.

Ribbons furnished free, and machines kept in good working order. Six months guarantee given when sold. Typewriters repaired.

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Newton Fire Department

Full of facts that will interest Newton people. Handsomely bound in cloth.

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We carry the best goods at popular prices.
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J. G. KILBURN,
The Nonantum Apothecary,
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NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Buckmaster, Martin A. Elementary Architecture for Schools, Art Students, and general Readers.

The author says in his preface "I would hope, if possible, to stimulate the indifferent, and to awaken in them a sense of what they lose in being unable to appreciate, the rough stock of elementary architectural knowledge, the beauties that are always to be found in our medieval ecclesiastical buildings."

Canton, William. W. V. her Book, and Various Verses.

Columbia College Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Vol. 8.

Contents: Struggle between pro-Southerners Johnson and Congress over Reconstruction. Recent Centralizing Tendencies in State Educational Administration; Abolition of Privateering and the Declaration of Paris; Public Administration in Mass., Relation of Central to Local Activity.

Doumic, Rene. De Scribe a Ibsen: Causeries sur le Theatre Contemporain.

Dryden, John. Palamon and Arcite. Published with notes and an introduction giving a history of the poem.

Groos, Karl. Play of Animals; trans. with the Author's Cooperation; with Preface by J. Mark Baldwin.

Professor Groos makes a contribution to three departments of inquiry: philosophical biology, animal psychology, and the genetic study of man.

Hugo, Victor. William Shakespeare (in French). Janvier, Thomas Allibone. In the Sargasso Sea.

Machado, T. Banks. Mungo Park.

The career of Mungo Park includes the early explorations of the Niger, and a chapter is added giving a small compass an account of the complicated process which has issued in the Niger Questions as we now know it.

Morris, William. Address delivered at Birmingham, Feb. 21, 1894.

An address delivered at the distribution of prizes to students of the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, and included in the "Globe" type designed by Wm. Morris for the Kelmscott Press.

Seward, A. C. Fossil Plants for Students of Botany and Geology. Vol. 1. (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals, Biological Series.)

Stevens, Joseph Earle. Yesterday in the Philippines.

Written by a young Bostonian, and to Manila in charge of important business interests several years ago and lived there for nearly two years. He made frequent excursions into the interior of Luzon and to the other islands, and his information is valuable and timely.

Stories by Foreign Authors. Vol. 7. Russian.

Stuart, Ruth McEnergy. Moriah's Homecoming, and other Half Hour Sketches.

Taylor, A. R. Study of the Child: a brief Treatise on the Psychology of the Child; with Suggestions for Teachers, Students, and Parents.

Taylor, Bayard. History of Germany, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day: with an Additional Chapter by Marie Hansen Taylor.

Trask, Spencer. Bowring Green.

The author says "There is no piece of land on Manhattan Island which has maintained for a longer period its distinctive name and at the same time fulfilled more thoroughly the purpose of its creation than the small park at the extreme southern end of Broadway known as Bowring Green."

Walford, Lucy. Bethia. Leddy Margaret.

Wellby, M. S. Through Unknown Tibet.

The author, an English captain, began his journey at Lucknow, in March, 1896, and ended it in the wilds of Waziristan, in November, 1897.

E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.

August 10, 1898.

NONANTUM.

Patrolman J. J. Davis is summering at Nonantum.

The Y. P. S. C. E. meeting was led by Mr. C. F. Bacon.

Mr. William Morrow is in New York, the guest of his brother.

The best goods at popular prices in the Nonantum apothecary.

Thomas McManus has removed this week from Edinboro street to Chapel street.

A large number of Co C, 5th Regt., U. S. V. members, have been at home this week visiting relatives.

Miss Blanche Farnall and Miss Ethel Fisher are visiting Mr. Joshua Holdsworth at his home in Lawrence.

Patrolman Ed O'Halloran of the night squad is on duty days during the absence of the regular day patrolmen.

The Consecration meeting last Tuesday evening at the North Evangelical church was well attended by Y. P. S. C. E. members.

By order of the street commissioner many trees and a quantity of shrubbery on the main streets have been trimmed this week.

A party of eleven young men of this place enjoyed a three days' outing at Sudbury the first of the week, devoting a large portion of their time to fishing.

Higgins & Nickerson, contractors, are making improvements and repairs to the Jackson school building, corner of Watertown and Bridge streets.

Deacon Briggs of the Central Congregational church, Newtonville, addressed the open air meeting at the North Evangelical church last Sunday afternoon.

The farms at the corner of Bridge and California streets under the supervision of the Associated Charities, are in splendid condition, and are said to be yielding large crops.

Michael Delay, son of Mrs. Bridget Delay of Bridge street, died Monday at the Medfield Insane Asylum, where he had been an inmate for four years. He was about 24 years old, and unmarried. The funeral and interment was at Waltham.

White Mabel King, a little four-year-old, who lives in Boylston block at the corner of Watertown and Adams streets, was crossing the roadway in front of her home about 10:35 o'clock last Saturday morning, she was knocked down and run over by a team owned and driven by James Hannan. The little one was taken up tenderly and carried to her home. It was found that she had sustained severe injuries to her

ankle and foot. Hannan reported the accident to the police.

Highway laborers are busy at work improving Lewis terrace.

Thomas Waters has commenced the erection of a barn on Lincoln street.

At the Benyah Baptist Mission open air meeting on the lawn of Mr. George Hudson, last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Francis Tolman led, and the gathering was addressed by Mr. George Ferneaux. The speaker at next Sunday's meeting will be Mr. Warren Rockwell of Watertown.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic for August is a good mid-summer number. A paper on "Lights and Shades of Spanish Character" by Irving Babbit is almost alone in bearing upon the uppermost topic of the day.

"How to Have a Fine Complexion" in "The Woman's Home Companion."

"It is far from being the best way to clean the face, more especially when rainwater cannot be procured. That may be used quite frequently, but soap should not be applied oftener than three times a week."

Pure, imported castile soap, such as surges use, should be given the preference.

Use it at night only and with hot water; then rinse the face with clear, cold water. In the morning cold water should be used in preference to hot. If you do not have rainwater, throw a pinch of powdered borax into the washbowl, but use it sparingly if your skin is more alkaline than acid.

You can discover this by wiping your face with litmus paper when you are perspiring. Blue litmus paper turns red when it touches an acid, and the red paper turns blue when exposed to an alkali. On no account must you use soap on your face except with rainwater. Soap in hard water forms a scum which, even though quite invisible, clogs the pores, often causing pimples and blackheads and always giving the skin a faded appearance.

Throw away powders, washes, pomades, lotions of every description. Without doubt there are some very good preparations on the market, but how are you to know that you are using the one that best suits your skin? A skin that is distinctly acid requires very different preparations from one that is alkaline.

"It is not generally known that it is the action of the sun on the natural oils of the skin that causes tan and sunburn. If a healthy woman could keep this oil wiped off as it accumulates, she might always have a pretty complexion, provided so much friction did not irritate the skin. One reason why the skin on the body is so much nicer than that on the face is that the clothing supplies the friction necessary to keep the pores of the skin from clogging. Finally, if you want a nice complexion, you must take plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room, stop worrying, bathe frequently and perspire a little every day. No lotion is better than perspiration, but it must not be allowed to dry on the skin."

A FRONTIER FIGHT.

How Jim Bowie's Band of Eight Stood Off Five Hundred Comanches.

In Texas James Bowie set his hand to another sort of fighting. In 1831, with his brother Rezin, six other men and a boy, he set out upon a trading and exploring expedition through the heart of the Comanche country. At six days' travel from possible succor he found his party assailed by 500 mounted warriors. Comanches all, who rode like the wind, yet shot with deadly aim. Resistance seemed hopeless in the face of odds so great. Bowie took the one desperate chance left him and won the game.

He divided his forces, stationing three in one skirt of woods, with the pack animals, and scattering the rest about a more considerable arborage. Each was fully armed—had rifle, knife and pistol. Powder and lead were plenty; also wherewithal to eat and drink. Each grove had a spring in it. Close about the waters the white men lay or crouched, resolved, "if they must die, to take at least 100 redskins with them."

Five days the fight went on. Swooping in clouds, the red riders dashed round, round, ever nearing the devoted marks-men and sending toward them in whirling flight arrows and bullets thicker than hair. But the wheeling ended in rout when it came within fair rifle range. The men crouching in cover made every missile tell. Men and horses went down in struggling heaps at the sharp crack of their weapons, and they were so swift to load and fire that the chiefs easily persuaded themselves their enemy was a hundred strong. But the attacking went on until three score braves were dead, as many more disabled, to say nothing of the ponies. Bowie had one man dead, whom he buried reverently; one desperately wounded, whom he took away to safety, although the attempt appeared to promise destruction to all the band.—Martha McColloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.

"Fond"—Its Two Meanings.

The older meaning of this word was, as is well known, equivalent to foolish. Now it has the meaning of affectionate. The following instance of the use of the word in both senses on the same page of the same work marks the period of transition, when the old sense still lingered while the new sense was coming into use.

In Dr. Watts' "The Improvement of the Mind," first edition, 1751, in chapter 15, section 5, on page 119, I find:

"A soul inspired with the fondest love of truth and the warmest aspirations after sincere felicity and celestial beatitude will keep all its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of them."

Also in Cole's English-Latin Dictionary, fifteenth edition, 1749, both meanings are given as follows: "Fond, indulgent; and lower down, "Fond (foolish),

"Notes and Queries."

A Dramatic Author.

Like most actor managers, Macready was pestered by would be dramatic authors. An ambitious young fellow brought him a five act tragedy one morning to Drury Lane.

"My piece," modestly explained the author, "is a chef d'œuvre. I will answer for its success, for I have consulted the sanguinary taste of the public. My tragedy is so tragic that all the characters are killed off at the end of the third act."

"With whom, then," asked the manager, "do you carry on the action of the last two acts?"

"With the ghosts of those who died in the third!"—Cornhill Magazine.

How to Drive Away Auts.

Ants can often be driven away by sprinkling about their haunts ashes saturated with coal oil. They can be trapped and killed by placing sweet oil where they can

have access to it, as they are very fond of it, but it has the effect to close their spiracles and thus kills by asphyxia.—Vicks Magazine.

Fiction Enough.

It happened in a book store.

"What can I show you, madam?" he asked. "Something in the line of fiction?"

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.
Agent for The Graphic, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Chester Fearing came up from Hingham, Sunday.

—Rev. G. H. Spencer has been visiting in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

—Miss Sarah Cameron of Swampscott is in town visiting her sister.

—L. A. Vachon has taken the agency for the Singer sewing machine.

—Mr. Chas. Dudley and family are in Nova Scotia for a few weeks.

—Rev. D. A. Morehouse of Oak Hill will preach in Lowell next Sunday.

—Mr. Tilton of Marshall street returned Tuesday night from Rye Beach.

—Mr. George F. Richardson has returned from a short visit at Rye Beach.

—Mr. Isaac Grant has bought a house on Hunnewell street, Highland Park.

—Mr. Oliver J. Hall is spending two weeks at his old home in Nantucket.

—Miss Alice Goddard Pierce is at the Mt. Pleasant House, White Mountains.

—Mr. A. A. Tilney and family of Summer street are in Plainfield, New Jersey.

—Mr. G. S. Smith and family of Marshall street are summering in Beach Bluff, Me.

—Mr. C. E. Bray and family of Institution avenue left this week for Onset Bay.

—The Misses McGrady are enjoying a several week's outing at Salisbury Beach.

—Mr. William Elmer of Bowen street is spending a few weeks at Goose Rock, Me.

—Mr. H. A. Nutter of J. W. Beverley's leaves to-morrow for an outing in Alfred, Maine.

—Rev. R. G. Seymour, D. D. of New York, preached last Sunday in the Baptist church.

—Mrs. Richard Huggard returned Sunday from a several weeks visit in New Brunswick.

—Mr. William Scott and family of Langley road returned this week from New Brunswick.

—Extensive repairs are being made to the interior of the Mason school building on Centre street.

—H. Walter Wells of Munroe, Indiana, who has been the guest of friends, has returned to his home.

—Mounted Patrolman William Butler is covering Mounted Patrolman C. R. Young's route during the latter's vacation.

—Lewis Murphy has commenced tearing down his old barn on Pelham street. He will erect a new one on the same site.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Macomber of Pelham street will spend August at the Eagle Mountain House, Jackson, N. H.

—Col. E. H. Haskell and family have returned to their residence on Beacon street after an outing in the White Mountains.

—Miss Florence Holden of Salem, who has been the guest of Miss Hattie Holden of Albany avenue for several weeks, has returned to her home.

—The steam roller has been in use this week rolling a large portion of Beacon street, and greatly improving the condition of that thoroughfare.

—Rev. Mr. McDaniel's party will visit the Arsenal on Thursday, Aug. 18. Take yellow car from the Centre at 12:50 noon. All are welcome. Other trips in preparation.

—Applications for entrance to the civil service examination for post office clerks and carriers must be filed with Clerk Herbert F. Butler before September 1st. The examination will take place some time in October.

—There are letters in the post office for Mrs. H. B. Blodgett, Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Chester Daniels, Mrs. F. R. Fletcher, Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. T. J. Mahoney, E. H. Morse, Cornelius O'Brien, Mrs. E. Semander, Box 299, Mrs. L. P. Smith.

—Mrs. Herbert Dunaresq of Chestnut Hill, Mrs. Francis Dunaresq left last week for Northeast Harbor, where the Dunaresqs will occupy a cottage for the rest of the season. Young Jordan Dunaresq is in Europe again this summer.

—Miss Eva M. Watts, recently employed as a domestic by Mrs. A. H. Poore, was brought before Judge Kennedy last Saturday morning charged with larceny. Miss Watts was arrested in Somerville last Friday by Inspector Fletcher. The missing articles included a quantity of underclothing besides \$2 in change. She was found guilty and fined \$15.

—Michael R. Higgins was out last evening in a carriage driving about the streets of Thompsonville, flourishing a large revolver, and declaring his determination to shoot "Bill" Hooley. He had gathered inspiration from the cup that cheers, and apparently knew no fear. That there was a law in the land did not enter into his calculations. He drove causing a miniature reign of terror among the inhabitants of that quiet burgh. Patrolman Mariner was notified, and lost no time in placing Higgins under arrest. In court this morning the latter told Judge Kennedy that Hooley had charged him with owing \$500, and that an alteration followed. Higgins returned home and procured the revolver and started out for Hooley's lair. The judge decided to place Higgins under \$500 bonds to keep the peace for six months, and in addition imposed a \$15 fine.

—Of considerable interest to athletes will be the all-round professional championship of the world, which will be started at the Fair on August 20th in the Cedar street grounds at 2 P. M. The events will be run off rain or shine. The events to the championship are 100 yard dash, 16 pound shot put, running high jump, 120 yard hurdle race (3 to 6 inches), 16 pound hammer throw, discus, running broad jump, 50 pound weight, one mile run. A medal will be given the champions, and the following prizes awarded: 1st \$20, 2nd \$15, 3rd \$10. The special events will include 100 yard dash (handicap), and one-half mile run (handicap). In the former are entered "Piper" Donovan and Walter Christie, while in the latter are Tincle, Leavitt, Carroll and Keane. Entries must be filed before August 18 with O. H. H. Brigham, Newton Highlands. Entries for the championship with L. A. Carpenter, Newton Highlands, before August 19. Among those entered for the championships are L. A. Carpenter champion "Dan" Lorimer, ex-amateur champion, E. W. Goff, N. Y., ex-amateur champion, J. P. Watson, Toronto, Canada, W. White, Philadelphia, P. J. Finer, Boston, and J. T. MacNeil, Scotland.

—S. Aronson, Furrier, 12 West street, Boston, is now prepared to remodel and make furs of every description, into the latest styles, at extraordinary low prices. Mr. Aronson thoroughly understands his business, and the public will make no mistake in calling on him, before going elsewhere.

—"John," said a Topeka wife to her husband, "I will quit drinking tea and save the war tax if you will do the same with beer." "Woman," responded John, with cold severity, "do you think it is the part of patriotism to abandon your country in its time of peril?"—Kansas City Journal.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. F. W. Dorr and family are in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Elliot are at Brant Rock.

—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family are at Nantasket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Trikey of Elliot are away on a summer trip.

—A hard pine floor is now being laid in the Congregational chapel.

—Mr. J. W. Titus of Elliot Heights and family have gone to Maine.

—Mrs. Stebbins of Terrace avenue has been seriously ill for the past few days.

—Mrs. Cobb, accompanied by Miss Cushing and Arthur Logan, have gone to Whitefield.

—Mrs. Wright, the mother of Mr. Richard Wright, has been quite ill for several days.

—Miss Grace Bryant from Chicago is here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. J. Hyde.

—Miss Parkhurst from Nashua, is here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. L. Avery.

—Mr. Logan is at home from Christmas Cove, but his wife and daughter will make a longer stay.

—Mrs. Guild and Miss Sweetzer have returned from a stay of two or three weeks in a few days' stay in Maine. Mrs. Hanscom will return later on.

—Miss Frost, who has her home with Mr. E. Thompson, has returned from a stay away of several weeks.

—Mr. A. R. Cook and family have gone to Bath, Me., and will be the guests of Mrs. Cook's mother, Mrs. Winslow.

—Mr. Louis S. Brigham and cousin, Mr. Edward F. Brigham, have returned from their bicycle trip to the mountains.

—Mrs. J. F. C. Hyde will return this week from Allerton, where she has been the guest of her son, Mr. F. C. Hyde.

—Rev. Lawrence Phelps will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. Free seats. All welcome.

—Mr. Daniel Driscoll has a cedar started for a house on his lot of land on Walnut street, just south a little way from Boylston street. He will have it built for his own occupancy.

—Three parcels of land have been sold by Edgar W. Foster from his Newton Highlands property to Thomas L. Goodwin and Lucy M. McFarlane, who intend to build for their own occupancy.

—Rev. Mr. Winsor, wife and youngest son, from India, where Mrs. and Mrs. Winsor have been engaged in missionary work for many years, have returned, and are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Cutler of Auburndale. Mrs. Winsor is a sister of Mrs. Cutler, and also of Mrs. E. Thompson, the Queen of the Highlands. The family will be remembered as having resided here when they were in this country several years ago.

The Tonic of Heroism.

In the early days of the war, before a victory had been won, a retired officer, who knew the condition of the navy, was asked who, in his judgment, would be the heroes of the struggle. "The men who have opportunities," was the prompt and significant reply.

—"Then listen, oh, most worthless husband, for I have a plan—a plan most magnificent. Thereby we will make a fortune sufficient for the voyage once more to Spain."

—She stopped tantalizingly and puffed at her cigarette, while El Chatto looked at her unceasingly.

—"This is how it is," she pursued, blowing a ring of smoke into her husband's face—"The emperario pay you little—very little—only hundred silver dollars. Is it not so?"

—"Si, that is all—the pigs!" growled the torero, "and after this there will be no fight until holy week—no more money!"

—"Pues, then we will make more out of them—much more. But first, friend of my heart, will there go many ricos to this fight—the president with his wife, the Da Matas, and those other rich Espanoles?"

—"Yes, all of them," replied El Chatto, who was as yet mystified, not understanding the subtle workings of his wife's brain, but who was eager to make a fortune for himself.

—"Listen, marido mio; this is the plan. But cuidado that no one hears us!"

—No one hears, not even ourselves—it is whisper, whisper, whisper, and finally a loud shout of delight from El Chatto. It must be something good. What a shame we are not let into the secret!

—The gloom clears away from the house of the matadore; there continues rejoicing all that day. El Chatto and his pretty wife have a most joyous comida and afterward lay their heads together on the subject of the morrow's fight and a special Spanish costume that Lollita is to wear—one of old Sevilla—all rose pink and Spanish mantilla, with a pink rose in her blue-black hair, this latter being another of the mysteries. In Mexico few ladies ever wear the costume of old Spain. It is as much worn out, passe, here as the patches and powder and hoops of the Revolutionary days are in Anglo-Saxon lands. But out of an old box she drags the dress and shakes and brushes and sews it until even the critical Chatto pronounces it "muy bonita." But why is she wearing it tomorrow, unless indeed it is because fully 15 enormously rich Spanish families have taken boxes and will be there? Perhaps that is it. Lollita wishes to be patriotic; that is what the matter.

—The matadore smiles again and playfully pulls her marido's nose. "They have much to do—much!" she whispered, settling herself on the arm of his chair and pulling his moody face down to hers.

—"Listen, marido mio; this is the plan. But cuidado that no one hears us!"

—No one hears, not even ourselves—it is whisper, whisper, whisper, and finally a loud shout of delight from El Chatto. It must be something good. What a shame we are not let into the secret!

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—Tomorrow seems such a long time in coming, but finally it is here, all balmy, blue sky, with never a white cloud to mar it; soft, warm breezes, laden with the perfume of the roses and lilies that are just beginning to bloom, the violets over and done with for this year, the silvery pealing and chiming of the hundreds of bells that are daily calling the faithful to prayer. Every one is either in the great bull ring in Colon or getting there as fast as he or she can. It is the first fight for a month, and there will not be another one for yet a month to come.

—On the cheap side—"the side of the sun"—white garmented peons, with big sombreros, cocked up every inch of space and shout and yell loudly during the performance. As for the shady side, it is well filled, with rich Spaniards at that, for which reason the heart of Dona Lollita rejoices; the more Spaniards the more dinero. "Ojala that there were nothing but Spaniards," she thinks.

—She has purposely taken a seat just behind the first barrier of the bull ring, not seven feet above the ground where her husband will kill his bull, "so that she can see him better," as she lolls to an admiring Mexican fighter, who wishes her to go into one of the boxes.

—In her Sevillian costume, the silk mantilla exposing just enough of her Spanish eyes and dimpled chin to make people want to see more, Dona Lollita flies from the ring, leaving El Chatto to bow and place his hand over his heart and bow again.

—It is all she can do to tremblingly thank the bearer of a check from the banker, Franquillo, who has filled it out for \$10,000. Bravo!

—Not waiting to bow or to thank the people, so overcome is she with her tremendous success, Dona Lollita flies from the ring, leaving El Chatto to bow and place his hand over his heart and bow again.

—It is all she can do to tremblingly thank the bearer of a check from the banker, Franquillo, who has filled it out for \$10,000. Bravo!

—So that Dona Lollita's little plan worked well after all—so well that five days later she and her husband left for Spain, where, having added much more money to the banker's \$10,000, they have now retired and are great people. And El Chatto says always that he owes his success to his esposa, which is not understood, very naturally, by the Spaniards of Spain.—Hewitt Darrell in Argonaut.

—Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LOLITA'S RUSE.

In the house of El Chatto, ex-bullfighter of Madrid and present "torero before the Mexican public," there was dire dismay, owing to the low state—the very low state—of the family exchequer. This sad state of affairs is common to many people among the members of the bullfighting fraternity, who are not esteemed now as they once were. This is, however, only in Mexico. Whatever else may come and go in Spain, bullfighting is always with them.

El Chatto (meaning "the snub nose") had just finished taking his morning chocolate and "pan dulce," assisted by his pretty wife, Dona Lollita, who also had been a member of the noble army of bullfighters—in fact, first female espada in the big ring at Seville—but this was a secret.

A cared that might possibly have been glorious had been cut short by the selfishness of El Chatto, who had loved her, married her and taken her away from the old world to the new, the rich country of Mexico, where a bullfighter was as a prince. But that was several years ago.

Successful, feted and honored in Cuba and afterward in Mexico, El Chatto's prosperity had not lasted long, for soon had come the editor that bullfighting in Mexico must stop. A few desultory fights were still allowed, through which a torero could not make an actual fortune.

This morning, the day before the bullfight honoring the fiesta of San Marcos, El Chatto, needing some spare silver for the furnishing up of his costume, had turned out his pockets, with the assistance of Dona Lollita, who, of course, was already fully informed as to their contents, being but a woman. Investigation revealed one big silver peso, one 50 cent piece, one 10 cent piece and 14 copper centavos. Not enough to pay coach hire even!

The gate swings open at last, and El Largo still teases the bull as El Chatto moves forward slowly and bows first to the president and then to the public. In spite of his magnificent silver and velvet costume, the gold lace and real bullion trimming, with capa of gold brocade, he looks deathly ill. His face is white and drawn, and under his eyes great black rings show that extend almost half way down his face. Every one remarks it, and the bullfighter says sharply "That fellow ought to drop out and go home. He's in no condition to fight."

But El Chatto is game if he is sick. Perhaps the presence of his wife inspires him with fresh courage, for he unsheathes his bright, keen sword, nods briefly to El Largo, who gets out of the way, smiles once at Lollita, who is beneath her mantilla far whiter than he, then makes a tantalizing movement at the bull.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 47.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1898.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR

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Established 1872.Mrs. EBEN SMITH,
Successor 1897.

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SHOULD BE DONE.

188 Lincoln Street, - - - Boston.

Mrs. Smith, living in Auburndale, will call and give estimates on re-gilding, Picture, Portrait, and Mirror Frames, Bric-a-Brac, and Furniture. Special discount for August and September.

Hastings

THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

Formerly at 146 Tremont St., Boston, has been the Brazer Studio, 338 Centre St., Newton, and is now located at 188 Lincoln Street, Boston. He is prepared to wait upon his old patrons and their friends for anything desired in UP-TO-DATE PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

In giving personal attention to all settings and finishing of orders, my patrons can rest assured that all commissions will be attended to with skill and promptness.

GEO. H. HASTINGS.

C. C. BUTLER.
CREAMS, ICES,
SHERBETS, Etc.,Delivered to any part of the
Newtons.

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Woodland Park Hotel.

Merchants' Co-operative Bank,

19 Milk St., Boston.

Money loaned to buy, build, or pay off a mort-
gage, building, or business, at 5 per cent. No premium. A \$2,000 loan at 5 per cent. re-
quires \$15.33 monthly; \$100 credit to loan, balance
interest. Call for information or circulars.

March 19, 1898. A. E. DUFFILL, Trusts.

The Secret Discovered How to make the
perfect Japanese Blueing!Mrs. Henry Vincent Pinkham of Newton in-
vites the attention of all housekeepers to this
new production (manufactured by herself under
the name of the E. Poore Manufacturing Co.)

JAPANESE BLUEING,

which is pronounced by experts to be the best
blueing known to science.For sale by the S. S. Pierce Co. of Boston and
the leading grocers of Newton.

HOUSE OF SEVEN OR EIGHT ROOMS

In good location wanted in Newton, on easy
terms. Very little land desired. Address J. J.
Draeger, G. Watertown, Mass.Wedding Decorations,
(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)

Cut Flowers and Plants.

E. T. MOREY,

WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR
NEWTON LINE.

875

Some doctors declare that candy is unwhole-
some, but all doctors agree that if you must
eat candy choose the pure at

BRADSHAW'S,

875 Washington St., Newtonville.

FURS.

Now is the time to have your
FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
RE-ALTERED

in the best manner possible at summer prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

S. ARONSON, Furrier,
Up one flight. 12 West Street, Boston.

HALF A LOAF

IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.
HALF A LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS
BETTER THAN MANY A WHOLE
LOAF OF ANY OTHER BAKER.
WE ALSO BAKE DAIRY
CAKES, DELICIOUS PIES AND HOME-
MADE DOUGHNUTS. TEL. 224-3.
GOODS DELIVERED.F. L. BEVERLY, Baker,
354 Centre St., Newton.

"A Bakery for 10 years."

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—OF—

The Pilgrim Fathers.

Is one of the leading fraternal insurance organizations. It is controlled by local lodges, and is limited to the New England States. It has graded assessments, a low death rate, admits men and women on equal terms.

Its object is to unite fraternally and for their mutual advancement, persons, all, who protect the widow, orphan or dependents of its members by paying them on the death of the members five hundred, one thousand or two thousand dollars, as the member may have elected.

It has benefited thousands. It can benefit you and yours.

Nonantum Colony, No. 77, meets in Nonantum Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 o'clock P. M.

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods
—AT—

BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,

64 Main St., Watertown.

FURNISHERS OF THE HUNNEWELL CLUB.

Doe, Hunnewell & Co.,
Established 1897.Custom Furniture, Wood Mantels,
Interior Finish, Tile and Brick
Fireplaces, Wall and
Floor Tiles, Decoration,
Upholstery, Wall Papers, Carpets.

361 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

Factory, 537 Albany Street.

Telephone, Back Bay 64.

NOTE—Mr. J. M. Quinby of the firm
who had charge of the furnishing the
Hunnewell Club lives at 37 Westley St.,
Newton, and would be pleased to call
and give estimates on any old or new
work. Re-upholstering and re-furnishing
of furniture, at reasonable prices.

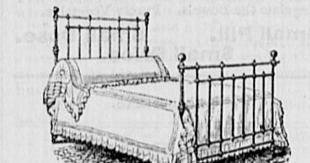
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CollegeProvides thorough and practical individual
instruction inBusiness, Bookkeeping
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general business; parts added to employment; tu-
ition fees \$40 per quarter, \$120 per year.our record of 31,000 pupils and 37 years speaks
for itself; 55th year opens Sept. 6th. For full
prospects, address or call upon

C. E. COMER, Principal,

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CHAMBER FURNITURE

In addition to our well-known stock of Brass
and Iron Bedsteads we are showing some new
patterns of Bureaus, Chiffoniers, etc., in
Mahogany, Oak, White Enamel, etc.

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Preparatory
SchoolFor young men and young women. Twelfth
year begins September 1st. Special attention
to individual needs of pupils. Classes limited.
Applications for admission should be made at
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Block, Centre Street, opposite Public Library.
Particulars may be had of

MR. EDWARD H. CUTLER,

Linden Terrace, Newton, Mass.

Telephone, Newton 83-2.

Sig. AGUSTO VANNINI,
(From Florence) Master of the
True Italian Method of Singing,
Church, Concert and Opera.

No. 143 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.

Guller's
SILK
LITTLE
Spools

In All the Latest Shades.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

JOHN C. MEYER & CO.,

Selling Agents,

87 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

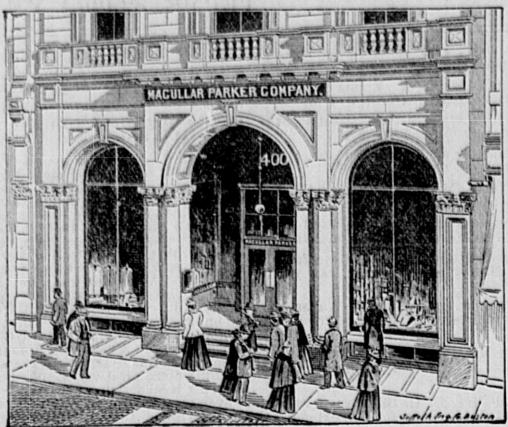
NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.

—Mr. Thomas Edmonds is at Manchester-
by-the-sea.—Mr. Edward Wetherbee is visiting in
Truro, Nova Scotia.—Mr. Fred Marsham returned this week
from Wolfboro, N. H.—Developing and printing for amateurs
done by E. E. Snyder.—Miss Louise Covington is in Sullivan,
Maine, for a vacation trip.—Mr. Robert Guilford has been visiting
in the western part of the state.—Mr. George H. Safford has returned
from an outing at Exeter, N. H.—Mr. Phillip H. Robinson has returned
from a visit at North Brookfield.—Mr. E. L. Bacon of Washington street
is summering in Sullivan, Maine.—Mr. Clarence V. Moore has returned
from an outing at Whitingham, Vt.—Mr. John May of Centre street has
returned from his recent vacation trip.—Mr. Richard Johnson has returned
after an extended outing in the country.—Mrs. J. M. Briggs of Washington street
is the guest of relatives in Providence,
R. I.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dumock are occu-
pying the Merritt house on Charlesbank
road.—Mr. E. S. Smillie and family of Maple
avenue are at York Beach, Me., for a few
days.—Mr. and Mrs. Fields of Williams street
are receiving congratulations on the birth
of a son.—Mr. W. L. Whitney and family of
Waban street have returned from an outing in
Maine.—Mr. Porter Brown of Hollis street has
returned from an extended outing at Long
Island, Maine.—Miss Nellie Bartlett is spending the
remainder of the month with friends at
Sullivan, Maine.—Mrs. E. O. Childs and Miss Childs of
Richardson street are in Jackson, N. H.
for several weeks.—Mr. C. F. Parker left Wednesday for
Butte, Montana, where he will engage in
the drug business.—Mr. J. Luther Roll is entertaining his
mother and sister who arrived this week
from New Jersey.—H. W. Trowbridge led the Y. P. S. C. E.
meeting at the North Evangelical church
last Sunday evening.—The meeting next Sunday afternoon at
the Y. M. C. A. will be lead by Physical
Director E. C. Wyatt.—Mr. E. C. Wyatt of Orchard street has,
with his family, returned home after a
several weeks' outing.—Messrs. Frank and William C. Briggs of
Washington street are spending several
weeks at Dennis, Mass.—Mr. J. Elliott Trowbridge and family of
West Newton will occupy the Bacon
house on Beacon street.—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly
extend the usefulness of your shirts.
See Blackwell's adv. on page 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter White of Frank-
lin street are registered at Franconia Inn,
Franconia, N. H., for three weeks.—Dr. Walker of the Emergency Hos-
pital has moved into the house on Tremont
street formerly occupied by Mr. W. J.
Dimock.—You can buy woman's button or lace
boots, small sizes, 2 1/2 to 4, at \$1 and \$1.50,
former price \$2.50 to \$4.50, at Clapp's,
Newtonville.—Mr. Frank D. Fribble of Centre street
came up from Nahant this week, and left
yesterday for Shady Nook Farm, East
Newfield, Maine.—Members of the Y. M. C. A. wheelmen
enjoyed a run to Everett last Saturday
evening when they were the guests of the
Everett association.—A baseball nine made up of conductors
and motormen of the Newton branch of
the Boston Elevated Railway defeated a
South Boston team Wednesday by a score of
18 to 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Eben Sears of the Hun-
newell left today for East Machias, and
Cutler, Me. Miss Minnie Sears returned
Thursday from Kennebunkport and left
to-day for Chicago, to be absent until
after the fair.—Mrs. Geo. A. Miller's mother died
quite suddenly on Monday, at her home in
Germantown, Penn. Mrs. Miller's sister,
who has been here for several weeks, was
telegraphed for, but did not arrive home
until after her mother's death.—The Lynn Wanderers defeated the
Newton Cricket Club last Saturday in a
well-contested game. Lynn won by three
wickets and forty-four runs. Not a man of
the visitors reached double figures. Heys
of Lynn took 3 wickets for 7 runs. Heming-
way of Newton took 3 for 17.—The police have been informed of an
attempt to burglarize a Mt. Ida residence.
Early Sunday morning the family of Edward
Sawyer of 100 Bellevue street, were
aroused by the burglar alarm in the rear
part of the house. An examination was at
once made, and the back door was found
open. The lock had evidently been turned
by a skeleton key. Patrolman McAleer
was at work on the case.—Mrs. Rebecca Spencer Warner, widow
of Dea. John Warner, died at an early
age Monday morning, June 1, 1898, at her
home on Park street, Newton. Mrs. Warner
was 80 years of age, and had resided
in Newton for over 40 years. She was a
widow, and a wide circle of friends. She was a
large real estate owner in Newton. The
funeral took place Wednesday from her home.
The services were private.—It had been reported that Mrs. Warner
had been ill for some time, but she had
been quite well for the past few weeks.—It is reported that Mrs. Warner had
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THE BEST CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS

MADE IN CLEAN WORKROOMS IN THIS BUILDING.



FOUR HUNDRED WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

MAYOR COBB'S TRIP.

ROYAL RECEPTION GIVEN TO NEWTON'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE IN NEW BRUNSWICK — ENTERTAINED AND BANQUETED BY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

Mayor Cobb has been passing a greater portion of the summer in New Brunswick. He has been the guest of government officials of the province. The following, taken from one of the Canadian newspapers, is an interesting account of the Mayor's reception.

The St. John Gazette of August 11 published the following under the date line Fredericton, N. B. August 11:

"When the members of the Provincial government visited Boston to be present at the sportsmen's exhibition on New Brunswick day they were royally entertained by Mayor Cobb of Newton, Mass. This courtesy was due to the fact that His Honor the Mayor of New Brunswick is interested in the Inglewood Fish and Game Club, the present owners of Inglewood Manor in the parish of Musquash, was personally acquainted with Hon. A. T. Dunn and Chief Game Commissioner L. B. Knight. But his courtesy extended beyond these gentlemen and his invitation to visit Newton was extended to the entire executive of New Brunswick then in Boston, including also His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Dr. Stockton, the leader of the opposition, who also attended the exhibition on behalf of the delegation of the government.

"The New Brunswickers were so well entertained and made so thoroughly at home in Newton that every one of them voted that when Mr. Cobb visited the provinces on his annual outing no effort would be spared to make that gentleman feel as thoroughly at home among his Canadian friends as he had made them feel while in Boston. Mr. Cobb's popularity with the citizens of Newton is interested in a business way in Boston, where he has long been prominent in financial circles, and the New Brunswick visitors were not only made welcome in Newton, but his interest made things that would otherwise have been difficult, easy or accomplishable.

"The program of entertainment arranged for the Mayor of Newton and his party, included a sail on the river from St. John to Fredericton, a visit to the great establishment of Alexander Gibson and the town of Marysville, and an opportunity to view the scenic and other attractions of the Celestial city, besides partaking of the hospitality of mine host Edwards of the Queen hotel.

"The party who left St. John yesterday morning on the Star Line steamer Victoria was determined to have a pleasant time no matter how unpropitious the circumstances. But the gods dealt kindly with all the arrangements. The sky was fine and the clouds which obscured the sun were the most kindly provision of nature as the visitors who were making their first trip on the river were able to enjoy, to the fullest extent, its many attractions. A gentle breeze on the lower end of the river gave its wide reaches an appearance more in keeping with what one would expect on a vast stream of water flowing by than on a narrow river which had been undisturbed and the waters placid.

"The majestic river never appeared to better advantage than yesterday and the guests of the members of the government has an opportunity that does not always attend the tourist of thoroughly enjoying the grandeur of the scenery through the Narrows, in Grand Bay, along the Beach and past the islands which divide the waters of the St. John between Maine and the Jemseg. This historic spot, selected by the early French settlers of the province as a convenient site for a trading post, and intimately associated with romance, and not a little of the pathos of Acadian history, had been passed, the gentle breeze which had kept the water of the lower river in a merry ripple, adding zest to the interest felt in the gorgeous scenery through which the steamer was floating, died away, and the roar of the river, though still keeping with the character of the country, which from the point named is low intervals extending back for miles from the river bank. The sail from Jemseg, the most important point on the river during the French period, past Maugerville, the site of the first English settlement of this province, was of the greatest interest to the visitors, who sat on the forward deck of the steamer and frequently showed their appreciation of the scenes of the river by pointing out to one another the most surprising bits of scenery as the steamer gilded rapidly on her course.

"There was nothing left undone to make the trip enjoyable. Mr. George F. Baird, the manager of the line, and Mrs. Baird accompanied the party and assisted in entertaining the guests of the government. Mr. Baird placed his private apartments at the disposal of the party and saw that the evening meal was served and the bill of fare which had been especially provided was excellent in every detail. The steward was assisted in catering for the party by Mr. Daney of St. John who was formerly in the service of the Star Line, and whose assistance was much appreciated by all.

"The party arrived at Fredericton shortly after 3 o'clock and after a short visit to the hotel where the party were accommodated, they were driven to Marysville in open carriages. After a walk through the cotton mill and a glimpse of the saw mills and other industries of Mr. Gibson the visitors expressed their amazement at finding almost on the verge of the primeval forest an industrial growth of such magnitude and diversity, all of which had been worked out by one man, whom they saw and were introduced to. They were amazed in Mr. Gibson, a great captain of industry and expressed their surprise that so great an establishment, big enough to populate a whole town and paying upwards of a million dollars annually in wages—should exist in a locality

that otherwise would be most obscure. They were even more surprised when they were taken by Mayor Gibson—son of the founder—to the Marysville church, one of the most beautiful houses of worship in New Brunswick and found that it also was the gift of Mr. Gibson.

"On the return of the party to Fredericton a collation was served at the Queen, after which the party was taken to visit the Parliament buildings and the Cathedral, both of which were lighted up so that the visitors might better see their numerous attractions.

"At 9:30 the party, numbering 24, sat down to dinner in the spacious dining hall of the Queen hotel. The room was festooned with the national colors and the windows dressed with the Union Jack and stars and stripes. Flowers in profusion in vases and cut glass dishes, fruit and many colored jellies decorated the tables and were in harmony with the bright colors of the walls.

"An epilogue could not have found fault with the dinner, which was not only splendidly cooked, but excellently served. When the ladies had retired to the garden for coffee, the Provincial Secretary, who in the absence of the Premier, headed the delegation in a brief speech, explaining His Honor the Governor was prevented from being present by the sudden and serious illness of a relative, while Mr. Emerson was prevented from being with the party by imperative engagements which he could not control, said a brief list of toasts had been prepared which he would ask them to honor. The Queen was first on the list and was honored by the party singing the National Anthem.

"The delegation of the United States brought out a response from Prof. Wilcox, who spoke in a happy vein of our common ancestry and alluded to the apparent understanding that had been reached between the Mother Country and the United States.

"The response of Mayor Cobb to the toast of 'Our Guest' brought forth a clear cut speech on Anglo-Saxon unity from His Honor. He spoke of an old and of course, of the fact that that was a highly practical fact and said that had it not been for the stand taken by Great Britain the United States would have been called upon to reckon with the whole of Europe instead of Spain alone in the present war.

"The other toasts were the 'City of St. John,' responded to by Mayor Sears and ex-Mayor Robertson, and Geo. F. Baird. The 'Executive government of New Brunswick,' proposed by Mayor Sears, responded to by Hon. J. Tweddle, Hon. A. T. Dunn and Hon. L. P. Ferris. 'The Ladies,' responded to by Capt. Dunn. 'The American people, particularly the ladies of the party,' responded by Consular Agent Sharkey, the 'Press,' responded to by John A. Bowes and Captain Dunn.

"The morning of the 12th, the delegation from Newton, after spending a week in Fredericton and suburbs, The St. John contingent returned home by boat and rail this morning."

The Gazette on August 12 published the following which refers to the City of St. John:

"Mayor Cobb of Newton, Mass., and friends who are visiting this province, and who are staying at the hotel on the hill, this morning were met by Mayor Sears and a few of our city fathers and driven in barouches about the city and to out-of-the-way points of interest. On the return this afternoon, His Worship entertained his guests at luncheon at the Union Club.

The Season's End.

[Springfield Republican.]

The swamps are now reservoirs of unliberated heat, where the atmosphere steams visibly, in the sunshine and the poison sumach is filling its forbidding racemes of berries, as the poison ivy is doing in like manner around the fences and on the trees in the open lands. But the swamp rose still blooms in these deep cedar-fringed and hackmatack-bordered recesses and the sphagnum is riotous in its growth. The hackmatacks, our native larches, are yellowing already, and the water-maples are setting forth their brilliant colors in the evening field. The end is foreknown in the swamps first of all; before even a bough changes on the maples of the upland or the first leaf crimson on the woodbine, their relations in the swamps are saying that the parting of the ways has come. Here we realize first how the inexorable process of Nature moves on, and all the glory of the earth is rushing as swift as sap can move and fruit can mature to the season's turn when in quick following come all the splendid colors of that bloom which marks the end.

Never Returned.

Ayer, Mass., Aug. 11, 1898. George W. Burgess of this place is among those who have been troubled with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has this to say of Hood's Pills: "I have taken Hood's Pills for biliousness and like them the best of any I have ever tried. They are gentle in action, do not gripe, and always leave me feeling well."

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 19, 1898. "My dear Sirs—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims, if directions are followed. Yours truly, (Rev.) H. W. HATHAWAY.

No clergyman should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Retail 10c. cents. We mail it. ELV BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y., City.

It is said of an Atchison boy who has come safely out of many scrapes that the only way to kill him would be to cut off his head and hide it.—Atchison Globe.

BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

They Should Be Given That Which Will Build Muscle, Brain and Nerve.

"If mothers only knew how to prepare their children for the hardships of life, these conditions might be easily avoided," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer of 'The Best Diet For Bloodless Girls,' in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' "At a very early age they should be taught to eat food to build muscle, brain and nerve and to give force and heat—not simply to satisfy appetite, a scientific rather than a haphazard operation. It is not necessary, however, to hold long conversations with the child as to what she should and should not eat. As a rule, the first dish of oatmeal the mother gives to her first child is simply covered with sugar. In a little while the health gives out, and the child has indigestion.

"Then, too, the child thus trained from infancy feels that fat is objectionable, and at the age of 15 or 16, when an anæmic condition comes over her, fat, the one necessary article to her salvation, is the most difficult to take, and it is frequently necessary to resort to oil baths or oil injections. You will no doubt call to mind that cod liver oil is the first thing added to the ordinary dietary. Butter and cream may be used in large quantities as the patient can conveniently digest.

"All fried foods must be strictly avoided. Potatoes may be eaten twice a week and should always be baked. Boiled rice may be taken once a day, but all bulk foods, such as turnips, cabbage, carrots and parsnips, should be avoided. I fully believe that special feeding in any disease will bring about a cure unattainable by medicine alone. By special feeding for different diseases I mean living on precisely such food as the patient in that condition can thoroughly digest and assimilate, or upon the best foods to repair the diseased tissues, rejecting all others."

DECLINE OF THE DUSTER.

The Practical Disappearance of a Garment That Was Once Familiar.

A traveler by rail cannot fail to notice the decline of the duster. And one does not need to be as the man said, a centaur to observe this. In fact, only 30 or 40 years ago dusters were commonly worn by railroad travelers. They were co-existent with the carpet sack and the alligator mounted valise, both now more completely passed away than the duster itself, and almost as completely gone as the hair covered trunk.

The duster was worn, of course, to protect the wearer and his garments from the dust. When the linen duster flourished, locomotives burned wood, tracks were said ballasted and rails were light, cars were not vestibuled or provided with dust screens for the windows, and the time required to cover a given distance was far greater than now. A duster was far more needed than now, and it was likely to be a part of the equipment of the casual as well as of the regular traveler. Indeed it may be said that the casual traveler would scarcely have thought that he had made a trip by rail unless he had provided himself with that indispensable part of every traveler's equipment.

But the linen duster was not the only one. There were dusters of alpaca and of mohair and of other materials; some of them black and some gray—big, flowing, comfortable dusters, which, if not beautiful, had at least the grace that all things made of good materials possess. You could almost tell a man without seeing his face by the duster that he wore.—New York Sun.

The Voices of Bullets.

From 11:30 onward for two hours the Turks did their very best. Their fire was incessant. We kept a constant watch and fired when possible, but as we were against the skyline the enemy had a much better sight of us than we had of them. However, from behind our little wall could laugh and say, "Kale oral" ("Good morning to you") as the bullets howled past.

By the way, the voice of a bullet varies. There is the thin, high whistle, to which no one pays any attention after the first half hour; there is the prolonged moan, "the cry of a lost spirit," as a novelist might say; there is the wolfish howl, which for some reason always seems to be taking one on the flank instead of fairly in front, and last of all there is the low, ill-tempered buzz, as though the nasty thing had got out of bed the wrong side, as children say. It is far the most terrifying, especially if it suddenly stops as the bullet strikes something close at hand. It was to those bullets only that we loudly wished "Good morning."—London Chronicle.

Saved Himself.

The foreman of a jury which lately sat in a New England courtroom has a ready wit which served him well in a recent encounter with one of the brilliant lights of the legal world.

The judge is a man of abrupt speech and manner, but with a quick sense of humor.

The foreman of the jury was late one day—only a few moments, to be sure, but it was one of the judge's most irritable days, as he afterward owned.

"I overslept, your honor," said the foreman, with due meekness, as he took his seat.

"Fine him," said the judge testily.

"May it please your honor," said the foreman quickly. "I did not dream of that."

"Remit the fine," said the judge, hiding his mouth with his hand for a moment, but his eyes betrayed him for all that—Youth's Companion.

The Trials of a Nurse.

A few old fashioned girls still live, despite the claim that the young woman of the present day is a business person who gives no thought to the "coming man." This fact was forcibly impressed on several people recently. A party of nurses were discussing cases and their own grievances.

"I learned to be a trained nurse," said one, "because I heard that a hospital was a regular matrimonial market. It is eight years since I graduated," she wailed, "and I am single yet. I am still nursing. If something does not happen soon, I will be an old maid."

And she arose wearily and left to take charge of her next case—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Moscow Cathedral.

Moscow cathedral, next to St. Peter's at Rome, is the costliest cathedral in the world. On the exterior of the building alone 900 pounds of gold were used. Of its 13 bells the largest weighs half as much again as "Great Paul" in London, and the doors of the cathedral, of which the largest weighs 14 tons, cost \$10,000.

Different Now.

Johnny—Say, pop, did you ever wish you had lots of little boys?

Papa—Yes, my son, before I had you—Brooklyn Life.

STRANGERS' GUIDE.

SOME PLACES OF INTEREST IN NEWTON—BEAUTIES OF WARDS ONE AND SEVEN.

The Public Library, Centre street, near the Newton railway station. Open daily. Reading room in basement. Free to all. Books may be consulted in the building by permission of the librarian.

The new bank buildings, Washington street, near Nonantum square, recently finished, and contain the latest improvements in banking facilities. Open during regular banking hours.

Farlow Park, bounded by Church, Eldredge and Vernon streets, well kept, has rustic bridge, fountain, flower beds and seats. Especially beautiful in the early evening.

Church buildings. There are five very good specimens of architecture near the park. Eliot Congregational church, with the tower, on the corner of Vernon and Eldredge streets, built of brown stone; Emmanuel Baptist, Church street, near Centre, designed by Richardson, and resembles Trinity, Boston, but much smaller. The Methodist on Centre street, beyond Church, very recently finished; Grace, Episcopal, Eldredge and Church streets, a group of buildings in the gothic style. The doors of this church are open every day for visitors.

Street Railways. The stranger can start from the station of the street cars, Nonantum square, for Watertown, Cambridge and Boston. Or he can go to Boston by way of Oak Square, Brighton and Allston.

Two doors go to Waltham, another to Lower Falls and the Newton Hospital. Still another to Newton Centre; by means of transfer tickets and eight cent checks, he can ride for miles.

Walks. There are many walks in Newton through beautiful streets, and along the river. The best walk is from Nonantum square to Watertown avenue, and then over Mt. Ida, where you get a fine view of part of the city. The other is along Washington street, up Hunnewell Hill to the Boston line, where there is a view of the river, with parts of Cambridge, Boston and Charlestown.

BOSTON AMUSEMENTS.

TREMONT THEATRE—The theatrical season opened at the Tremont Theatre last Monday evening with "Way Down East." It is a play which had a run of six months in New York, with which it was received as a failure for sermons. Naturally Bostonians felt some curiosity to know what it was like, and the audience which assembled at the Tremont was not only large, but enthusiastic as well. Many well known people were present, among them being some who are favorites before the footlights. "Way Down East" is certainly an interesting drama, and it is well staged and well acted, and its moral is healthy. As a play it is certainly far from being up to the mark which have held the boards in the city for a year past, and there is every reason to expect that it will have a long and prosperous run. Miss Phoebe Davies acted with great emotional power and skill, and her naturalness and refinement cannot be too highly praised. As Squire Amasa Bartlett, Mr. Odell Williams was fully equal to the humorous and dramatic demands of the part, and he became at once a favorite with the audience. Mr. Frank Bell, as the town constable, was Set Hobson's choice, and Mr. J. Birney, as Set Hobson, was very entertaining. Among the ladies of the cast, Miss Louise Galloway and Miss Sara Stevens are worthy of praise, and Miss Ella Hugh Wood, as the village gossip, was amusing. Messrs. Forest Robinson and Frank Lander, the one as the farmer's son, and the other as a city man, were both excellent, and, indeed, the whole cast was a highly satisfactory one. The singing of the quartet, Miss Gould, Miss Millard, and Misses Hon and Boyle, was particularly good, and received the appreciation it merited.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by an institutional condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammation of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Eccentricity of Greatness.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] "I was considerably impressed with your friend, the college professor."

"Ah, yes, he is a remarkable man. What struck you as being his leading characteristic?"

"Well, his most prominent traits seemed to be the knees of his trousers."

Kisses Enough

SUNSET ON THE FARM.

Down behind the western hill the red sun sinks to rest.
All the world is weary, and I am weary too, The partridge seeks its covert, and the redbird seeks its nest.
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you—
Home, when the daylight is waning,
Home, when my toiling is done.
Ah, down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait—
My coming at setting of sun!

The sheep from off the hillside hasten to the shepherd's fold,
For death lurks in the mountains, and darkness comes space.

The fleeing sun looks backward and turns the sky.

He holds the mantle of the night across its crimson face—

Home, when the daylight is waning,
Home, when my toiling is done.

Ah, down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait—

My coming at setting of sun!

—American Agriculturist.

HOW IT ENDED.

"You're going tomorrow?" the young woman said.

"I have to see my people before I join my regiment," the young man answered.

"What a good time I've had here!"

"You were about," she observed, "to say something about the Southern Cross."

"The Southern Cross? Why should I?"

"Surely," she said, "you won't throw away your opportunities? Aren't you going to gaze on the Southern Cross in a few weeks and think of me?"

"Very likely," he answered quietly.

"That's right," she pursued. "No young man of feeling, within sight of distance of the Southern Cross, should neglect it. I, on the other hand, shall look at the Great Bear and think of you."

"Have you been to any theaters lately?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but you must have visited some really pathetic melodramas."

"I only meant that it's been a rather warm July, and are you fond of bicycling? It's not a bad floor tonight."

"Aren't you just a little ungrateful?" she said. "I only wanted!"

"I understand—a nice, cold shower bath," he answered. "You needn't be afraid I shall bother you. Only I should like to thank you for having given me the happiest fortnight of my life and to wish you good luck."

"You are," she said softly, "rather a nice boy."

"Some day," he answered, "I trust that I shall be a nasty man. A nice boy is a thing that is supposed neither to mind nor matter."

"Jack," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "without prejudice, as the lawyers say, would you mind less if it did matter?"

"Is it quite impossible?" he asked.

"Well, isn't it?" she answered.

"Of course we should have to wait," he said. "But couldn't you wait awhile, Kitty?"

"Please don't think me horrid and mercenary," she said. "It isn't altogether that. But don't you know what a long engagement means? It's the longest thing on earth. It's a marriage on the hire purchase system, where you pay three times as much as it's worth for a thing that's worn out before you really get it."

"If I left the service," he urged, "we should have enough to live on quietly."

"You'd be so content if you did," she said, "and our castle in Spain would be a villa in West Kensington. No, Jack, it wouldn't do. I'm sorry, but it wouldn't do. Can't you see?"

"Oh, I see clearly enough," he said bitterly. "I hope that some day you'll have a nice large paper marriage, a la modiste, with real golden wedding bells and the full approval of the family solicitor."

"Don't, Jack, don't," she answered.

"Can't you see that it takes two to make a muddle like this? Don't let's spoil the little time that's left us. Let us at least part friends."

"I'm sorry," the young man said. "I suppose nothing I could say would make any difference!"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"Very well. May I at least have all the other dances tonight?"

"Yes, if you want them now," the young woman said sadly.

The young man and young woman enjoyed themselves immensely for the rest of the evening, although they imagined themselves heartbroken. The young man said several things which he considered really cynical, and the young woman wallowed in a sense of martyrdom. They said goodby in a cold, morning light, and she allowed him to kiss her. The kiss they regarded as a kind of sacrament.

The angel of death, with his habitual disregard of the fitness of things, disturbed the even course of the affair. The young man had possessed a mercantile cousin, and the cousin, having gone two or three days before to a land where mercantile possessions are rigidly excluded, had left the whole of his property to the young man. His reasons for this unexpected act of generosity were probably that he had never met the young man, which, in view of the old gentleman's temper, was an advantage, and also that the latter cultivated martial aspirations underneath his mercantile soul, even to the extent of being at one time a captain of volunteers, and regarded the young man with favor, as being the only military specimen of the family.

Therefore when the young man rose from his brief sleep on the following morning he found a solicitor's letter informing him of his good fortune. At first the information appeared too good to be true, but the additional information that he was at liberty to draw on the firm for any reasonable amount put the truth beyond question. The fact that he was rich, potentially rich, at first filled him with an insane desire to shout. As a silent relief to his mental tension he took his slippers off and threw them at the door. Then he put them on again and lit a pipe. All his life the young man had been in straitened circumstances. He had never had enough pocketed money at school or a satisfactory allowance since. Now he felt that he possessed no single desire which he could not satisfy. Visions of infinite possibilities rose before him. He even looked at his pipe with contempt.

"And now," he said to himself triumphantly, "I shall be able to marry Kitty."

Oddly enough, the young woman had not stood in the forefront of the possibilities. He noticed the fact with something

SOLDIERS IN CHINA.

QUEER METHODS WHICH MAKE THEM WORTHLESS AS FIGHTERS.

To Become a Soldier Is to Lose Caste, and Good Men Are Not Used For Warriors. CRAZY TACTICS IN THE WAR WITH JAPAN. PEPPER VERSUS BULLETS.

Major A. E. J. Cavendish, First Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, D. A. A. G., Dublin district (late military attaché with the Chinese army), writing in *The Journal of the United Service Institution*, says that in many respects the army of China presents a curious example of the survival of the unfittest. In the broad outlines its scheme is simple and suited to the country. Nevertheless, with the characteristic Chinese love of detail, in its minutiae, it is exceeding complex. Owing to an equally characteristic want of exactitude, although returns as rendered by separate accountants are often beautifully worked out to the thousandth part of a tael, yet in a combination of these returns nothing balances.

For members of parliament who cavil at the intricacies of the British estimates I can imagine no worse punishment in the future life than to be set by satan to unravel the mysteries of the Chinese military budget. Every province has its separate "army," for which the viceroy or governor is responsible, and in 14 of these it consists of Tartar and Chinese soldiers in certain fixed proportions. Any deficiency in the military budgets of the poorer provinces are met by contributions from the central provinces, "the belly of China." Grouping all these "armies" together, the troops fall into four great categories—namely, (1) Tartar soldiers or banner men; (2) green regiments or Chinese territorial force; (3) fighting braves; (4) discredited troops.

These things were hidden as yet from anything but the young man's subconsciousness. As he finished dressing slowly he decided to go at once after breakfast and tell the young woman of his happiness. The thought ought to have suggested a triumphal procession, but only presented itself as a logical and obvious proceeding; also, if his feelings had been what he imagined them to be, he would have babbled out his good fortune to the other late comers at breakfast. He believed that it was romantic to reserve the news for the young woman, but the belief was artificial.

He found the young woman sitting in the sunshine on the lawn. She was looking too, preposterously healthy and happy, considering the circumstances. He was able to explain quite intelligibly what had happened, and the young woman listened and watched him quietly. In some ways he was a very transparent young man, and she was a young woman of perception.

"So now," he concluded, "of course we can be married just as soon as ever we like."

"Married? You want to marry me?" she said dreamily, as though he had suggested a new idea, which as a matter of fact was the case.

"Why, what's the matter, Kitty? Aren't you glad?" he asked.

"I'm very glad that you'll be rich," she answered, with a smile. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, have a good time generally!" he said.

"A good time generally—generally," he repeated slowly.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" he inquired in a puzzled way. "I don't understand."

"I'm not sure that I do yet," she said. "Surely after last night?" he burst out.

"Last night," she said, "I refused you because you were poor, and last night was years ago to you."

"You surely don't think I'm such a cad as to let that make any difference. Of course I know you were right last night."

"No, I know you're not a cad, Jack. You happened to be a gentleman. That's what complicates things so," she said.

"I don't understand at all," he said.

"You're very, very young, Jack," she answered. He did look very young that morning in his new aspect of a possible husband.

"I'm no younger than I was last night," he urged.

"If I said yes—" she went on quietly.

"If you said yes? Don't you care for me still?" he asked.

"Wait a moment," she answered. "If I said yes, we should be married soon. Then we should settle down to a quiet, humdrum, unexciting life. Do you realize that? Next year you wouldn't want to dance with me all the evening."

"Then do you mean you don't care for me?" he asked.

"No, I don't care for you," she said deliberately. She had watched his eyes for the light that never was on sea and land," but it had died away since the night before. "And I'll tell you why.

Last night I was a great deal to you. I should have been the prettiest thing in a life that wasn't very pretty. Now I'm only a very, very small part of your life. That wouldn't satisfy me."

"Surely you don't mean what you say?" he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said, with a little laugh. "I shouldn't be adequate, and you wouldn't be adequate. It wouldn't do. Believe me, Jack, it wouldn't. We like each other, but we don't love each other. Don't let's be foolish any more. Let the dead past bury its dead. You've a lot of arrears of enjoyment to draw, and you'd better go away and play now without making too much of this."

"Then never thought—" he burst out.

"No, Jack, I don't think you ever did," she said, "or you'd agree with me. I know you want me just for the moment, because I've said no, but that's the only reason. Run away and play. Goodby, Jack. I'd rather you'd go now."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed.

"Goodby, Jack," the young woman said, with a smile, holding out her hand.

The young man took it and strode away angrily. For several days he said evil things to himself about the young woman and decided that she was not worth caring for. Soon afterward he decided that he never had cared for her. After another brief interval he came to the conclusion that she was an unusually nice girl and that some day perhaps, if he met her, he might try his luck again. When the young woman married another man, he felt sorry for her and the other man, being under the impression that he held a permanent first mortgage on her affections, which was a mistake, because the only mark which he left on the young woman's mind was a capacity for appreciating the other man.

But the whole thing was a pity. It might have been such an excellent little piece of romance, in two people's lives, and it degenerated into the exposure of a flirtation.—Today.

His Grievance.

Mrs. Peck—Yes, I was tongue tied when I was a child and had to undergo an operation in order to be cured.

Mr. Peck (sotto voce)—Geo, I wish I could meet the doctor that done it!—Chicago News.

Allaying His Jealousy.

Charley—I can't understand why you should call your watch Frank.

His Fiancee—Isn't it open faced?—Jewelers' Weekly.



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MARKERS AND STATUES.

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Newton and Watertown cars stop at the door.

Mr. Somers wishes to announce to his Newton customers

that his Spring Woolens for Gentlemen's Wear, embracing

a choice line of specially selected fabrics for the season,

are now displayed. An early call before the rush of the

season will insure the best of attention.

C. B. SOMERS, Tailor.

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

THE TAX, RATE.

The assessors announce this morning that the tax rate will be \$16.60 per thousand, the same as last year. It is a welcome surprise that it is not larger, and however the decision was reached the tax payers will all rejoice.

The appropriations were about \$125,000 more than last year, which was an enormous increase, and even during the year there has been a tendency to spend more than the appropriations and call for an increase, and new enterprises, buildings, and so on, were only choked off by the sad fact that the borrowing capacity of the city had become practically exhausted, so that every one expected an increase in the rate.

SECRETARY LONG had a warm welcome home to Massachusetts, and there is no question but that he more nearly represents Massachusetts sentiment than Senator Lodge. Secretary Long told a reporter that he had never been in favor of taking the Philippines and he had not changed his mind. He thought Manila would be a good port and coal station for us to have. Secretary Long's popularity arises partly from the fact that he always rises to his opportunities, no matter how exalted they may be. Not a word of adverse criticism of his management of the navy department has been heard, but only the most unstinted praise. One has only to realize what a benefit his holding this high office has been to the nation, by imagining for a minute what a mess Alger would have made of it, with his favoritism in giving out contracts and in making appointments. Touching general political and other matters Secretary Long displays the same levelheadedness as he does in regard to our foreign policy. He told the reporter: I think that the old sectional feeling is absolutely and utterly wiped out.

The tariff and currency question are utterly overshadowed by the tremendous rapidity with which recent important events have followed each other. The success of the administration and its ability to successfully cope with large questions has, I believe, been universally recognized. President McKinley has been confronted with the very gravest problems, and it seems as if the destiny of the republic had been enlarged in its scope. I don't think it is going to be a good time for contests, as Thomas B. Reed expressed it in his district, and I believe that to be true of other districts throughout the country. There is generally a feeling in favor of helping the administration instead of fighting it. Then, too, the war being over, there is an intense readiness for a renewal of prosperous conditions. I look to see the renewal of industry and enterprise that will be of profit to capital and to labor alike."

Could Massachusetts do better than to choose such a man senator?

"If all depends on the point of view" is a saying that has a wide application. Two good men may be utterly unable to understand each other, because they look at things from such a widely different point of view. This was well illustrated by the attack made on Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton by Senator Hoar. One looks at things from the point of view of a cultured scholar, and the other too often only voices the sentiments of the average narrow and petty politician. They could hardly expect to understand each other, any more than if they talked in different languages. The affair has brought forward Prof. Norton's rather pessimistic assertions that we lack to-day the culture that should be ours, and in regard to this, the following from the leading article in last week's *Literature* confirms his statements: "The truly cultivated man is he who possesses the sense and appreciation of beauty, and he who has this sense of beauty, he who instinctively loves lovely things, is cultured, though he may be entirely ignorant of all book learning. But unfortunately, this broad culture is extinct. . . . The folk no longer invent folk-songs and tales, the traditions even of these things is rapidly dying out. . . . It is long since the artisan ceased to be an artist, and it is only necessary to be an inhabitant of London, to pass through a single modern street, to know to what dismal depths the building-craft has sunk. In a word, it is not too much to say that natural and unconscious culture is a thing of the past. The great mass of the people reads the worst books, likes the most detestable pictures and the most vulgar enjoyments, and approval is too often the most decisive condemnation of any work of art. There is, therefore, all the greater need for those who still hold solitary forts against the enemy to see that these are not also carried by assault."

Newton has been very fortunate in the way of thunder storms this year, the most severe ones passing around us. On Wed-

nsey afternoon there was but comparatively little rain here, and although the lightning was terrific, it did not strike nearer the city than Waltham, and the thunder was far away. It was the most severe storm of the season in Boston and at the shore resorts near that city, while towns to the north of us suffered severely and many fatalities and a large number of fires were reported. People who were in the street cars during the storm thought it must have been worse than the bombardment of the Spanish fleet.

The Cuban war correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, who is most friendly to America, and praises the American soldier in terms of eulogy, brings out the way our soldiers were unprovided for very clearly for his English readers:—

"Before the army invaded Cuba most elaborate instructions were issued as to what the men should and should not do when they got down to dangerous health to the men have done, simply because they had no alternative. They were warned not to eat fat meats, and the only meat procurable is fat pork; they were told it was dangerous to sleep on the ground, and the government provided neither hammocks nor tents."

THE TERM of County Commissioner Bigelow of Natick expires this year, and he will probably be his own successor. Since the retirement of Commissioner Read from the board, there has been very little public criticism of its doings, and hence many infer that it is not open to criticism.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Mr. E. A. Flagg of Eliot street was at Concord last Sunday.

—Mr. George Connally is building a new house at Petree street.

—The barbers have agreed to close their shops on Monday afternoons.

—Mr. O. E. Nutter and family of Oak street are at Wells Beach, Me.

—Mr. H. E. Locke and family of High street are at Wells Beach, Me.

—Mr. Edward Ryan of Eliot street is enjoying a three weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Bernard Billings enjoyed an outing at Newport, R. I., last Tuesday.

—Mr. John H. Shaughnessy enjoyed an outing at Nantasket last Sunday.

—A valuable horse belonging to Contractor J. E. Cahill, died last Friday.

—Mr. James Mayall has secured a position in the Petree machine shops.

—Mr. Otis Petree's new house on Boylston street is ready for occupancy.

—Mrs. M. L. Pullen of Eliot street is sojourning in the Green Mountains.

—Mr. I. W. Sweet, the coal dealer, is building a new house on Oak street.

—Mr. John Collins of Needham has moved into a house on Winter street.

—Mr. Walter Fisher and family of Beacon place are at Christmas Cove, Me.

—Mr. Warren Campbell of Richardson road is sojourning at Popham Beach, Me.

—Mrs. William Dyson and daughter are spending several weeks at Greenfield, N. H.

—Mr. J. D. Coward's new house on High street is about ready for occupancy.

—Mr. M. L. Pullen of Eliot street has returned from a few days' visit at Newport, R. I.

—Mr. William Jackson of Thurston road spent a few days at Newport, R. I., last week.

—Mr. Fred Hurd of Medford, Mass., spent last Sunday at his home on High street.

—Miss Ida Buckley of Reservoir street has returned from her vacation spent at Nantasket.

—Patrolmen A. M. Fuller and John McKenzie left Wednesday on their annual vacation trips.

—Miss Etta Crankshaw of Fall River is a guest in the family of Mr. Charles Mills of Eliot street.

—Mr. Joseph Borilla of Watertown, Conn., is in town visiting his family on Central avenue.

—Mr. Morrill of the Fanning Printing Company has returned from a vacation in New Hampshire.

—Mrs. J. I. Bosworth of North Attleboro is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thompson on Chestnut street.

—Mr. A. W. Huestis and Mr. R. T. Haworth are occupying Mr. Everett's new house on High street.

—Prof. W. H. Petree of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is the guest of Mrs. George Petree on Pennsylvania avenue.

—Mr. William Hopkins, (Bud Brier) of the Boston Globe, has returned from a stay at the Pacific House, Nantasket.

—Mr. William Lamson, formerly of this place, who is now in the service of the United States government, came here from Hartford this week on a visit.

—A large company of friends called at the house of Mrs. A. M. Cargill on High street, the other night, and witnessed the opening of the night blooming cereus.

—Messrs. John McKenzie, John Thompson, Joshua Randall and Edward Thompson attended the league muster of the veteran firemen at Portland, yesterday.

—Thursday evening at the Methodist parsonage on High street, took place the marriage of Mr. E. B. Wildman and Miss Florence Gibson. Rev. F. J. McConnell officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Wildman will reside in Auburndale.

—Mr. Albert Temperley is recovering from the injuries sustained in a fall from a ladder at Newton Highlands some weeks ago. Mr. Temperley is able to sit up each day, and within a short time it is hoped he will be able to get out again.

—Mr. Percy Bakeman, formerly of this place, and now of the U. S. Battleship Texas, which is undergoing repairs at the Brooklyn navy yard, was here this week on a four days' furlough. Mr. Bakeman was in charge of the gun on the Texas, which did such damaging work to the Spanish boat Colon. He related with much interest his experience during the thickest of the fight. He saw many men killed about him. Mr. Bakeman himself was severely injured. He brought along several souvenirs, among them being a ride taken from the Colon, and belts, buttons, etc., belonging to the Spaniards. Bakeman is a native of this place and has for several years been in the United States marine service. On several occasions he has been commended for life saving and has received medals for meritorious conduct. Yesterday he went before the board of examiners at New York for promotion, and will be placed on the list of the Charlestown navy yard, where he will remain a few months. While here he was royally entertained by his friends.

—His Course.
(From Puck.)

Dingley—Where are you going to spend your vacation, old man?

Bingley—I'm not going to take any vacation this year. I'm all broken up, weak, nervous, and a general wreck. I'm in no condition to stand a vacation. I shall stay home and rest.

—Matrimonial "Mark Down."

She—You used to give me \$100 when ever I asked you.

He—Well?

—And now I only get \$98. Have I been marked down in your affections?—Cincinnati Enquirer

—ALLEN—At Newton, Aug. 13, Mildred, infant daughter of Harry D. and Marion A. Allen.

YUENILLE FIRE FIGHTERS.

BOYS OF WEST NEWTON WITH "TRITON NO. 3," WIN THE ADMIRATION OF ALL DEPARTMENT MEMBERS—DESCRIPTION OF THIS MINIATURE HAND TUB.

Though the city of Newton is unable to maintain a reserve fire department, such as many of the larger cities of the country possess, there is a sturdy little band of fire fighters in West Newton very willing, and in a measure quite able, to act in this capacity. And not a penny would they ask for their services. To share the glory and honor with regulars is all they desire as recompense.

At any hour, day or night, they are ready to be called upon. As yet the full extent of their power has to be determined, but the boys themselves are confident of great possibilities. With a hand engine capable of throwing an 80-foot stream through a three-inch hose inch, their assistance in extinguishing a fire of ordinary size might prove of considerable value. Thus far these young fire fighters have confined themselves almost exclusively to brush fires. At Lower Falls some months ago, however, they were able to assist the regular department in conquering a pile of brush that had got down to dangerous

heights. The boys are the greatest of their achievements. Through the constant practice, such as these boys indulge in regularly, they may be certain of increasing progress. With the encouragement of many older people, they may yet attain the much desired fame and position of honor among the organizations of juvenile firemen.

—Triton Number 3" is the name of this company. This is in honor of the old hand engine company of West Newton, whose record is among the best of old fire departments.

In their day the Tritons were among the leaders.

It is the ambition of their young followers to make themselves just as powerful, and for this reason they have named the engine like that of the grandfathers, after the famous demigod of the sea.

Built after the Hunneman pattern, such as was used in Boston some years ago, this machine is a perfect example of mechanical skill. It is built through the pattern of Albert D. Cole of West Newton. It was completed in the fall of 1896, though since that time Mr. Cole has made improvements over his original plans. The pump is three inches in diameter, and requires a seven inch stroke. The length over all is ten feet. In the water works there is not a bolt, screw or nail. It is constructed entirely of galvanized iron, the different portions soldered together.

The nozzle of the hose is three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Through this stream of 83 feet has been played. The body of the engine is of yellow, and the trimmings of yellow and black, with wheels of natural wood. Altogether it weighs 175 pounds.

With a company of sixteen members to draw the engine, man the brakes, and hold the hose, the boys express themselves as satisfied that their company is complete. They have organized, with Master Edward Cole as foreman. For two years they have been the envy of all boys throughout the city.

The apparatus, which includes a hose reel, is kept in Mr. Cole's barn at West Newton, and with its crew may be seen responding to a fire at that vicinity. Promptly are the boys on hand when the bell is sounded, with an enthusiasm fully equal to that of the regulars.

Father Callanan's Great Picnic.

Rev. P. H. Callanan has arranged for a grand celebration of Labor day, Monday, September 5, at Newton Lower Falls. Since Father Callanan has had charge of St. John's parish he has provided many opportunities for the enjoyment of his people and their many friends from the neighboring towns. Each and every celebration that has been arranged under his direction has been marked by the attractions offered, the large audience, a strict adherence to the published programme, and an honorable distribution of prizes offered.

Besides the music and dancing there are sports, games, athletic contests, gay, grave and grotesque. The grounds at night are to be brilliantly illuminated so all can see and there are seats for a thousand spectators on the grounds and pavilion. The admission to the grounds is free. Eleven large tents will be erected on the grounds and these with two mammoth pavilions and the Parish hall will afford shelter for all in case rain should fall.

Labor day has become an established institution and there is no finer spot for a day's recreation, no greater attractions to be found for a day and evening's outing than the grounds of St. John's parish. The admission to the grounds is free.

Eleven large tents will take place. Many series are already secured from the A. O. H. divisions of Suffolk and Middlesex and Norfolk counties, also from the Catholic Order of Foresters and the Knights of Columbus. An athletic pavilion accommodating 2000 people has been erected. Electric cars from all points go direct to the grounds.

What May Happen.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

—What are the newsboys distributing?"

"Alger letters."

"Why doesn't he have them published in the daily papers?"

"Oh, they've got so common that no editor will take them."

MARRIED.

ATKINS—SEARS—At Cambridgeport, August 3, by Rev. Mr. Dunseath, Frank Atkins of Cambridgeport and Miss Mabel Sears of Newton.

TULLY—THOMPSON—At Newton Centre, August 15, by Rev. B. F. McDaniel, James P. Tully, son of Edward A. Thompson both of Newton Upper Falls.

WEBSTER—RIGGS—At Newton Centre, July 28, by Rev. Geo. H. Spencer, Fayette Harold Webster and Olivia Clark Riggs.

WILDMAN—GIBSON—At Newton Upper Falls, August 11, by Rev. F. J. McConnell, Edward Blaine Wildman and Florence Isabel Gibson.

DIED.

WARNER—At Newton, Aug. 14, Rebecca Warner, widow of John Warner, 80 yrs., 4 mos., 5 ds.

MERRILL—At Newton Centre, Aug. 15, Francis J., son of Charles D. and Christabelle Merrill.

JACOBS—At Newton Centre, Aug. 15, Harriet Clarinda, widow of James M. Jacobs, 63 yrs., 11 mos., 12 ds.

SEERY—At Newton Upper Falls, Aug. 16, Michael, son of Maurice and Francis Seery, 4 mos., 1 d.

MORTON—At Auburndale, Aug. 12, George M., son of John M. and C. M. Morton, 13 yrs., 23 ds.

MACDOUGALL—At Newton Centre, Aug. 11, Sarah, wife of Angus MacDougall, 45 yrs.

MAHAN—At Newton, Aug. 13, Margaret E., daughter of John J. and Margaret A. Mahan, 3 mos., 8 ds.

BURKE—At Newton, Aug. 13, Edward J. Burke, 65 yrs.

MCHIBBLE—At West Newton, Aug. 14, Robert, son of Matthew and Annie McHibble, 1 mo.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mrs. M. N. Coleman is enjoying a two weeks' stay in East Boston.
—Mr. Dorkendorff of Walnut street is in Maine for a three weeks' stay.
—Miss Marion Fisher of Walker street is enjoying her vacation in Maine.
—Don't forget Clapp's special sale, low prices on shoes, Associates' block.
—Mrs. Charles Johnson of Washington is enjoying a week's outing at Nantasket.
—Mr. Walter Cunningham left Thursday for Maine where he will pass his vacation.
—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McMann of Cabot street are at Northampton for a stay.
—Mr. A. J. Dodge returned this week from Nova Scotia where he passed his vacation.
—Among the guests registered at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, last week, was Mr. W. H. Claffin.
—Dr. Otis E. Hunt of Walnut street is enjoying a few weeks' vacation at Poland Springs.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dustin Lancey of Lowell are at Duxbury, where they will make a short stay.
—The lights on the bridges over the B. & A. road are much appreciated by the residents.
—Mr. A. R. Mitchell of Walnut street was here from Poland Springs for a short stay.
—Mr. George Estabrook and family of Austin street are at Beverly for a few weeks' stay.
—Mrs. Frank W. Pray and family of Court street have returned after a few weeks' vacation.
—Mr. F. E. Macomber is enjoying his vacation at Winthrop. He registers at the Leighton House.
—The improvements on Mr. George F. Williams' house on Washington park are nearly completed.
—Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kimball of Harvard street were home from Point Allerton this week.

—Miss Helen Gaudet of Washington street has returned from Maine, where she passed her vacation.
—Miss Ethel Sampson of Washington street has returned from Maine, where she passed her vacation.
—Mrs. N. H. Brown of Walnut street left this week for Maine where she will remain until September.
—Mr. Quimby, ex-Minister to the Netherlands is the guest of Mrs. Wentworth at her home on Foster street.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wetherell of Walnut street are summering at Jackson, N. H. They stop at Gray's Inn.
—Mr. H. W. Calder of Austin street returned this week from New Hampshire where he passed his vacation.

—Mrs. J. D. Billings and Master Harold Billings left this week for Maine where they will enjoy several weeks stay.
—Mrs. Alfred Pierce of Clyde street is a guest at the Bellevue Hotel, Intervale, N. H. where she will remain into September.
—Miss E. Addie Brooks has returned after a three weeks' vacation spent at the Goose Rocks House, Kennebunkport, Me.
—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Patterson of Newtonville avenue have returned from Henniker, N. H., where they passed several weeks.
—Rev. Wm. L. Worcester of Philadelphia will preach at the Highland avenue church next Sunday morning. All are welcome.

—The poultry house of James Page on Washington park was entered some time Monday night and several hens and roosters stolen.

—You can buy woman's button and lace boots, small sizes, 2 1/2 to 4, at \$1 and \$1.50, former price \$2.50 to \$4.50, at Clapp's, Newtonville.
—Mrs. Henry M. Soule and Master Howard Soule of Brooks avenue have returned from Intervale, N. H., where they enjoyed a month's stay.
—Don't fail to get a pair of those fine russet and black low shoes, formerly \$3.50 and \$4.00, now \$2.50. Clapp's, Associates' block, Newtonville.
—There are letters remaining in the post office for M. J. Thackes, Mrs. Daniel Duggan, Appleton street, Mrs. H. H. Stannard, 4 Washington Park.

—Mr. and Mrs. William P. Soule of Walker street are enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Maine. They will visit Rockland and Little Deer Isle.
—Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Calley and Miss Hattie Calley returned this week from Plymouth, N. H., where they enjoyed a month's stay.

—Mr. Fred. H. Keyes was out yesterday with his new boat "Tech." She is a very graceful craft, designed and built by the owner, who is well known here.

—Mr. Arthur Corrigan who was manager of the Linden Farm Creamery has given up the store in Partridge's block and will conduct the business from his residence in West Newton.

—Baby carriages wanted.—Several baby carriages, even if considerably worn, could be disposed of by the associated charities and also by the district nurse. Many of the little people are reported as ill and to hasten the convalescence it is necessary to keep them in the open air.

—Mrs. A. B. Allen and daughter of Washington terrace returned this week after a two months' tour in Europe. They visited many of the noted cities and enjoyed a sail down the Rhine and across the Mediterranean, leaving Naples or the Kaiser William for New York. Miss Allen went in the interest of her music and among her instructors was Prof. Bettie of Italy.

—The sad news of the death of Henry J. Preston, Jr., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Preston of Minot place, was received this week. Deceased was twenty-three years of age. He was a Newtonville boy and was a graduate of the Newton schools. He died at the summer home at Falmouth, Monday afternoon, after a few weeks' sickness. The funeral was held Wednesday from the residence at Falmouth.

—Messrs. H. F. Ross, Louis Ross, Arthur Field, Walter H. Pulsifer and Edward E. Howard have returned home after a cruise in Mr. H. F. Ross' yacht "Clio." Two weeks were consumed in cruising along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick. The following is taken from the "Evening News" of Boston: "Eastport, Aug. 4.—The pretty yacht Clio, Capt. Holden of Boston, was in the harbor Sunday after a visit to St. John, N. B., and other Canadian ports. The yacht is 75 feet in length and owned and driven by Mr. F. W. Farley of Lexington street, Waltham, was run down on Margin street about 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon by two unknown men in an express wagon. The rials are to be laid immediately.

—The announcement has been recently made that Mr. Henry N. DeNormandie will join Messrs. Nathaniel T. Allen and James T. Allen in conducting the West Newton English and Classical school the coming season. Mr. DeNormandie was the founder and proprietor of the Maplebank Home school at Danvers, Mass., and is a most successful educator. He is the nephew of Rev. James DeNormandie of Roxbury.

—Patrolman Dearborn is filling Officer Soule's place during the latter's absence.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mercer of Waltham are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Messenger of New York are the guest of friends here prior to a trip through Canada.
—Mrs. Alexander Griswold and Master Chester H. Griswold of Foster street left today for Kearsarge Village, N. H.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley; Newton.
—Mr. Henry Bixby is at Chatham for a few weeks' vacation.
—Miss Adams of Lenox street is away for a few weeks' stay.
—Mr. H. L. Burrage is among the guests at Hotel Pemberton, Hull.

—Miss Helen Hunt of Webster street is summering at Green Harbor.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Felton are at Barre, Vt., for their summer outing.

—Patrolman Wm. Butler is enjoying his annual vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. Ralph Chase of Hillside avenue has returned from his vacation.

—Driver Fogwell of engine 2 company is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. J. S. Alley of Prince street was in town for a short stay this week.

—Among the summer residents at Chatham is Mr. Trainer of this place.

—Patrolman Richard Kyte has returned to duty after a two weeks' vacation.

—H. A. Inman and family of Perkins street are summering at West Sutton.

—Mr. John C. Ayles of River street is passing a few weeks at Portland, Me.

—Mr. Edward Kimball of Henshaw street is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Carrie Lovett of Mt. Vernon street is away for a few weeks' vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Pratt of Highland street left this week for a month's outing.

—Mrs. Edward Fisher and children are enjoying a few weeks at York Beach, Me.

—John Eliot Lodge A. O. U. W. will hold its regular meeting Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Henry Cate of Highland avenue is enjoying a few weeks vacation at Chatham.

—Mr. W. J. Patterson is at Winthrop for his vacation. He stops at the Shirley House.

—Mr. George Hatch of Watertown street is home for a week from her summer home at West Sutton.

—Miss Addie Carr of Somerville is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Burgess of Eden avenue.

—Mrs. Stone of Webster Park has returned from the country, where she passed several weeks.

—Mrs. George T. Lincoln and family of Lenox street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Secomb and Miss Addie Secomb of Perkins street are in New York for a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Charles Fisher and family of Webster street are at York Beach, Me., for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. J. J. Davis and family of Margin street have returned from Plymouth after a two weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Warren Kilburn of Waltham street and Mrs. J. Franklin Fuller have passed a few weeks.

—Mrs. William G. Bell of Shaw street has returned from the mountains, where she passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton returned Saturday from Vermont, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. John H. A. Dalton and family of Chestnut street are away for two weeks.

—Mr. Harry Crafts of River street returns from Chatham Monday, after a month's stay.

—Mr. Murdock J. Brison of Watertown street is reported as convalescing after a serious illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Metcalf and Miss Metcalf made a short stay at Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H.

—Mrs. L. Stoddard and son of Highland street have returned after several weeks' stay on the cape.

—Mrs. Claffin and family of Elm street have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. C. A. Wyman and family of Temple street are at Camden, Me., for a few weeks' stay.

—Miss Eva Stacy of Henshaw street has returned from Methuen where she enjoyed a three weeks' vacation.

—Mr. John A. Potter and family of Waltham street left this week for their summer residence at Point Allerton.

—Dr. John W. Pomfret and family of Eden avenue have returned from Byfield, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. MacHenry Robinson, formerly of this place, now of Dorchester, made a short stay here this week.

—The local branch of the American Legion of Honor will meet Tuesday evening in Metcalf's studio, Chestnut street.

—Messrs. Milo and Frank Lucas of Webster place left this week for New Hampshire where they will pass several weeks.

—Mrs. B. M. Katelle and family of Berkley street have returned from Whitman's crossing, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. Walter W. Bruce and children of Washington street left this week for Bath, Me., where they will remain until September.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Barker and family of Washington street are at Rosebrook Inn, Bethel, N. H., for a short stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Williamson of Highland street were registered at Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H., for a short stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herman A. Packard of Valentine street have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. Charles H. Stacy and Miss Ida Stacy returned Monday from North Sandwick, N. H., where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. B. L. Shattuck is at Bethlehem, N. H., for the remainder of the warm season. She is a guest at the Jackson Falls House.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ferry and Miss Harriet Ferry of Berkley street are making their summer residence at the Crawford House.

—Miss Minnie McBride, Cherry street, and Miss Stasie Peters of Washington street, left Monday for Old Orchard beach, where they will pass their vacation.

—Mrs. Richard Rowe and Miss Alice T. Rowe are registered at the Jackson Falls House, Jackson, N. H., where they will remain until the middle of next month.

—At the 33rd annual summer outing of 32nd regiment Association held last Saturday at Nantasket Beach, Col. I. F. Kingsbury was present and spoke at the banquet.

—Arthur Aherne, the 7-year-old son of William Aherne, of Washington street, while playing in the street last Sunday morning, was run over by a heavy wagon, and had his right hip broken. He was taken to the Newton Hospital.

—Mrs. George O. Almy has returned to his home on Woodlawn street after a two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire.

—Patrolman Fred Elwell is enjoying his vacation in Nova Scotia.

—Patrolman Fred Elwell is enjoying his vacation in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Charles Pickard and family have returned from an outing in Maine.

—Mr. C. F. Hall and family are spending a portion of the summer at Winthrop.

—Mrs. W. P. Thorn has returned from Lynn, where she has been the guest of relatives.

—Alderman and Mrs. W. F. Hadlock have gone to Buxton's Island, Me., to spend several weeks.

—Mr. Louis Robinson returned this week to Schenectady, N. Y., after a visit to relatives in this place.

—Miss Madeline Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Ellis, celebrated her eighth birthday at her home in Waltham street.

—She entertained about fifteen little friends. Games were enjoyed followed by music and dancing. A dainty collation was served.

—The Misses May and Marion Chapin are expected to return the latter part of the week, from a visit of nearly six weeks, to relatives and friends in Michigan. They have visited at Plainwell, Otsego, Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Atwood and Petoskey; and they were most cordially welcomed, and delightfully entertained at each and every place. The young ladies have a host

hole in it. The trip was full of excitement."

—Patrolman Dearborn is filling Officer Soule's place during the latter's absence.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mercer of Waltham are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Messenger of New York are the guest of friends here prior to a trip through Canada.

—Mrs. Alexander Griswold and Master Chester H. Griswold of Foster street left today for Nantasket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Mercer of Otis street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Mary Bacon of Prospect street has returned after a month's outing.

—Miss Mabel Glazier of River street is at Meredith, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mrs. B. S. Hatch and son of Watertown street are in Maine for a few weeks' outing.

—Mr. R. S. Gorham and family of Prince street have returned after a summer outing.

—Mrs. J. W. Yeaton of Warren avenue is enjoying a few weeks in New Hampshire.

—Mr. W. D. Foster of Lenox street has returned after several months' stay in the West.

—Mrs. George Johnson, clerk at Keyes' drug store, leaves next week for an extended western trip.

—There are letters in the post office for Miss Conant of Laurel avenue, and Prof. Alfonso Adams.

—Mrs. W. E. Thayer and Master Thayer of Ash street left this week for an outing at South Weymouth.

—Rev. and Mrs. Winsor have left Auburndale for the present. They will go later to Clifton Springs.

—Mr. George Johnson, of the firm of Johnson & Keyes, is spending a portion of the summer at York Beach, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peabody, who occupy

the Estabrook homestead on Central street, are congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

—Among those from this place who attended the Veteran Firemen's muster at Portland yesterday, were Messrs. D. O'Donnell, F. Washburn and P. A. McVickar.

—The building on Lexington street occupied by George Johnson and Johnson & Keyes, is being moved back several feet, that it may not obstruct the path of the proposed widening of Lexington street. The sheds in the rear are being turned about to face the boulevard. The work of moving other buildings and obstructions will soon commence.

—Recent arrivals at the Woodland Park hotel are: Mrs. Edward E. Hardy, Miss F. P. Hardy, Miss Thompson, Auburndale; Mrs. C. P. Clark, Mrs. J. R. Copeland, Southwick; Mrs. J. H. Mackie, Boston; Mrs. Joseph V. Jordan, Miss Jordan, Newburg, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Johnson, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Thompson, Chicago.

—Miss Addie Carr of Somerville is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Burgess of Eden avenue.

—Mrs. Stone of Webster Park has returned from the country, where she passed several weeks.

—Mrs. George T. Lincoln and family of Lenox street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Secomb and Miss Addie Secomb of Perkins street are in New York for a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Charles Fisher and family of Webster street are at York Beach, Me., for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. J. J. Davis and family of Margin street have returned from Plymouth after a two weeks' stay.

A Table Requisite
Light, crisp, and flaky.
The most delicious biscuit ever baked. An antidote for hunger.

FAVORITE MILK BISCUIT
An appetizing accompaniment for soup or salad. Sold everywhere, with the word "Favorite" on every biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.

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CHAMBERLAIN'S NEWTONVILLE AND BOSTON EXPRESS
Newtonville Office: Tainter's, 286 Walnut St.
Boston Offices: 105 Arch, 48 Chatham Sts.
Leave Newtonville 9:30 A. M., Boston 2:30 P. M.

HOLMES' BAGGAGE EXPRESS.

You can always find one of Holmes' Expressmen at their stand, NEWTON BAGGAGE ROOM, from 6:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M., where a call may be left, or leave orders at G. P. Atkins', Grocer, or Newton Business Exchange, 402 Centre St. Telephone connection.

Furniture and Piano Moving also Crockery and Pictures carefully packed for transportation.

General Jobbing of every description promptly attended to.

Residence, 152 Adams St., Newton, Mass.

NEWCOMB & SNYDER, Newton and Boston Express.

Leave Newton 7:30 and 9:30 a.m., Leave Boston 12 m. and 3 p.m., Newton 7:30 a.m., Boston 3 p.m. Order Box: G. P. Atkins' Store.

Boston Offices: 15 Devonshire St., 174 Washington St., 34 Court Sq., 100 State Street, 67 Franklin St., 11 Harrison Ave. Extension.

Personal attention given to all orders. Telephone 238-4. Furniture and Piano moving.

PEARSON'S

Newton and Boston Express.

Boston Offices: 91 Kilby St., 105 Arch St., 35 Court Sq., Order Box, 91 Faneuil Hall Market.

Newton Office: H. B. Coffin's. Order Boxes Postoffice and Atkins'.

Leave Newton 9:30 a.m., Leave Boston 3 p.m.

Teachers

Violin Instruction

L. EDWIN CHASE,

(Pupil of C. M. Loettier.)

211 Church St., Newton, Mass.

EDGAR A. BARRELL,

TEACHER OF

PIANOFTONE (Virgil Practice Clavier), CHURCH ORGAN, HARMONY, AND COUNTERTOP.

HOTEL HUNNEWELL, NEWTON, MASS.

ALL LEADING Writing Machines

Remington, Smith Premier, Yost Caligraph, Deering, Williams, Star-Look, Blickleider, Franklin, Hammont, American.

Rented, \$3, \$4, \$5 per month.

Sold, \$8 to \$90.

Ribbons furnished free, and machines kept in good working order. Satisfaction guaranteed given when sold. Typewriters repaired.

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COMMERCIAL STATIONERS,

12 Milk St., BOSTON, MASS.

HISTORY

OF

Newton Fire Department

Full of facts that will interest Newton people. Handsomely bound in cloth.

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J. G. KILBURN,
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NONANTUM.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ball, John. *The Alpine Guide; the Walker's Alpine.* A new edition reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club, by W. A. B. Coolidge.

Cookson, Christopher, ed. *Essays on Secondary Education;* by various Contributors.

Corbett, Julian S. *Drake and the Tudor Navy; with a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power.* 2 vols.

"An attempt to give a general view of the circumstances under which England first became a controlling force in the European system by virtue of her power upon the sea." Preface.

Davis, Varina Anne Jefferson. *A Romance of Summer Seas.*

Elliot, Charles. *Vegetation and Scenery in the Metropolitan Reservations of Boston.*

A forestry report written by Charles Elliot, and presented to the Metropolitan Park Commission, Feb. 15, 1897, by Olmsted, Olmsted, Elliot, Landscape Architects. This paper was the last report written by Charles Elliot.

Essays, Mock Essays, and Character Sketches; reprinted from *The Journal of Education;* with original Contributions by Lionel Tollemache and others.

Foster, William. *Sense in Whist.* The first issue of a work intended to be a whist players' annual, giving the results of experience and investigation up to date.

Fowler, J. H. *XIX-Century Prose.* (Literary Epoch Ser.)

The six volumes to complete the series are to cover the period from 1580 to the present time, and each volume is to contain a history of the most significant facts and ideas of the epoch, a short life of each author whose work is represented, and a full literary criticism of each selection, as essentially typical of the epoch.

Hall, Gertrude. *The Hundred, and other Stories.*

Hapgood, Warren. *The Hapgood Family, descendants of Shadrach, 1650-1898.*

The volume has a supplement containing several of the author's articles, mostly of a sporting character, which have from time to time appeared in print.

Kelley, J. D. *Jerrold, Our Navy, its Growth and Achievements.*

Part first is historical; part second describes the vessels of the navy, illustrated in water colors by F. S. Cozzens.

Keyser, Leander S. *News from the Birds.*

Seeks to furnish instruction by telling some new facts about bird life, and to inspire an irresistible longing to learn more by personal observation.

M'Donnell, A. C. *XIX-Century Poets.* (Literary Epoch Ser.)

O'Hagan, Anna. *Alma Mater; with an Introit, by President T. Estrada Palma of the Cuban Junta.*

Tolstol, Lyof Nikolevitch. *What is Art?* from the Russian Original by Aylmer Maude; embodying the Author's last Alterations and Revisions.

This book appears now for the first time in its true form, according to the Author's preface; the Russian edition having been rewritten and materially changed by the censor.

Van Dyke, John Charles. *Nature for Its Own Sake; first Studies in Natural Appearances.*

The object is "to show that light, form and color are beautiful regardless of human meaning or use; and to suggest what pleasure and profit may be derived from the study of that natural beauty which is everyone's untaught heritage, and may be had for the lifting of one's eyes."

Zack, pseud. for Gwendolyn Keats. *Life is Life, and other Tales and Episodes.*

E. P. THURSTON, Librarian. August 17, 1898.

NONANTUM.

—Mr. Albert Deakes returned this week from an outing at Cottage City.

—Alderman Forkall of California street returned yesterday after an enjoyable vacation trip.

—The pool room on Watertown street owned by M. Mahoney is undergoing extensive repairs.

—Patrolmen J. J. Davis and Wm. Dolan resumed duty here Wednesday after a vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. Ernest A. Mayell of Bridge street returned this week from an outing at Prohams Beach, Maine.

—Alterations and improvements are being made to Mrs. P. Farrel's house, corner of Green and Pearl streets.

—Letter-carriers James and William Dunn return to duty to-morrow after their annual vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. C. F. Avery has purchased the house on Crafts street, opposite California, formerly occupied by Mr. Whidden. Already he has begun extensive repairs. A large addition is also being erected.

—A lawn party in aid of the Bueah Mission will be held next Wednesday on the grounds about Mrs. H. G. Fancher's residence. The committee on arrangements have planned for an excellent entertainment, and the success of the affair is assured.

—Edward J. Burke, Sr., died last Saturday morning at his home on Adams street after an illness of some weeks. He was 53 years old and had made his home in Nonantum for many years. A wife and four children survive him. The funeral services were held Monday morning at the Church of Our Lady on Washington street. There were floral tributes including a handsome column from the members of Hose 8 Company.

—The signing of the peace protocol was the cause of a grand public demonstration on the part of Nonantum citizens last Saturday evening. Watertown street was brilliant with the display of Japanese lanterns strung in great festoons from the houses and business blocks. At intervals along the way huge banners were suspended, bearing such mottoes as "The Maine has been remembered," "Spain's honor has been satisfied," "Now, peace and prosperity," "Peace and good will." Across the front of the Nonantum clubhouse was a hand-some inscription with border in red, white and blue. It read, "Victory, '98." Three boudoirs were lighted about the square, and in front of the clubhouse a band concert and speeches occupied the evening.

affair concluded with an elaborate display of fireworks.

—Patrolman Kyle of the night squad is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Next Sunday afternoon at the open air meeting of the Beulah Baptist Mission, Mr. George Perreux of West Newton will speak.

—On the Bemis baseball field last Saturday afternoon the "Etna nine" of this place were defeated by a team representing the Brighton Y. M. C. A. The visitors piled up ten runs against the "Etna's nine."

—An unusual and outrageous act of cruelty to a human animal has been committed by the police in division 2. Some time Thursday night or Friday morning of last week the barn of Richard Mills on Adams street was entered and a horse taken out. The parties harnessed the horse to a carriage and drove it about for several hours. Upon their return they completely removed, with the aid of scissars, every particle of hair on the horse's tail. When Mr. Mills arrived in the morning he found that the horse had also been cruelly beaten. The police were immediately notified and Captain O'Halloran was detailed on the case. On Monday Mr. Mills notified the officers that some one had placed a large quantity of broken glass on the vacant land off Adams street where the horse is pastured. Mr. Mills and the police are at loss to give any explanation of the affair. The former is a most popular resident of this place, and is not known to have any enemy. His neighbors speak in the highest terms of him, and consider him a good citizen in high esteem. Mr. Mills has been suffering with a bad attack of rheumatism for some time, and these persecutions combined with his illness make it very severe for him. His sickness has forced him to close his barber shop on Adams street.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The September number of *Harper's Magazine* will be unusually cosmopolitan in character. The timely subject of the outcome of the war with Spain will be treated in three important articles: "The Future Policy of the United States," by James Bryce; "The United States in Foreign Affairs," by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart; and "The Naval Policy of the United States," by Washington C. Ford. England receives attention in Mr. Smiley's second paper on Mr. Gladstone; and in "Social Life in the British Army," illustrated by R. Caton Woodville. "The Romance of a Mad King" is a vivid sketch of the life of King Louis II of Bavaria; Sidney Whitman, F. G. S., writes of "The Turk at Home"; and "Days in the Arctic" are notes from the Journal of Alexander G. Mackay. Part I of "An Angel in a Web," a novel by Julian Ralph, four short stories, including one by Frederic Remington, and the Drawer conclude the numbers.

Among the interesting articles announced for early publication in *Harper's Bazaar* may be mentioned "Leading Feminine Educators," by Carolyn Hulston, an illustrated paper giving portraits and sketches of the Deans and Presidents of the foremost Women's Colleges in the United States; "Courtship and Marriage," by Mrs. John Sherwood; a short story by Marion Harland; and "Every-Day Talks with Mothers," by Margaret E. Sangster. The usual letters and departments are continued, including "Club Women and Club Work," by Margaret Hamilton Welch.

"Prospecting the Klondike," and "Who Discovered the Klondike?" are the titles of two richly illustrated articles that will appear shortly in *Harper's Weekly*. They are written by Tappan Adney, the Weekly's special correspondent, who has been in the gold regions for the past year and has had therefore ample opportunity to study his subject.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company's announcement for August and September include Spanish Literature, James Fitz Maurice-Kelly's new volume in "The Literatures of the World" series, edited by Edmund Gosse; "The History of the World" a new volume in the "Concise Knowledge Library"; "Historic Boston and its neighborhood, an Historical Pilgrimage" personally conducted by Dr. Edward Everett Hale; "Our Country's Flag," by Edward S. Holden; "The Earth and Sky," by Edward S. Holden; "Philip's Experiments in the Physical Sciences"; "The Story of Joan of Arc"; "The History of Harvard University"; "The History of Hidden Treasure," a novel by Maxwell Gray; "The Lust of Hate," by Guy Boothby; and "The Gospel Writ in Steel," by Arthur Patterson.

Much interest is shown in the new novel by G. A. Henty, author of "The Henry Books," who has been best known as a writer of juvenile stories. The novel, *The Queen's Cup*, has just been published by D. Appleton and Company.

The last novel by the late Dr. Georg Ebers was entitled *Arachne*, and recently published by D. Appleton and Company, the publishers of the complete edition of Dr. Ebers's works.

The Reason.

(From Judge.)

Mr. and Mrs. Newell are puzzled to know why the lady in the background is so popular. They do not know that she has on Dewey waist, a Schley collar, a Hobson necklace, Roosevelt fan and a Wainright belt.

Beyond Comparison.

(From the Philadelphia American.)

"I suppose the bullets fell like rain at Santiago," said the interested listener.

"No, sir," replied the veteran, shuddering. "Nothing that falls is like a Cuban rain."

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WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre. Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and advertisements for it. He also makes signs for advertising, hand bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton. —Mr. H. A. Nutter is in Alfred, Me. —Cadet C. H. Rich is here from West Point. —Read W. O. Knapp & Co's new advertisement. —Mr. Albert Reed has returned from his vacation. —Miss Bertha C. Stone is with friends in Taunton. —Rev. Mr. Spencer has returned from Burlington. —Henry George has taken a position at J. W. Beverly's. —Miss M. F. Ryan is in New York for a two weeks' visit. —Miss Hewett of Worcester is visiting at Mrs. Thorpe's. —Mr. Albert Bailey has returned from a vacation in Maine. —Rev. Mr. Spencer has returned home after a brief outing. —Charles Thompson has returned from an outing at Onset Bay. —Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Goodridge returned the first of the week. —Mr. G. B. Sherman left Wednesday for a vacation trip to Portland, Me.

—Rev. Dr. Green occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church last Sunday. —Mr. D. S. Briggs of Willow street is at his former home, Berkley, Mass.

—Miss Grace Richardson is at Scituate with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Waters. —Rev. and Mrs. D. A. Morehouse are at Old Orchard Beach for two weeks.

—Letter-carrier Walter Barney has returned after a two weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. Rayner and Master Rayner of Langley road are visiting out-of-town.

—Miss Rosina Dothard of Langley road is summering at Centre Harbor, N. H.

—Miss Hattie A. Barber has been enjoying an outing at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

—Wm. Fulton came up this week from Onset after a vacation of several weeks.

—The Misses Rogers of Cheshire road are spending the month at Monhegan, Me.

—Mr. W. W. Webber and family of Langley road are away for several weeks.

—Mr. C. C. Patten and family of Crescent avenue are summering at North Scituate.

—Mr. Arthur Bull has returned from a vacation of two weeks at Squirrel Island, Me.

—Engineer Benjamin Trip of Engine 3 Company left Tuesday for his annual vacation.

—Miss Mary Carlan has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Langley road.

—Mr. and Mrs. Norman George, Gray Cliff road, have returned from the sea-shore.

—Mrs. Wm. C. Ball of Oak Hill is at Ocean House, Newport, R. I., for two weeks.

—Mrs. Reuben Stone started for Fall River yesterday, to go all the way in electric cars.

—Miss M. F. Ryan has removed her millinery store from Union building to Bay block.

—The monthly meeting of the advisory committee of the Baptist church was held last evening.

—Mounted Patrolman Charles R. Young has returned to duty after his annual vacation of two weeks.

—Miss Alice Dodge is acting as chief clerk at the Newton post office in the absence of Miss Grace.

—Walter Griffiths has returned from Onset, where he has been spending a greater portion of the summer.

—Mr. John Ellis and the Misses Ellis have returned from New Hampshire to their home on Summer street.

—Mr. Thomas R. Frost has bought the I. R. Stevens grocery store. Read his advertisement in another column.

—Chief Randlett of the fire department left yesterday for Plymouth where, with his family, he will enjoy a two weeks' outing.

—That Newton Centre residents may not forget the needs of the fruit and flower mission, special attention is called this week.

—Dr. and Mrs. Harris of Providence are at Mr. Walter Thorpe's for a few days. They are on their way home from Bar Harbor.

—The highway department laborers, with the assistance of the steam roller, are making extensive improvements to the condition of Langley road.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon and son Allen, Mr. George F. Richardson and son George, and the Rev. Mr. Freeman are at St. Andrews.

—Capt. Fulton of the Circuit Cycle Club has called a run for next Sunday. Promptly at 9 a. m. the members will leave the club rooms for a trip to Lake Nagog.

—There was an interesting open air meeting at the Thompsonville chapel last Sunday afternoon. Prof. Hovey of Washington, D. C., spoke before a large gathering.

—Messrs. Chas. Polly, Chas. Bartlett, Valentine Hafermeier, Samuel Chadrone, M. M. Russell and others are attending the New England League Firemen's Muster at Portland, Me.

—Last Saturday evening many friends and neighbors of Mrs. W. K. Giles of Parker street enjoyed the opening of a night blooming cereus, the blossoms measuring over twelve inches in diameter.

—Yesterday afternoon a party of Newton Centre ladies and gentlemen, in charge of Rev. B. F. McDaniel, pastor of the Unitarian church, visited the U. S. Arsenal at Watertown. Many things of interest were seen, and the visit thoroughly enjoyed.

—A number of boxes containing some \$25 worth of candy, and bearing various addresses were found by Patrolman Taffe in the shrubbery about the station last Friday. They were taken to the police station, at Cobb, Aldrich & Co., the manufacturers, not noticed.

—Last Friday evening thieves entered the residence of Mr. W. H. Brewer on Institution avenue, and carried away two bottles of ginger ale. Entrance was affected by placing a ladder against a house, and forcing a second story window. It is thought that the intruders intended to plunder the house, but were frightened away. The affair has been reported to the police.

—Following is the list of letters remaining at the post office: Mrs. W. E. Baker, Wm. H. Bailey, Mrs. John Cannon, 1217 Centre street, Arthur Dilling, Mrs. Blanche Giles, Harry J. Hyde, J. H. T. Hurd, Wm. Lincoln, Langley road, A. J. Langford, Miss Emma M. Miller, 2, Faneley Martin, Miss Mary E. McKeown, J. M. A. Ginty, 75 Montford road, Mary Ann O'Brien, Wm.

E. Parsons, W. A. Partridge, Miss Annie Sullivan, Mrs. G. B. Willcox.

—The family of Dr. Cooke, Commonwealth avenue, are at the shore for several weeks.

—Mr. McDaniel's party will visit the Charlestown navy yard and Bunker Hill, on Thursday, Aug. 23d, leaving on the 12.50 car for Boston. All are welcome.

—Mr. Watson H. Armstrong and Miss Minetta B. Graham were married at the home of the bride last Wednesday p. m. They left immediately on a wedding tour.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. A. S. C. Hilton and family are at home again.

—Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Eliot are at home again.

—Miss Hills, who has been at Willoughby Lake, has returned.

—The O'Donald family are at home from their stay at Block Island.

—Mr. Page and family have arrived home from their summer travels.

—The Luitwieler family have returned home from their summering.

—The Holt family of Eliot terraces have returned from their stay away.

—Mr. E. Moulton has gone to Alfred, Me., to spend his vacation season.

—Driver Jones of ladder 2 company left Tuesday for a vacation of two weeks.

—The True family have returned from their stay at Peaks Island, on the Maine coast.

—Mr. V. M. Bowen and family have returned from their summer sojourn at Block Island.

—Ralph Havens, who has been spending a part of his vacation season in Maine, has returned later on.

—Mrs. Logan has arrived home from a stay at Christmas Cove. Miss Logan will return later on.

—Mr. E. P. Bosson and family have returned from Ogunquit, Me., where they spent a few weeks.

—We hear that the house at Rockledge, built and owned by Mr. L. A. Ross, has been sold to a party whose name will be given later on.

—Dr. Wiley arrived home on Monday from Fortress Monroe, where he had been to visit a relative, who was one of the soldiers sent there, on the sick list.

—The professional all round athletic contest for the championship of the world will be held, Aug. 20, on the Cedar street grounds. Also a 100 yard and a 1/2-mile handicap.

—Greenwood's real estate agency for the buyer, have negotiated the sale of the Chubb estate on Floral avenue, to Mr. Phelps of Boston.

—Rev. George H. Ide, D. D., of Milwaukee, Wis., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday. Morning service at 10.30, evening service at 7.30. Free seats. All welcome.

—Sign boards on Bovil street in the neighborhood of Eliot Heights, read thus: "Coasting Permitted," which is certainly suggestive of a cool retreat this day weather, but the sensation of coolness, suddenly dispelled when a double meaning of the sign boards is suggested to the mind, and that it may also refer to bicycle coasting by some sorcerer.

—Gifted. [From the Chicago Record.]

—Has Hagby any talents worth mentioning?"

—"Talents? I've known him to borrow one girl's horse and phaeton to take another girl out for a drive."

—Dismal Outlook. [From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

—"In Mr. Homewood reconciled to your engagement with his daughter?" asked Mr. Schenley Park of Mr. Point Breeze.

—"No," replied the latter. "I can't even get him so far as to sign a protocol."

—The Very Worst. [From the Philadelphia American.]

—"Do you think they will give us peace?" asked the Queen Regent.

—"That's about all they will give us," replied Sagasta, dejectedly.

—Dubious. [From the Philadelphia American.]

—"Do you remember the night you proposed to me?" she asked, softly.

—"Ah! can I ever forget it?" he cried.

—And ever since then she has been in doubt.

—A Knocker for the Business. [From Judge.]

—Tom—How did you come to get discharged after growing bald in his service?

—Dick—the boss manufactures a hair restorer.

—She: "Do you know what I would do if I were a man?" He: "Oh, I suppose you'd hurry down to where they are fighting and knock out the Spaniards." She: "No, I'd put my foot on the porch railing and take a little comfort in life."—Cleveland Leader.

—Do you think the war is over?" asked a Spanish official. "The war has been over a long time," was the answer. "The question is whether we can manage to conceal the fact any longer.—Washington Star.

—No, I tell you this thing of gobbling islands can't be a paying business."

—What are your reasons for thinking so?" "Nobody has tried to organize it into a trust."—Chicago Daily News.

—Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

—ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

—Absolutely Pure.

—A Big Burst.

—Gadzooks—Has the Boom company made its report yet?

—Zounds—Oh, yes, and a very loud one too.

—But the stockholders think they may get 10 cents on the dollar.—New York Tribune.

—The hands were shown, and of course Atwood took the pot.—New York Sun.

—Out of 20,000 clerks employed by the government in Washington more than 6,000 are women, with salaries ranging from \$600 to \$1,800 a year.

A GAMBLER'S NERVE.

NAILED HIS CARDS TO THE TABLE WITH HIS KNIFE.

Then Calmly, but Rapidly, Atwood Pulled His Revolver and Turned to Pay His Respects to the Man Who Had Shot Him From Behind.

"The coldest nerve I ever saw displayed by any one," said the gray haired, young looking man, "was Jack Atwood's when, after being shot at from behind, he paused to nail his poker hand to the table with a Bowie knife before turning and drawing his own revolver to return the fire.

"Atwood was a queer fellow in a good many ways. Physically he wasn't much to look at, but he had dandified habits that seemed curiously out of place in a man whose business kept him constantly in association with the roughest men in the country at the time—I am speaking of the lumbermen on the upper Mississippi 30 years ago—and who was, in fact, as wild as the wildest of them.

"He was a good deal of a politician and was suspected of writing some of the most violent articles that appeared in the local papers. There had been a great deal of scandal about a member of the state legislature from Minneapolis—call him Davis—for some time before the fight that I speak of, and Atwood had been among Davis' most violent critics.

"This particular night there was quite a crowd in Bill Galloway's gambling house on the east side of Minneapolis, near the old Fort Snelling road. Atwood was playing poker with four other men. Two were lumbermen, friends of Atwood's, and the fifth was a St. Paul man, a stranger to me. It was the first game I had ever seen played with \$10 goldpieces for chips. Or course for the heavy betting they used paper money, for as the ante was one chip and it took two to come in there was not enough to bet with when the big hands came. Limit games were not much in vogue in Galloway's place at any time, but the table stakes usually meant a few hundred dollars at the outside, and this was the largest I had ever seen up to that time, for each player had a good sized chip, and there must have been \$12,000 or \$15,000 in sight at least.

"Nothing special occurred for over an hour, when there came a jack pot which was opened for \$100, and somewhat to my surprise all the players came in. It was a jack for five chips in the first place and had been sweetened once, so there was \$800 in the center before the draw. The second surprise came when each man drew two cards, excepting Atwood, who stood pat. They were holding their cards close, so none of us around the party knew what any player had, but it appeared later that Atwood had four jacks.

"The opener put up another hundred on the strength of his three of a kind. The next one raised it \$100. The third did the same thing and so did the fourth. He was the St. Paul man, and he had caught a fourth seven spot, while the others had not bettered. Atwood made it a thousand to play. One two and three dropped out. Three of a kind was no kind of a hand for that struggle, and that is what each of them had. The St. Paul man was delighted, though he tried hard to conceal it, and he came back at Atwood with another thousand. He was ahead of the game, having about \$6,000 in front of him at the beginning of the deal, while Atwood had only about half that. That left him enough to raise St. Paul once more, and so it did it promptly.

"I suppose I'll have to call you," said the latter, seeing it's table stakes, but I'm sorry you haven't more money with you."

"I have \$3,000 in the bank," said Atwood. "If you care to take my check, I'll stand another raise."

"What shall we do?" he shouted again. "The procession is just around the corner and here all is darkness."

The master glanced at the homely little lantern. The music from the procession was coming nearer.

He glanced at the little lantern once more. Its light was small, but still it was burning.

Quickly he took it, and, carefully going from one to the other, he relighted the darkened lanterns by its aid and just hanging up the little one again when the procession appeared.

"The homely little lantern by its faithfulness has done more than all the rest," the master said.

The little lantern said nothing, but was very happy.—Zion's Herald.

AMERICAN SAYINGS.

Some Phrases That Will Live as Long as the World Lasts.

"Don't swear; fight!" The phrase has the ring of sound metal.

The American army of invasion advancing upon Santiago de Cuba was preceded by a body of rough riders. Suddenly the Spaniards, who were lying in ambush, fired a deadly volley, and the startled rough riders replied with an outburst of curses. "Don't swear; fight!" called Colonel Wood. The phrase will live.

America is a big country. It is destined to become a great country, for there is manliness and vigor in the memorable phrases coined by celebrated Americans. It was Stephen Decatur who originated the toast, "Our country, right or wrong." Henry Clay said, "Sir, I would prefer to be right than to be president." The last words of Nathan Hale were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." William Penn coined the phrase, "I prefer the honest simple to the ingenuously wicked." And it was Henry Ward Beecher who uttered the words, "The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."

When nations become artificially refined, the phrases which their great men coin are generally either cynical or flippant. Thus to Talleyrand is attributed the phrase, "

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1898.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 48.

EBEN SMITH,
Established 1872.

Mrs. EBEN SMITH,
Successor 1897.

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Money loaned to buy, build, or pay off a mortgage. Rates usually 5 per cent, or 5 1/4 per cent. No premium. A \$2,000 loan at 5 per cent, requires \$18.33 monthly; \$10 credit to loan, balance interest. Call for information or circular. March 10, 1898. A. E. DUFFILL, Trusts.

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JPANESE BLUEING,

which is pronounced by experts to be the best
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Some doctors declare that candy is unwholesome, but all doctors agree that if you must eat candy choose the pure at

BRADSHAW'S,
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FURS.

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FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
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in the best manner possible at summer prices.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

S. ARONSON, Furrier,
Up one flight, 12 West Street, Boston.

HALF A LOAF

IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.
HALF A LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS
BETTER THAN MANY A WHOLE
LOAF BOUGHT FROM ANY OTHER
BAKER. WE MAKE DAY-
BREAD, DELICIOUS PIES AND HOME-
MADE DOUGHNUTS. TEL. 224-3.
GOODS DELIVERED.

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A Bakery for 10 years."

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DOOR TRIMMINGS

look old and dingy they give a cellar a bad impression. Just call at BARBER BROS. and see one of the new patterns.

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Custom Furniture, Wood Mantels,
Interior Finish, Tile and Brick
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NOTE—Mr. J. M. Quincy of the firm
who had charge of the furnishing the
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work. Re-upholstering and refurnishing
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THE HOLLIS, NEWTON,

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One week's board and two (5 mile) drives, \$8.00.
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(from Florence) Master of the

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LITTLE
Spools

In All the Latest Shades.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM
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Selling Agents,

87 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.
—Miss Grace Owens is visiting in Whitman, Mass.
—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.
—Mr. George M. Putman has returned from a New York trip.
—Mr. Guy Smith has been the guest of relatives in Gloucester.
—Miss Susie Atkins has returned from a visit in Provincetown.

—Dr. Stone of Vernon street was in Clinton, Mass., this week.

—Mr. J. H. Wheeler and family of Waverly avenue have returned.

—Mr. Edward O. Childs, Jr. is enjoying an outing in Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. Joseph Owens has returned from a visit in New York.

—Mr. Herman S. Pinkham has returned from a visit in Harvard, Mass.

—Rev. George E. Merrill returned this week from Digby, Nova Scotia.

—Rev. Dr. W. H. Davis returns next week from Harwichport, Mass.

—Mr. Walter Holbrook and family of Pembroke street are out of town.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bigelow of Centre street are at North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. Edward Earle and family of Centre street are in Swampscott for an outing.

—Mr. Harold C. Payne returns the first of next week from Kearsarge Village, N. H.

—Mr. Frelson Page has arrived from New Orleans and is the guest of relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Briggs of Washington street are visiting relatives in Dennis, Mass.

—Mr. C. B. Galland and family of Elbridge street are at East Washington, Mass.

—Dr. T. F. Carroll of Washington street has been at Old Orchard for the past two weeks.

—Mrs. L. B. Gay of Franklin street returned home this week after a summer's outing.

—Miss Helen Mead, bookkeeper at Brickett's, has returned from her annual vacation.

—Mr. Warren Partridge has returned to Newark, New Jersey, after an extended visit here.

—Mr. Charles Worth and family have removed from Morse street to 5th avenue, Watertown.

—Mrs. Fannie S. McDonald of Vernon street has returned from an extended southern trip.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing and family left yesterday for the Eagle Mountain House, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Harrington and daughter of Church street are at Old Orchard Beach.

—Mr. P. H. Robinson will lead the 4 o'clock meeting next Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A.

—Mrs. G. B. Paine and Miss Gertrude Paine of Channing street returned last week from Pemberton.

—Mr. H. M. Walton and family of Jefferson street are expected home next week from East Dexter, Maine.

—George Daniels of Washington street has returned from Sea View where he was the guest of Walter Mandell.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Trowbridge of Hunnewell avenue returned Wednesday from Kearsarge Village, N. H.

—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly extend the usefulness of your shirts. See Blackwell's adv. on page 4.

—Dr. and Mrs. Hall, formerly of the Hollis, have gone to Fitzwilliam, N. H., the latter's health being much improved.

—Mr. G. W. Bush and family of Elmwood street have been spending the week camping on the shores of Lake Cochituate.

—Mrs. E. A. Whitney of Jefferson street leaves to-morrow for North Woodstock, N. H., where she will spend several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Greenough and Miss Helen Greenough are at the Sea Cliff Inn, Nantucket, and will return about September 5.

—Mr. W. F. Dearborn and family of Waverley avenue are spending the balance of the month at Owl's Head, Crescent Beach, Maine.

—Dr. Reid has returned from Moss Island Camp and will spend the rest of the month with his family at No. Scituate, returning to Newton Sept. 1st.

—Alderman J. M. Niles and family left yesterday for two weeks at Upper Dam, Me., where Mr. Niles holds the record for the biggest trout yet captured.

—Mr. John Hall of Lawrencetown, Nova Scotia is visiting his son, S. C. Hall, for a few days. Mr. Hall is a renowned horseman and is here looking after some good ones.

—Miss C. Blanche Rice will play this season the role of Pink in "Cumberbatch, '61," the part created by Louise Galloway. Miss Rice will remain in Waltham until called for rehearsals, Sept. 15.

—Rev. Andrew Hahn is in town visiting relatives. Mr. Hahn was on board a full-fated train at Sharon, Sunday, when the terrible accident occurred. He received a severe shaking up, but fortunately escaped uninjured.

—Mr. Walter C. Whitney, who has been active in local news work during the summer, leaves to-morrow for North Woodstock, N. H., where he will enjoy a rest of several weeks. He will return in September and resume his studies at Technology.

—The Newton cricket eleven played a game with the Everett team at Everett last Saturday. Everett winning by three runs. The feature of the game was the bowling of Newman for Everett, taking six wickets for seven runs. The fielding of the Newtons was excellent. Hamblin took six wickets for 17 runs.

—Special meetings will be held at the Salvation Army on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Aug. 27, 28 and 29. Saturday and Sunday meetings will be conducted by Adj't. Miller of Boston. On Monday night, Ensign Crowley of Cambridge and Capt. York of Boston will lead. There will be an ice cream and cake festival at the close of the meeting on Monday night. All are cordially invited to attend.

—The Hollis has been taken by the managers of the Craig House at Falmouth Heights, and will be opened for guests the first of September. Mr. Craig and his wife have made brilliant success of the Craig House, one of which they have had charge for the past six years, and the present season they have had an average of over ninety guests. Mr. Craig is a recent graduate of Yale, and Miss Craig a recent graduate of Wellesley, and they come to Newton with very high endorsements. Several of the former guests of the

Hollis have already engaged rooms for the winter. See card in another column.

—Mr. Edward Wetherbee has returned from Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Sterling Elliot has returned from a trip to Michigan.

—Mr. John Crowdie has returned from his annual vacation.

—Mr. B. B. Converse is reported ill at his home on Park street.

—Mrs. E. D. Hall and family of Waverley avenue have returned.

—Mr. F. H. Nichols left Wednesday for a week at the Adirondacks.

—Mr. Carl Miller of Centre street has been at Kittery Point, N. H.

—Mr. Chas. E. Currier and family are at Warner, N. H. for two weeks.

—Mr. Herman S. Pinkham has returned from a visit to Stanstead, Quebec.

—Mr. B. F. Tripp and family of Avon place are in Maine for two weeks.

—Mr. Francis H. Franklin of Baldwin street is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beverly of Wilmot street are away for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Fewkes of Maple street have returned from Portland, Me.

—Mr. George Pearson and family of Bacon street are visiting in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. G. F. Uhler and family have reopened their residence on Pembroke street.

—Mr. H. B. Owens is home again after a trip to Kittery Point, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Fewkes of Maple street have returned from Portland, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Leavitt and Miss Leavitt have returned from Maine.

THE OLD GUIDEBOARD.

Where country roads diverge with graceful an-
gle
To skirt the wood or perfume laden field,
Above the climbing vines and wild flowers' tangle
The gray old guidepost's fingers are revealed,
Whose letters time's soft touch has half concealed.

To dusty wanderers it speaks in pity.
It marks the pious seeker's nearing goal.
It counts the weary miles to the far city.
It names old towns where nature holds control
Or points the way where ocean's surge rolled.

And aged men, this thoroughfare frequenting,
Bent allegiance to this weather beaten sign.
Time's tabulated miles they seem presenting.
"Mid nature's bowers they point down life's decline,
Their placid faces coming night divine.

Some stranger 'tis, observing, speaks most often
Of mellow marks upon the signboard's face,
And strangers, too, first note the lines that soften
The visage of a lifelong friend with grace,
So subtly done we failed the change to trace.

Submitting to earth's edict of succession,
This landmark gray will fall 'neath time's vast trend,
And aged faces make confession
These last descents on toward life's ocean end;

Each calmly rests and waits its mission's end.
—Arthur Howard Hall in Boston Courier.

HIS ROMANCE.

The rupture between Fanny Lock and Monteith was a nine days' wonder in Bohemia. Monteith on his side said nothing, and Fanny went hurriedly to New York, but where in New York nobody knew. Nor was it for two years that the truth leaked out, and by that time Fanny was Mrs. John Ridpath.

Monteith told it to Brooke one evening when both of them were in a retrospective mood. Brooke had been sighing like a furnace because he'd come across a little box of matches with April 10 scrawled across it in blue pencil, and Monteith had looked into Brooke's eyes. There was no twinkle in them now, and Monteith's face reflected the seriousness that shone from his friend's eyes.

"Memories, Ben?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Brooke slowly—"the worst sort, Monty—the sadly sweet; they hurt the most."

For a little space neither spoke. Then Monteith said, "And the story of that matchbox, Ben?"

Brooke's lips parted and his breath came quickly. "Why," he began, then he brought his teeth together hard, pursed his lips and drew a long, deep breath.

"I'd rather not, Monty," he said.

Monteith nodded his head and looked down at the floor. "Brooke," he began, "it's two years tonight since Fanny left town, and I came around here expressly to tell you why. It was all a horrible mistake—we were the victims of a prankish trick of fate. And yet," he added, "it was all for the best, I presume. Fanny is in the night, and no one knew why. The thought of it made Brooke clutch his matchbox still tighter, and he looked over at Monteith curiously.

"Fanny," went on Monteith, "was, as all artists are, romantic to a degree. She loved flowers, violets especially. Maybe she loved violets most because the first thing I ever gave her was a bunch of them. That might be the reason and it mightn't. But I know she loved them. One day I said to her: 'Fanny, I'm jealous of violets because you love them so much. If you didn't care for them, the affection those flowers get would all come my way, and then you'd care for me about three times more than you do.'

"That couldn't be," she said seriously. "I couldn't care for you, Lew, more than I do now. But," she added after a second's thought, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll begin to hate them. I know how too. Let's make this compact: When you get tired of me or I get tired of you, which God grant may never happen, Lew, don't either of us tell it to the other. Instead send or give me one tiny violet. That means all is over. From this time on, dear, don't send or give me one tiny violet. I hate them now with all my heart, because they mean the shriveling of my heart if I get them from you."

"Well, that was our compact, Ben, and it ended my giving her violets." Monteith stopped suddenly.

"I see it all now," said Brooke slowly. "Yes, I thought you would, Ben. Just think of it, old man," he went on passionately. "Just think of it, what children of fate we were. And all through the mistaken kindness of Fales and Drummond."

"You haven't told them?"

"No, not yet. You can, though. For two years I've not opened my mouth about it to a living soul. And it all happened so naturally, too—seemed as if it was ordained to happen. The old flower woman was crossing the street, Drummond ran his bell, but Fales' wheel hit the old lady and flower woman, Drummond and Jack Fales were tumbled in one big heap. Luckily the old soul was more scared than hurt, but Fales in the goodness of his heart insisted on buying out her entire stock—22 bunches of violets.

"Fanny Lock lives right around the corner," said Drummond as an inspiration struck him. "Let's send the flowers to her with Monty's compliments."

The old lady made one big bunch of violets from the 22 small ones, and then Drummond said, "Go right around the corner here, No. 24, and tell the lady who opens the door that they're for Miss Lock with Mr. Monteith's compliments."

Monteith swallowed something that stuck in his throat, then he drew a long breath and said quietly, "They're home—they're the first flowers a woman ever gave me, Ben, and I'm keeping them on that account."

And then he jammed his hat quickly over his eyes and strode out of the room. —Philadelphia Press.

But it was no use. Then at last another idea struck me. I inserted a personal twice a week for over a year in one of the New York papers. All I said was: "FANNY—I did not send the violets."

"Monty." "About a year after I first inserted the personal an answer appeared. It was printed directly under my personal and said:

"Who did?" "FANNY." "Monty." "About a year after I first inserted the personal an answer appeared. It was printed directly under my personal and said:

"FANNY—Where can I see you to explain?" "Monty."

"A week passed, but I heard nothing. Another week—then I again inserted the personal. But a month passed—two months, and I ordered in the personal then every day. At last I was rewarded. Again directly under my query appeared this one time in its place:

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES.

Mention has been made of Mr. Mitchell Wing of Newton and Mr. Adams D. Clafin of Newton Centre for representatives from this city, and the selection of two such men would seem to be an excellent thing for Newton. Mr. Wing has served several terms in the city government, where he made one of the best of records, and was of great service to the tax-payers, not by useless speeches or trifling objections to every measure, but because of his habit of going to the bottom of every scheme, and giving it a full investigation, so that all its bearings could be understood. He was generally regarded as one of the most valuable men who have served in the city council, and could be depended on to do equally good work in the legislature. He is independent enough not to wear any one's collar, and if he voted for a man or a measure it would be for conscientious reasons.

Mr. Clafin is the son of ex Gov. Clafin, but that is not his claim to recognition, for he has displayed such ability in the management of the Commonwealth Avenue Street Railway, as to place him in the front rank of street railway presidents.

When the railway was first started no one expected it to pay dividends, or even running expenses, for twenty years at least. But Mr. Clafin and his associates kept their own counsel, quietly made their plans, and their wise business judgment was seen in the opening up of Norumbega Park, and providing such facilities for reaching it that the success of their railway astonished all other railway managers. They were not content with providing ordinary accommodations, but shrewdly planned to have larger and better cars than could be found elsewhere in New England, and all other accommodations on the same scale, so that every man who once took the trip recommended it to every one he knew, and the patronage became enormous. Mr. Clafin was not merely a figure head in the enterprise, but gave everything his personal attention, and it was not an unusual sight to see President Clafin acting as motorman on the new cars, testing them thoroughly before they were put on the regular trips. It has been such careful attention to details that has made the Commonwealth Avenue Street Railway such a brilliant success, and the same business-like qualities would make Mr. Clafin a good representative.

We do not think it could be said of him, any more than of Mr. Wing, that he was owned by any local boss, although they are both loyal Republicans, and Massachusetts does not want to fall into the same class as New York and Pennsylvania. The men mentioned for representatives this year should be very carefully investigated before nomination, as the record of our General Court for several years has been of a downward character, and it is high time that the people took a hand in the selecting of candidates, and made a vigorous effort to raise the standard.

UNPAID TAXES.

The list of unpaid taxes was published last week in the Newton Journal, making nearly twenty columns of the large type used. The total is only \$5,000 and they are mostly for small amounts, on property that is in dispute, or owned by non residents.

As the bill for advertising these unpaid taxes will amount to nearly a thousand dollars, and as the advertisement was given out without any bids being asked for, it was very amusing to read this in the Journal:

City Treasurer and Collector Ranlett manages his department systematically, yet courteously, and is determined to perform his duty imposed upon him. He and his colleagues of the treasury department possess the esteem and confidence of the tax payers of Newton."

One wonders what the Journal would have said if the advertising had been given to some other paper, as it was not so very long ago that the Journal was publishing and endorsing Mr. Fowle's attacks on the Treasurer and his Department.

In other cities such large contracts are submitted to the papers for competition, and if Treasurer Ranlett did this there would be no chance for criticism, as the lowest bidder would get the contract, the city would save several hundred dollars of the tax-payers' money, and this might be a good thing when the authorities have such trouble in keeping the tax-rate from increasing.

The cost of advertising these unpaid taxes is greater, if the usual rates are charged, than the total cost of printing the city documents, on which bids are asked from all the printing offices in Newton, and on which the margin of profit is very small.

If Treasurer Ranlett has decided to give

this "plum" by favor, it would be only fair to divide it, and give it to each paper in turn, so that each would get a chance at "the public crib." A public official is supposed to give out what work he has to be done for the city "without fear or favor," and the consciousness of a fair and impartial discharge of all duties would be quite as satisfactory to most men, as the rather fulsome puffs quoted in this article.

When city expenses are increasing at such an extraordinary rate, it is desirable that all city expenses shall be closely looked after, and a few hundred saved here and there would mean a great deal to the tax-payers, who would view a reduction of the rate with a good deal of complacency. Such attention to details is only what every successful man gives to his own business, and it is only what every city should expect and secure from its officials.

They hold their office as a public trust, and not for their private benefit, or the benefit of their friends, and with Newton's heavy debt, which has been increased almost to the limit within the past four or five years, there is certainly need of some attention to economical principles, and a following of strict business methods in all the departments.

ANOTHER transport ship has arrived from Santiago with a more horrible state of overcrowding and lack of all proper food and supplies than the former ones. Gen. Shafter pleads that he is not responsible, as he was told the ship could accommodate twice as many. Strange that he should not have thought of looking it up for himself, instead of letting men be crowded into quarters not fit for pigs, but Shafter has not shown much humanity. Secretary Alger also pleads that he is not responsible for the acts of the men appointed and kept in office by him, although their incompetence is responsible for more deaths and more suffering than the bullets of the Spaniards. If the President "has his ear to the ground" as the correspondents are so fond of asserting, he must hear not only the cries of the fever stricken and starving soldiers, but also the angry protests of their friends against keeping longer in office the man who is responsible for it all. If he still clings to Alger, he must share Alger's responsibility. The revelations of the inhuman treatment of the soldiers are worse than any stories of the Andersonville prison pen, and the administration will be lost to all considerations of humanity, if it does not take prompt and effective steps to correct the evils. A very bad time is coming for some one, as an investigation is already being demanded, and the paper owned by the President's favorite secretary has heard of the coming storm, even if the President has not. It very forcibly says:

"Somebody is responsible for this state of things and we do not believe that the friends of the men from western Massachusetts who were aboard will allow the matter to go without punishment for who ever is responsible. They will see to it that criminal to pack 1600 men like sardines into the inadequate deck and cargo space of the Mobile. It was simply disgraceful to send American soldiers on a filthy ship destitute of any supplies suitable for sick men. There can be no excuse for outrages such as this. One such experience ought to have warned the department against any further errors of this kind. The best of care will be given to the men now, but that will not restore the dead to life nor will it atone for the awful blunder of overcrowding the troop ship."

THERE is a rumor that Senator Hoar is to be appointed minister to England, because President McKinley does not want to offend "Boss" Platt by appointing a New York man, and that this will open a way for Secretary Long to be elected Senator. This deal is rather curious, and possibly Senator Hoar may object to be sheltered after the fashion of Senator Sherman, in order to please some political boss, and Massachusetts may also object. With all his faults Senator Hoar is far above the standard of most of the Senators in ability and honesty, and we would much rather trade off our Junior Senator, who is far from being popular. Possibly the deal is proposed as a way to make certain Mr. Lodge's reelection, as that might be endangered by the great popular admiration for Secretary Long. We do not think Mr. Lodge would make a good ambassador to England, but perhaps he could be provided for some other way. Let him succeed Secretary Alger, as he could not fail to be an improvement on that feeble politician, and that would give us Long and Hoar for Senators, and this would satisfy Massachusetts.

AMONG the signs of returning business prosperity are the large number of people who are looking about Newton for homes, or boarding places for the winter. They are not an army as yet, but the number is considerable considering the hot weather we are having. There are, as usual, inquiries for apartment houses, and also as usual every one wants a spick and span new house, and are only willing to look at old houses on condition that a very low rent is named. The greater number of vacant houses are along Commonwealth avenue, where new houses of all styles and sizes await occupants, but in other parts of the city, desirable houses are not very numerous. The real estate agents have had several very dull years, and now that they won't have to pay that fifty dollar tax for negotiating a mortgage, they hope for a good deal of business this fall.

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NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—See card of Mrs. Sweetzer's Kindergarten.
—Mrs. Murray and family are summering at Barnstable.
—Miss Carrie Williams is in Maine for a few weeks stay.
—Mrs. Hyde and family have returned from Kennebunkport.
—Miss Helen Sands is enjoying a month's stay at Putnam, Conn.
—Mr. George Strout enjoyed a short trip to Portland this week.
—Master Clarence Clapp has returned from the month's outing at Cape Cod.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Walker of Birch Hill road are away for a few weeks.
—Mrs. Chase and family of Austin street are the guests of friends in Ashland.
—Mr. J. D. Bent has returned from Nantucket, where he passed his vacation.

—Miss Olive Allen of Somerville is the guest of friends here for a few weeks.
—The Misses Cunningham of Bowers street are enjoying a few weeks' outing.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Atwood of Clifton place have returned after a short outing.

—The best goods at popular prices, Kilburn's, the Nonantum apothecary, etc.
—Miss Emma Ross has returned from Hampton, where she passed several weeks.
—Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Kempton of Birch Hill road have returned from Larchmont, N. Y.

—Miss E. S. Barry has returned from New Hampshire, where she passed her vacation.
—Mrs. Alfred Pierce is among the guests at the Bellevue, Intervale, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mr. H. A. Bombard and family have moved into their new home on Harvard avenue.
—Mr. W. H. Everson is registered among the guests at the Atlantic Club, Allerton.

—Rev. J. M. Dutton of Turner street has returned after a few days at Portsmouth, N. H.
—Mr. Charles H. Woodworth of Washington street has returned after a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Isabel Hyde is reported quite ill at her home on Walnut street with nervous prostration.

—Mr. F. A. Dwyer and family have moved into one of the Swallow houses on Highland avenue.

—Miss Jennie Parker left on Monday for Falmouth Heights, where she is registered at the Tower Hotel.

—Miss Mabel W. Hall of Brooks avenue has returned from Anisquam, where she passed her vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Bridges are at the Weirs for a short time they register at the Lakeside house.

—Mr. H. A. Bombard of Harvard street entertained a guest from New Hampshire for a few days.

—Mrs. George P. Hall of Brooks avenue has returned from Maine, where she passed several weeks.

—Dr. M. Y. Allen and family have moved into the house corner of Mt. Vernon and Austin streets.

—Miss Elizabeth Benson of Walnut street left Monday for a three weeks' sojourn at Jamestown, N. Y.

—Mrs. Charles S. Cran is at Jefferson N. H., for the remainder of the season. She registers at the Wadsworth.

—Mr. Charles W. Richardson and family, formerly of Bowers street, have moved into their new home in Boston.

—Rev. William L. Worcester will preach in the Highland Avenue church next Sunday morning. All are welcome.

—Miss Mabel Folk, who has been visiting Miss Francis Pope of Cabot street, has returned to her home in Sharon.

—Mrs. C. N. Whiting of Boston was the guest last week of Mrs. Chandler Holmes, at her home on Highland avenue.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cooke of Turner street have returned from Nantucket, where they enjoyed several weeks.

—Mr. Winfield S. Slocum and family of Walnut street have returned from the sea-shore, where they enjoyed several weeks.

—Railroad Commissioner George W. Bishop and family are occupying their handsome new residence on Kirkstall road.

—Mr. Martell of Nevada street expects to move into his new residence corner of Beach and Washington streets about Sept. 1st.

—There are letters remaining in the postoffice for Charles E. Hale, Denny Sullivan, Caroline Clark and Miss Mary Hoar.

—Mr. and Mrs. Austin Decatur of Otis street have returned from Dover, N. H., where they remained during the warm season.

—Rev. and Mrs. R. A. White, formerly of this place, are entertaining friends from Chicago at their summer home at Plymouth.

—Mr. George F. S. Kelton of Allston avenue has hired through the Turner and Williams agency one of the Cohen apartments on Harvard street.

—Several lawn chairs were stolen from the piazza of E. W. Davis's residence on Woodside avenue last night. The theft has been reported to the police.

—Mr. M. Walter May and family, formerly of Prescott street, have moved to Newton Centre, where they recently erected a handsome new residence.

—The house on Lowell avenue owned by Mr. Ross was leased by the Turner and Williams real estate agency to Mr. H. K. Hallett of Boston. He will move in immediately.

Newtonville to Allston.

The Newton & Boston street railway will open its new line to Union Square, Allston, on Sunday, making connections with the West End cars for Boston. A rearrangement of the time table is made necessary by this extension, and the Allston cars will start from Newtonville square every twenty minutes, and will run on the same line. The Sudbury and Upper Falls will run an usual every twenty minutes, but will start from Newtonville square, which will also be their terminus. This will help to maintain the regular running time.

It is the intention to put new cars on the Needham line within a few weeks, and the company have already a number of the largest size open cars, which are used when the traffic is heaviest.

Deep Scheme.

[From Judge]

"The United States," said the great grandee, who had rented a georgian through "is very important in its mission of civilization and attributes. For instance, if Spain had something like that, we would have its possession would be invaluable."

"Indeed it would," replied the highborn hidalgos; "but how?"

"Why, we would try to arrange some way or other to get our navy in it and keep it there during war."

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.
—See card of Mrs. Sweetzer's Kindergarten.
—Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Clark are enjoying a few weeks at Bourne.
—Mr. E. C. Fletcher of Berkeley street is away for a short vacation.
—Miss Laura Ellis is in Portland, Me., for a few weeks vacation.
—Mrs. Charles A. Florence of Cherry street is away for a short stay.
—Mr. E. H. Ferry and family of Berkeley street left this week for a short trip.
—Mr. John T. Prince of Temple street is away for a few weeks at Nantucket.
—Mrs. Frank E. Fuller of Washington street has returned from the sea shore.
—Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Weeks of Otis street have returned after a few weeks at Hull.
—Mr. S. P. Darling of Parsons street enjoyed his vacation with his family at Corinth, Vt.
—Mrs. Charles Johnson of Washington street has returned after a weeks stay at Nantasket.
—Miss Alice Walton of Chestnut street has returned after a weeks stay at Sheldfield, Mass.
—Mr. and Mrs. Lucius G. Pratt of Highland street are in New Hampshire for a few weeks.

—Mrs. E. C. Johnson and daughter of Forest avenue have returned after a summer outing.

—Mr. Charles A. Potter and family are occupying their new summer residence at North Falmouth.

—Mr. Seth Ranlett and family of Chestnut street are occupying their summer home at Billerica.

—Rev. H. J. Patrick, D. D., occupied the pulpit at the Congregational church at Waltham, last Sunday.

—Mrs. Susan Crockett of Highland avenue left this week for Maine, where she will make a short stay.

—Mr. Edward O. Burdon and Miss Marion Burdon of Webster street are in West Sutton for a few weeks.

—The old hotel block at the junction of Watertown and Washington streets is being thoroughly repaired.

—Mrs. J. M. Eaton of Warren avenue has returned from New Hampshire, where she enjoyed the past week.

—Mr. T. Henry Ramsdell and family of Eden street have returned after several weeks stay at Hough's Neck.

—Mrs. John T. Prince and friend, Miss Haskell from the south, are at Monhegan, Maine, for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. R. S. Gorham and family of Prince street left this week for Chester, where they will make a short stay.

—Dr. Fred L. Thayer returned yesterday after an enjoyable stay at Pigeon Cove, Mrs. Thayer will remain until Sept. 1.

—Mr. H. A. Bombard of Harvard street have returned from West Sutton, where they enjoyed several weeks.

—Judge George A. Blaney and family of Valentine street have returned from the Adirondack Mountains, where they passed the summer months.

—Prof. Henry P. Talbot of Balcarres read a prominent member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was present at the fiftieth anniversary of the society in Boston this week.

—The West Newton Vol. Aid Society, at the meeting on Tuesday last, (Aug. 23), voted to adjourn to Tuesday, Sept. 6th. Matters of importance will come up for consideration at that time, and a large attendance is desired.

—Wednesday evening Officer Condray discovered a man about sixty years of age wandering around the village in a demented condition. He was taken to police headquarters, where he was kindly cared for. He proved to be John McKenna of East Cambridge and had been missing from his home since Monday.

—Captain John W. Weeks of the naval brigade states that he soon expects to remain permanently in town. Just at present he is busily engaged in mustering out the men on the Minnesota. The captain has gained materially in avirodups, which demonstrates that it is more conducive to health serving Uncle Sam than corralling margins and chasing eightights on the street.

AUBURNDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mr. Wm. Sanders is ill.

—Mr. Ed. Moore leaves next week for Porto Rico.

—Walter Leonard has taken a position with T. F. Melody.

—The young son of Mr. Van Note of Newell road is reported ill.

—Charles Luther and family are removing this week from Davis block to Millers' block.

—Mr. Frank Murdock of Auburndale avenue has returned from an outing in Maine.

—Mrs. Ralph Davenport of Charles street is at Casco Bay, Me., for a several weeks' visit.

—Mr. Wm. Moore of Fitchburg is visiting his mother at her home on Commonwealth avenue.

—Mr. Francis Blake attended the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the A. A. S., being held in Boston.

—Auburndale Lodge, A. O. U. W., met last Wednesday evening in the lodge hall and three candidates were initiated.

—Mr. Dell Knight has returned to his home in Boston, after spending several months at his Newell road residence.

—Mr. Fred Young, manager of the Norumbega boat house, has rented the house corner of Melrose street and the boulevard.

—Mrs. Wm. H. Pulsifer and Mrs. C. L. B. Pulsifer attended the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the A. A. S., held in Boston this week.

—Edward Jennings of Weston reported to the Weston police Sunday that some time the night before his barn was entered and harness valued at \$50 stolen.

—There seems to be considerable delay in the Lexington street widening, and as yet but little progress has been made. It is sincerely hoped by the residents that the work will be completed before next year.

—Lasell Seminary for young women will begin next year a class for choir-accompanying, under the well known Boston organist, Henry M. Dunham, who is a teacher of organ and harmony in this school. The art of intelligent accompanying is difficult and rare, and those who listen to singing will be glad to have the right thing done to train better accompanists! And there he is to this day.

—So much complaint about bicycle riding on the sidewalks has been received by the police that the offense has been fined \$100 for a first offense. About 8 o'clock last Saturday evening Reserve Patrolman Bates arrested a young man of this place who was wheeling on the Charles street sidewalk. In court Tuesday he was arraigned on a charge of violating the city ordinance. Judge

Kennedy gave the young man a severe lecture, and placed his case on file.

—Miss Southgate has returned from an outing at Gloucester.

—Mr. George B. Johnson, clerk at Keyes', is in Ohio visiting relatives.

—The city laborers are constructing a sewer through Central street.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miner left Saturday for an extended outing in Maine.

—Thomas Marble of Central street has returned after a several weeks outing.

—Mr. E. Baker and family of Fern street are away for the balance of the month.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Almy have been spending several weeks in Intervale, N. H.

—Mr. E. Hardy and family are registered at the Woodland Park hotel for a short period.

—Mr. Walter R. Davis has returned from a greater portion of the summer.

—The problem of handling the army was difficult, it is true; but there are many managers of railway and steamship lines and of hotel systems in this country who every year control the supplies and transportation for larger bodies of men than Shaffter's and Merritt's divisions.

—Whole regiments in men of ordinary intelligence.

FAME.

Fall many songs he wrote, sleek!
He gave his whole youth to his art,
Yet not a single line came back
From other lips to cheer his heart.

"This is the last song from my pen!"
He cried. His heart was like to break.
He wrote it. Then from haunts of men
He fled away for poor pride's sake.

His time of prime he lived alone
And labored with his hands for bread,
Nor ever struck a tender tone,
Nor willing words to music died.

But in the twilight of his years
His heart still yearned for one more
He looked about for some retreat
And sought the town where he was born.

He strayed within the busy street—
No face he knew, and none knew him—
He looked about for some retreat
And found a doorway cool and dim.

And rested there. "How sore to die
When there is naught to lose by death!"
A beggar woman paused hard by
And whined her song with gaps for breath.

It was his song—the one he wrote
That day he set his muse to fast.
Joy, like the lightning, flashed and smote
His heart, and fame was his at last!

—J. J. Bell in Spectator.

GOLD OF SILENCE.

More harm has been wrought in this world by the gold of silence than by the silver of speech. Especially is this true of matters of the heart.

Farland came to realize it in the end, but as he left the commanding officer and walked in his deliberate way across the hoproom to where Miss Cameron stood he was priding himself upon his ability to hold his tongue and with a wretched sort of vainglory, nerving himself to hold it for seven hours longer.

Miss Cameron was talking to the regimental quartermaster, and when she caught sight of Farland she grew radiant. The regimental quartermaster observed this and was of course annoyed. He went away and left her with the lieutenant.

It is the fate of a woman to be forever smiling. Few men have learned to distinguish that eternal smile. Those who have observed the subtlest tragedies of life.

Farland was not of them. He was too distinctly manly to understand women. He was therefore strengthened in his resolve to keep silence when Miss Cameron's expression in nowise changed as he told her that she must excuse him from the next dance.

"I have just seen the colonel, and he has been pleased to inform me that I must leave at reveille."

"For what portion of the globe?"

She gazed over his shoulder in apparent absorption in something at the other side of the room. If Farland had been a student of the sex, he would have known that this was overacting. It was one of the many of Miss Cameron's charms that she usually fixed her entire attention upon the person at hand.

"Where are you going?" she repeated.

"To join Blake's command; after that wherever the will of heaven and the craft of the Apache may lead me."

For just one instant her expression changed, but Farland was not acute.

"Upon a scout, then?" she asked.

"Upon a scout, yes. And as I have to leave before reveille, and as it is now 11 o'clock, there is no time to be lost."

Miss Cameron was smiling again.

"You will not sleep much tonight. Things must be serious."

"They are," he told her.

There was a pause—one of those intervals when the soul's numbness our mental powers that instinct may have fair play. But we defend their ends. We have trained instinct to lie quiet.

The lieutenant moved uneasily. Miss Cameron, with the delicate, much sung discernment of woman, thought him restless to be gone. She drew herself up to her full height, and the regal poise of her head was accentuated. Farland determined that she was indifferent and hard, and his resolution was enforced.

"You must not let me keep you," she said.

Farland was far too well trained to allow his anger and unhappiness to appear in more than an exaggerated unconcern. He took her extended hand.

"Shall you be here when I return?" he asked. His resolution was near to breaking. If her tawny eyes had grown ever so little soft, he would have flung his golden wealth of silence to the winds. But her pride was mighty, and it was aroused.

"My visit comes to an end this week," she said.

"We shall probably meet again," he ventured.

She shrugged her shoulders negligently.

"Probably. One can never be sure that one has seen the last of anybody in the army." And then she added, "Goodby!"

She would have been glad to bow her head upon her arms and to have kept her heartache in silence. Instead she gave the dance which was to have been Farland's to a married captain and succeeded perfectly in her effort to appear to enjoy it.

And Farland went, morally and bodily, into the night. It was the code of honor—which considers not the woman—that holds that if a man may not ask a woman to marry him then and there neither may he tell her of his love. He thought he was doing right, and he was not one to rat at fate. A little tempest of temptation had ruffled the deep waters of his conscience for a time, but they were calm again. He remembered with resentment the haughty poised head and the placid smile and the last glimpse he had caught of her through the hoproom window—a yellow gown figure, swaying to the music in full enjoyment of life.

Well, she would have gone back to Bayard by the time of his return, and one could never be sure one would not forget—after years. He went into the barracks and gave his orders.

When the brass mouths of the bugles pealed their reveille welcome to the sun as it rose above the mountains, far across the prairie, Farland and his command were trotting toward Mount Graham, and Miss Cameron, still in the yellow gown, stood at her window with her hands clasped and her head and her watched the line of the receding column.

Farland stopped at Bayard two months later. The scout was over, and he was taking his command back to Fort Grant. They were to strike the railroad at Silver City, nine miles away, upon the following day.

He meant to see Miss Cameron. There was no longer a reason for silence. He waited with impatience while the commanding arranged for the disposition of the men. Then he walked with him across the parade. The primroses of the evening were opening, a great pale flower bursting out here and there in the grass, until even as he went all the ground was starred with them, and the children from the officers' line and the laundresses' row were

running, laughing and screaming and calling out, to gather the handfuls of fragile bloom that would be wilting before tattoo.

Upon occasions of necessity the commanding's long, lank body could bestir itself, but there was no such occasion now, and Major Cameron resented Farland's haste.

"I say, Farland," he protested, "slow up. What is your hurry? You will not get dinner before retreat anyway."

Little the Lieutenant reckoned of dinner. But he obliged himself to walk more reasonably. Major Cameron tried to listen and to answer. In his joyful anticipation he forgot that he was a sorry looking sight to go a-walking; that his face was burned and his nose peeling, and his hair half cut, and his clothes ragged and dusty. Self-consciousness was not one of his faults. The major broke off suddenly in the midst of a tirade against Indian agents. Those set avaries of the line.

"I suppose you are about worn out," he said.

"No," said Farland, "not in the least. Why?"

"You appear not to be able to keep your mind upon anything. You have no notion of what I said last."

"You said 'Mesecelers' last."

"But you have no idea whatever what I said about the Mesecelers."

"I am afraid that's so," Farland admitted.

"And over there at the corral you answered three questions that I hadn't asked."

Farland apologized civilly, but he had seen through the window Miss Cameron standing with clasped hands and head thrown back before the open fire. It was a favorite pose with her, and it recalled so much. The major might as well have addressed his concluding remarks to the flag-staff.

They went into the hall, and the commanding opened the door. "There is Clare," he said. "I believe you know each other. I will go and get Mrs. Cameron." He went away and closed the door.

Farland was not demonstrative, but neither was he one to delay in carrying out a resolve. He took the hand that the girl held out to him and then went to the fireplace and rested his arm upon the mantel and looked at her speculatively.

"I am going to be very rash," he said, "and very precipitate."

She smiled incredulously. "How unusual you are!" she said.

"Perhaps, but it is not unlike me to go straight to the point, I think."

She vouchsafed no encouragement. "It is not," was all she answered. She had long since determined that he was an unscrupulous flirt—worse than that, indeed, because he made more pretensions than most men. Now, when she looked into his keen gray eyes, that consoling fiction vanished. She wondered why he did not speak at once of the one thing that might reasonably be expected to be of interest—to herself, at least. But she folded her hands in front of her again and stood very erect.

"When I saw you last in the hoproom at Grant," he said, "I was to all intents and purposes upon half pay. My mother was alive then, and I was supporting her."

She looked at him, puzzled. Why should he tell her this now? While there had yet been time he had been chary enough of his confidences. While there had yet been time—She looked at him as he stood there before the fire, young and strong, with his pistol belt showing beneath his faded blouse, the kerchief knotted around his neck, the dusty boots with their spurs, his face so absurdly sun and wind-burned, glowing with blood retinas in the firelight. While there had yet been time—She checked an inclination to throw out her arms and cry aloud.

"That is why," he went on, "I did not feel justified in telling you—though you might, I should think, have seen—that I loved you."

She went up to him and put her hand upon his shoulder and tried to speak.

"Well, what?" he asked. He was submissively dull to some blow which he saw in her hardening eyes was going to fall.

"I—she was forcing the words from her throat with a harsh, dry sound—"I married Captain Whitecomb three weeks ago because I did not know."

Farland turned away and drew a chair near to the fire. The movement was quite natural, quite free from any gesture of tragedy. He was too stunned to feel the pain at once. That would come afterward and stay through many years. He sat down in the chair and watched the flaming mesquite root. It was a little hard for him to draw his breath, and the pain was beginning now too.

She herself had discovered the loss and reported it to the chairman of trustees, Robert Barrie, with fear and trembling. He had told the village constable, and that Sherlock Holmes, being told the remark made to Miss Timmins about the value of the Walton, immediately arrested Barbara Myles. It was this that caused the interview.

Only the morning before this interview the town of Norwell had been thrown into a spasm of excitement by the news that "our book" had been stolen. When Peter Hackett died, he divided his really notable library among the public libraries of his native state, and to Norwell fell his famous Walton, the object of many a bookworm's pilgrimage to his library. Its quest was hedged about by many conditions, the foremost of which was the solemn injunction that under no circumstances was it to be removed from the library.

It was this particular condition which caused Barbara Myles to experience a continual oppressing sense of responsibility.

The Walton was never absent from her mind, and she visited its resting place in the library a dozen times a day.

Beyond the slender salary which came from her position she had little except an unusual education and the bibliophile's love of books. John Sprague was her only relative, and she loved him with the love of a mother. Robert Barrie, bringing her the quarter's salary, his daughter Marion, and a late eccentric Job Doyle comprised the list of her Norwell callers.

Young Sprague repaid her love and sacrifice with almost the devotion of a lover.

He knew the story of the extra cataloguing done for the big city library that he might complete his college course. His love for Marion Barrie, too, was no secret from his gentle little aunt, and she fed him, hungry for news of his sweetheart, with constant letters.

She herself had discovered the loss and reported it to the chairman of trustees, Robert Barrie, with fear and trembling.

He had told the village constable, and that

Sherlock Holmes, being told the remark made to Miss Timmins about the value of the Walton, immediately arrested Barbara Myles.

It was this that caused the interview.

John Sprague left the house, realizing that probably his love dream was over for good and all, but not sorry, on the whole, that he had defended his aunt's good name in such a summary fashion.

The news of the finding of the book staggered him, and he sought to explain it to himself, never once questioning his aunt's honesty.

On his way to her house, where she was confined in the absence of a more suitable jail, he met Job Doyle. Job was as eccentric and absentminded as Pudd'nhead Wilson and as absentminded as the wormiest kind. This morning he was full of the missing book and an indignant as Sprague himself at the turn affairs had taken.

"John, my son," said he, "what fuddle headed piece of business is this? If I could get hold of that constable, I believe I'd cane him. I do. Why, the fool, to think Barrie—I mean Miss Myles—tools it. The angel Gabriel might steal it, but she wouldn't. See here, John, I suppose I ought to tell you something, seeing you are the only living relative she's got. I'm in love with that little woman—yes, sir, I am, and, by old Izaak Walton himself, I'm going to marry her if she'll say yes. Meanwhile we'll get her out of this scrape, and you and I."

"Mr. Doyle," said Sprague, "I am surprised. Go in and win, though. I'll do all I can to help things along. But this is no time to talk of such things. I've been to Barrie's, and she had a scrap, and he's forbidden me the house."

"Poor boy!" replied Doyle. "And Marion, how does she feel?"

"I haven't seen her since she got here, but it's easy to imagine how she will treat me."

"I really believe," said Mr. Meekton, "that I would like to be a chef."

His wife dropped her knife and fork and frowned.

"Leonidas," she exclaimed severely, "I believe you have been reading some of those silly paragraphs about the way cooks treat the woman of the house!"—Washington Star.

Suspicion.

"Why do you moisten that stamp so viciously?"

"I like to fancy I'm licking a Spaniard!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vainness.

"Why do you moisten that stamp so viciously?"

"I like to fancy I'm licking a Spaniard!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"MY SONGS ARE ALL OF THEE."

My songs are all of thee, what though I sing
Or morning when the sun is are yet in sight,
Or evening or the melancholy night.
Or birds that o'er the reddening waters wing
Or some fire or winds or misty maling
Or rains that toward ocean take their flight.
Or rivets that toward ocean take their flight.
Or summer when the rose is blossoming
I think no thought that is not thine; no breath
Or life I breathe beyond thy sanctity.

Then art the voice that silence utters,
And of all sound there are the sense. From
thee

—Richard Watson Gilder.

NORWELL TREASURE.

"Why, it's absolutely absurd, Mr. Barrie, and you ought to be ashamed even to listen that if she had the book it must be in the house somewhere?" She has had no opportunity to dispose of it."

Robert Barrie, Scotchman, had tried hard to keep his temper through this interview with young Sprague for many reasons.

One of these was his suspicion that Sprague loved his daughter Marion, the very apple of his eye. Another was his respect for Sprague himself, and perhaps the strongest of all his boast that he never let his temper master him.

This occasion, however, was too much. As she listened the color left her face, and a great tear filled each eye. She loved her father, but now she realized that she loved John Sprague more, and as she realized it her eyes told the story.

Barbie had stolen from the room, and they were alone. John finished with, "And that's why I have little to say to you, Miss Barrie."

"Miss Barrie!" Ah, no, John, not

—she blushed and hesitated.

"I don't agree with father, John."

Ten minutes later they sought Barbara Myles to assure her that neither "agreed with father."

"Now, John," said Marion, "I believe

that you and I can fathom this. Of course the most natural theory is that some enemy of Miss Myles has put this book here in this house, but there are two facts against that. No one has been in the house but old Job Doyle, and Miss Myles hasn't any enemies. But there was the book."

"Where was it found?" asked John.

"In the box under the seat here by the fireplace," answered Barbara. "How could it have come there unless after I had left here the morning I found it was gone some one had come here and placed it in the settle?"

"Were there any signs of any one's coming in, Aunt Barbara?" Tell us the whole story again from the last time you saw the book."

"When I came home to lunch, the book

was the last I saw of it. Oh, no—Job Doyle had it that afternoon!"

"Yes,

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NONANTUM.**NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.****LIST OF NEW BOOKS.**

Allen, Mary Wood. *The Marvels of our Body's Dwellings: Physiologically Most Interesting.* 102,835
Intended for home use; or as a supplementary reader, text book, or reference book in schools.

Baldwin, James. *Mark, Story of the Mind.* 101,895
Elementary psychology. A bibliography gives the English literature of the subject and also an index to contributions to periodicals.

Balzac, Honore de. *Modeste Mignon.* 61,1898
Biedermeier, W. *Electro-Physiology.* Vol. 2. 106,475
Bomplani, Sophia V. *Short History of the Italian Waldenses, who have inhabited the Valleys of the Cottian Alps from Ancient Times to the Present.* 72,446
In a brief history, introducing in customary introductions, there is an effort to show the antiquity of the primitive people, and to honor their steadfastness. The cruel persecutions of the Church of Rome are described.

Colton, Julia M. *Annals of Switzerland.* 72,445
"It is the aim to present a brief consecutive narrative of the religious, moral, and attainments of a race of free-men; but traditions which belong as truly to the land as do its glaciers and avalanches cannot be ignored in pages which seek to depict the development of this democracy, founded three centuries before the Reformation." Preface.

Curtis, George. *William Early Letter Book.* 1843-1847. Dwight: Brook Farm and Concord; ed. by George Willis Cooke.

Mr. Cooke begins the volume with an account of the early life of Curtis at Brook Farm and Concord, and then gives a collection of letters written between 1843 and 1847 to his friend, John S. Dwight, with whom he had studied music at Brook Farm.

Gray, Andrew. *A Treatise on Magnetism and Electricity.* Vol. 1. 105,545
Haley, Ludovic. *Autumn Manœuvres: Stories and Sketches.* 61,1216
Hugo, Victor. *The Alps and Pyrenees.* 33,502
An account of two journeys: the Alpine journey is composed of letters addressed to his wife in 1839; the journey to the Pyrenees was made in 1849, and the various chapters were written in the different towns through which he traveled.

Lange, D. *Handbook of Nature Study.* 102,839
The writer attempts to point out some of the material which may be used in the study of nature with a view to understand the relations of plant and animal life to the welfare of man.

Lloyd, Henry Demarest. *Labor Copartnership.* Notes of a visit to co-operative workshops, factories and farms in Great Britain and Ireland in which employer, employee, and consumer share in ownership, management and results.

Montague, Victor Alexander. *A Midday's Recollections, 1853-1860.* A midshipman's reminiscences of the Crimean War, the war in China in 1857, and the Indian Mutiny.

Richmond, Ennis. *Boycott: a Plea for Continuity in Education.* 82,216
The object of this book is to draw attention to the supreme importance of continuous training for boys, both previously to the beginning of the school life and coincidentally with it.

Rowley, John. *Art of Taxidermy.* Russell, Matthew, ed. Sonnets on the Sonnet: an Anthology. 102,834
A collection of some hundred and sixty sonnets, each of them itself segregated from some point of view. The book concludes with a selection of critical extracts on the nature and functions of the Sonnet from the chief authorities.

Sage, Henry Williams. *Cornell University: Memorial Exercises in Honor of Henry Williams Sage.* 96,460
Stories by Foreign Authors. Vol. 8, Scandinavian. 61,1200
E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.

August 24, 1898.

NONANTUM.

—Rev. Daniel Greene has been ill for several days.

—Ellis Ward and Frank Foss have returned from Vermont.

—Mr. Daniel Gallagher is able to be out again after his recent accident.

—Frank Turner of hose 8 company has been acting as substitute at engine 1's house.

—The Misses Alice and Maud Butler are at Old Orchard for the balance of the month.

—Mr. John T. Beal and family of Chapel street have returned from an outing on the north shore.

—Wm. Morrow, formerly of this place but now of New York, has been here visiting relatives.

—Mr. Fred Feary has returned from Bangor, where he has been attending the Bangor Theological College.

—The open-air meeting at the North Evangelical church last Sunday evening was conducted by General Secretary Pitt F. Parker of the Newton Y. M. C. A.

—In the absence of the pastor the services at the North Evangelical church last Sunday morning were conducted by Rev. Mr. Phipps, formerly of Newton Highlands.

—The open air meeting of the Buelah Baptist Mission next Sunday afternoon will be held at 3 o'clock on the lawn in front of Mr. George Hudson's residence on Bridge street.

—Members of John Howard Lodge, I. O. G. T. of Cambridge were entertained by Charity Lodge, I. O. G. T., in the Dalby street atheneum. A large gathering enjoyed a musical and literary program, and refreshments followed.

—The lawn party given on the lawn in front of Mrs. Fancher's residence on Pleasant street Wednesday was well attended, proving both a social and financial success. It was given for the benefit of the Buelah Baptist mission, and netted a substantial sum.

—Joseph Goodman, 5 years old, whose home is in Mahoney's block, fell from a Newton & Boston electric about 6 o'clock last Monday evening, and was slightly injured. City physician Utley was called, and the boy removed to his home by Patrolman Compton.

—All Druggists, 50c and 51c.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

For September board in the mountains, see adv. of Blair's House, Campton, N. H.

AIDING WORKING BOYS.**ELABORATE PROGRAM ARRANGED FOR SATURDAY'S FESTIVAL.**

The outdoor festival in the Charles River Park, Saturday, in aid of the Working Boys' Home, promises to be unique in the series of mid-summer entertainments. These annual occasions in behalf of so worthy a charity have come to be fixtures in the cycle of the season's outings, and the park lends itself admirably to the purposes of the committee.

The fun begins at 1 p.m. and continues till 10 o'clock, when the finale will be a fine display of fireworks. The program includes a fine card of vaudeville artists, including such well known names as some of the best bicycle clubs in and around Boston, a cake walk by a troupe of southern negroes, together with prize buck and wing dancing; the "tramp cyclist," Fred St. Onge, in his comic act, and the usual tables of refreshments conducted by the ladies of the various friendly parishes in the city. Low prices of admission will prevail, and every patron is assured that he will more get his money's worth of pleasure and fun while he is helping a most worthy charity.

All Harvard bridge cars pass the entrance to the park.

ASHES AND PAPER.

To the Editor of the Graphic:—

We have a terrible time up in our neighborhood and the peace of a quiet community is seriously threatened. You see it is just this way. My neighbor, Growger, and I are not bowed down by the weight of wealth and there are many things that we have to do with our own hands. We shovel our own snow, mow our own lawns, put out our own ashes, and sometimes we help our wives sweep the carpets. We know what it is to have our brows sweat, and often we earn our bread by the sweat that appears in other places.

George Herbert said:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps as for thy laws
Makes that and thine fine."

This was before the days of coal, but the suggestion is broad enough to take in the drudgery of getting out ashes. But I am diverging.

Last spring I got a notice to the effect that wagons would call at my residence on the 6th day of May and take away ashes, but the Parisians were eaten in such quantities that the everyday beef mutton and pork became unbearable. The eating of horseflesh under such circumstances is a practice dating back to very early times, instances of it being mentioned among the Persians, the Greeks and other nations of antiquity.

Later it is recorded that at the siege of Antioch, in the first crusade, the horses of the besiegers were eaten in such quantities that in two months not more than 2,000 of the original 70,000 were left. At the siege of Metz 30,000 horses are said to have been eaten.

But the famous siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war furnishes the most interesting example of the variety of meats which may be used in great straits.

During that terrible winter of 1870-1, while the German army outside prevented supplies of any kind from being brought into the unfortunate French capital, not only such familiar animals as horses, mules, dogs, cats, rats and mice supplied the tables of rich and poor alike, but even the menagerie of wild beasts in the Jardin des Plantes disappeared gradually, and neither doubt nor surprise was expressed at its destination.

Of the horses 65,000 were eaten during the siege. This meat, however, was not new to the Parisian taste—at least not to the taste of the working classes. Since 1861 it had been lawful to slaughter horses for human food, and horse butcher shops were common establishments in the city. But the entire number of horses killed in this time was trifling compared to this enormous total in wartime. The Parisians, with their irrepressible levity and disposition to smooth matters over, even under such circumstances as these, called the horse meat "sieve venison," and there were few complaints regarding it.

According to the general testimony, not only of the French at this time, but of scientists in different countries who have tried the meat under many conditions, horseflesh possesses a flavor about half way between that of beef and game and is variously compared to venison and to hare.

I came home and found that I had forgotten to wind up my calendar before I went away. It ran down while I was away and I don't know how to set it. Growger put his calendar in the sun and it got so hot that the mercury exploded. We were completely out of our base and away from our bearings. And so we began to calculate.

Growger got out his algebra and went to work with that with x for as.

I went to work with geometry and started from May 6 with a line of angles, chords and parallels that was appalling. I came out with ashes and he came out with paper. We both went down to see Stanley and got him to put his x-rays on it. He worked over it awhile and told us that he found it was not rubbish at either horn of the dilemma.

We then consulted Bill Jones. He is a Christian science man. He told us to think of what we wanted and we could have it. "Think ashes," he said, "and the ash cart will come." "Think paper, and put out paper." Now that's where we are. If the city fathers had said ashes on the second and fourth weeks and paper on the first and third weeks it would have been easy, but we never thought of that. A week from May 6 it makes a real calculating machine.

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WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. Lewis Murphy is at Salisbury Beach.

—Dr. Cook and family of Sumner street have returned.

—Mrs. Langdon has reopened her house on Lake Avenue.

—Mrs. R. B. Everett has returned from a visit out-of-town.

—Mr. W. O. Knapp has returned from the Salem Willows shore.

—Mr. George Richardson and his young son are at St. Andrews, N. B.

—Mrs. McWain and Miss Edith McWain have returned from Camden, Me.

—Mr. Ernest McWain returned Tuesday night from a trip to Portland, Me.

—Mr. G. F. Richardson is at the Sea View house, Kennebunk beach, Me.

—Miss Ella E. Hood of Albany avenue is visiting her sister at West Gardner.

—Mrs. Hayden of Summer street has returned from an extended western trip.

—Miss Lillian Ellis has returned from a several weeks' outing in Lisbon, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Davis of Lake avenue have returned from Hancock, N. H.

—Sergt. Bartlett of police division 3 is away on his annual vacation of two weeks.

—Miss H. P. Ware, who is a member of the A. A. A. S., attended the 50th anniversary.

—Mr. Austin W. Benton of Summer street has returned from the White Mountain.

—Dr. Beatrice Brickett has opened an office at Mrs. Bodge's residence on Centre street.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Crafts have returned from Hawthorne Inn, East Gloucester.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Thatcher of Beacon street are at Little Boars Head, N. H., for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Rice and Miss Harriet Paul have returned from Franconia, N. H.

—Rev. Nehemiah Boynton and family of Langley road returned this week from North Scituate.

—Mrs. J. B. Wood has returned to her residence on Homer street after an extended summer trip.

—Mr. D. B. Clafin and family of Chase street have returned from St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

—Miss Edna Ball and Miss Abbie Fuller of Oak Hill left this week for an outing at Portsmouth, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. Irving Doane, formerly of this place, are occupying their new cottage at Chatham.

—Mrs. E. Porter and Miss Porter of Langley road returned this week from Mt. Desert, Maine.

—Some twenty members of the Circuit Cycle club took a trip to Lake Nagog, North Acton, last Sunday.

—The members of the Methodist church will resume their services of worship in Bray's small hall, Sunday, Sept. 2nd.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hall and their young son of Beacon street have returned from an extended outing in Nantucket.

—Rev. Mr. Chambers of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church at both services last Sunday.

—There will be a run of Circuit Cycle club members to Nantucket next Sunday, starting from the club rooms promptly at 9 a. m.

—Mr. T. G. Fuller, carpenter and builder, has taken the shop recently occupied by Mr. Jas. A. McLellan, who has taken a shop at Newton Highlands.

—Mr. McDaniel's party will go to Salem on Wednesday, Aug. 28th. Take Winthrop line boat steamer, O. E. Lewis, Atlantic avenue, at 9.45. Box lunch. If stormy, go Thursday. Open to all.

—Messrs. Carl B. Knapp and Edward Armstrong left Monday for a bicycle trip through Maine. Their plan is to stop in several prominent cities, where they will be the guests of friends.

—Mrs. Horace Cousins of Beacon street will be home to pay calls at her summer cottage at Nantucket, Tuesday. Her right hand was badly injured. She was brought home Wednesday.

—Following is the list of letters remaining in the post office: Mr. J. C. Case, Mrs. E. A. Clark, G. F. Farley, Hattie Lamm, Mrs. William Locke, Mrs. H. James McGrath, Mrs. Griffin Miller, Mary O'Flaherty, Mrs. Little B. Senter, William H. Smith, Anna M. Whiting.

—It is now expected that the new Methodist church building will not be completed until the first of January '99. Since operations were first commenced there has been a delay of three weeks caused by the rain at different times. Notwithstanding this, the builders have been making excellent progress, and from all appearances the new edifice will be a complete example of ecclesiastical architecture.

—The operations of a clever swindler has been reported to the police this week, and they are now looking for a man described as about 38 years old and wearing dark pants, dark sack coat and a light out-going shirt. Such a looking individual called last Monday at the residence of Mr. F. C. Pope on Main street, and was received by Mr. Pope to see Mrs. Pope's important business was shown in. Mr. Pope, the visitor said, had met with an accident, and though uninjured desired a change of clothing before he returned home. He had instructed the alleged messenger to call for them. In all haste Mrs. Pope placed a complete suit, shoes, stockings and shirts, in a russet leather case and gave them to her caller. With these he hastened to Mr. Pope's residence. When that gentleman returned Monday evening he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and communicated with the police.

—The funeral of the late Walter E. Ford, senior partner in the wholesale lumber firm of Ford & Godfrey of 10 Exchange place, Boston, was held last Friday from the Newton cemetery chapel. Early in the forenoon the remains were conveyed from the late home of the deceased, at 199 Marlboro street, Boston, to the cemetery chapel. Beside the near relatives of Mr. Ford, there were present at the services more than 100 of Boston's prominent business men, who had gathered together in his various capacities of president of street railroads, bank director or as one of the foremost members of the lumber trade in this city. The religious services at the chapel were beautiful and impressive. They had been arranged under the direction of Mr. Charles A. West, an old friend of the deceased. The Rev. Edward A. Horton was the officiating clergyman. The services were opened by the singing of "Hallelujah Chorus," and closed with Mr. Horton followed with the reading of scripture. Mr. Johnson sang "Twil Not Be Long," and the quartet rendered "Calling for You and Me." The service was concluded by scriptural reading and prayer by the clergyman. The entire congregation followed the body to the grave in the cemetery. The floral offerings were magnificient. Mr. Ford died Tuesday of last week

at the Hotel Pemberton, Hull. He leaves a widow and one son.

—Mr. Carl Muller has returned from his vacation at Kittery Point, Me.

—Mr. L. R. Stevens is improving from a slight, slow illness. He is now at his father's on Cape Cod, who is somewhat feeble at an advanced age.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. E. Thompson is taking his annual vacation.

—The Beck family have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Goodwin and daughter are at home from their summer travels.

—Mr. F. W. Dorr and family have returned from their stay at the Cape.

—Mrs. Barney and the Anderson brothers are visiting relatives in some of the Maine towns.

—Miss Alice Keating, who has been a long time ill, we are glad to hear, has improved in health.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hopkins have returned from a stay of several weeks at Ogunquit, Maine.

—The Newton Highlands Fishing Club had a day's outing on Thursday, and went to Sander's Grove.

—Miss Abby A. Fuller and Miss Edna L. Ball, of Oak Hill, have gone to Newport, for a stay of a week.

—Mr. J. W. Foster has gone to join his family at Diamond Island, on the Maine coast, and later on will go inland.

—Mr. A. B. Cook and family have returned from Bath, Me., where they have been the guests of Mrs. Cook's mother, Mrs. Winslow.

—Mr. Sanford Thompson, who has been confined to the house on account of illness for several days, is now on the mend. Dr. Eaton attended him.

—Mr. G. L. Kingsbury of Wellesley Hills has sold his estate on Harrison street, at Eliot, to Mr. Alfred A. Sherman, the grocer at the Highlands.

—Rev. George W. Phipps, D. D., of Rutland, Vt., will have charge of the services at the Congregational church next Sunday, at 10.30 and 7.30. Free seats. All welcome.

—The estate on Wood Cliff road at "Rockledge," which was built by Mr. L. A. Ross, has been sold to Mr. Voddy, who is now making improvements on the premises, and will occupy when completed.

—The professional all around athletic championships were held at the Cedar street grounds, Newton Centre, on Saturday last, and Mr. L. A. Carpenter of the Highlands, who won last year, maintains his title as the all around champion athlete of the world.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Patrolman Fuller is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. Edward Gulliver is spending his vacation at Plymouth.

—Mr. W. C. Esterbrook returned yesterday from a trip to Nantucket.

—The Misses Margaret and Amy Bakerman are visiting at New Haven.

—Miss Louise Bancroft of South Lancaster is in town visiting friends.

—Mr. William Mason of Oak street is recovering from his recent illness.

—Mrs. William Dyson has returned from a two weeks' stay in New Hampshire.

—Miss Bertha and Miss Florence Billings are at Long Island, Portland Harbor, Maine.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for James Hennessey (2), and Eugene Sargent.

—The local baseball team defeated the Craigs of Roxbury last Saturday by a score of 10 to 6.

—A number from this place attended the Scotch picnic at West Roxbury on Thursday of last week.

—Mr. C. F. Osborne of the fire department has returned from his vacation spent at Asbury Park, N. J.

—Mr. A. J. Davis and family of Halifax, Nova Scotia have returned home after a visit to Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Davis.

—Mr. George H. Chambers will attend the re-union of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry which will be held at the Crawford house, Boston, Monday, Sept. 5th.

WABAN.

—Mr. H. E. Wiley is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mrs. F. Weston is visiting her parents in New York.

—Mr. W. H. Gould's family has returned from Boothbay, Me.

—Mr. Winthrop Pratt is in Marlboro this week on business.

—Mr. W. R. Dresser is entertaining friends from out of town.

—Mr. A. B. Harlow is spending his vacation among the Rangeley Lakes, Me.

—Some nice new sign boards have been placed at the heads of the different streets this week.

—Private Martin Crowley of the 7th Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting friends here this week.

—Mr. J. E. Morse has returned from his business trip West, and will soon open his house here.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Locke of Lowell are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Locke, Beacon street.

—Miss E. G. Stevens of Birmingham, Alabama, is the guest of Mrs. B. S. Cloutman, Waban avenue.

—Mrs. Myron C. Pease's father, Mr. E. G. Davenport, is slowly recovering from a long and severe illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. White have returned from their camp in Sharon, where they have been all summer.

—Mrs. L. M. Flint has been stopping with friends at the Rockland House, Nantasket, the past two weeks.

—Mr. C. E. Comer has been re-creating down on the Cape. His son Carl is visiting with friends in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Robinson and son Elliot have returned home from Hull, where they have been spending the summer.

—Letters unclaimed in post office: Annie L. Abbott, West Cunningham, G. Fred Crosby, Albert E. Gill, W. S. Goodrich, Louise McGrath, Mrs. Little B. Senter, William H. Smith, Anna M. Whiting.

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THE WABAN POST OFFICE.

THE NATIONAL AUTHORITIES WANT NAME CHANGED BECAUSE IT IS EASILY MISTAKEN FOR WOBURN—A SUGGESTION BY REV. WM. HALL WILLIAMS.

Christmas Cove, Me., Aug. 22nd, '98.

To the Editor of the Graphic:

I avail of the courtesy of your columns to make a few suggestions in regard to the proposed change of name for the Waban post office. The matter ought to be one of general interest to the people of Newton. As I have been absent for several weeks I do not know the state of the discussion at home, but I feel confident that the Waban people will feel great reluctance in giving up the name. The village will inevitably take the name by which the post office may be known.

It can hardly be denied that the alleged confusion between the names Woburn and Waban is an inconvenient fact. I feel sure that most of the residents have found this out by experience. For my part I should be disposed to concede that the request of the department for some change, which may obviate this difficulty, is entirely just. From this point of view I make three suggestions, laying especial emphasis upon the first:

1. Change the spelling. I have seen the name written "Waabun" and I think there is some authority for that spelling. It has certain simple advantages over the present style. While it is true that "Waabun" and "Waban" are easily confounded it would be an uncommonly stupid mistake to take "Waabun" for "Woburn." The confusion has concerned the first syllable. Now while small a and small o are, in careless writing, often indistinguishable, the dipthong o and the r are not. It seems to me that this would at once solve the difficulty and save the wri ten word. The post office is not concerned with the matter of pronunciation. As a matter of fact, "Waabun" would better indicate the proper pronunciation than would the word in the present oblong spelling. This change in spelling would probably be adopted in the first place, as the people go to the trouble of retaining our name.

The present name, however, it may be spelled, is eminently appropriate. Historically it commemorates the Indian chief who was active in the earliest Christian missionary work in this region. Besides, it is more than a happy coincidence that the Indian Eliot and Waban should be associated geographically as they are historically, for John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, and Waban the Indian chief, were fast friends. Beside these historic and poetical considerations our present name is good to the ear and to keep it saves us from the un English and pretentious names that so often disfigure our towns and villages. Even in Newton the names have not always been felicitous. For example, "Newtonville" is a hybrid word, distinctly English, "Newton" in the poetic sense, and "village" in the Indian sense. "Newton Highlands" is a shrewd guess, and "Newton" is, as denoting a single village of Newton, at once anomalous and presumptuous. If we relinquish the name Waban there is no knowing what wretched word may be fastened upon us.

2. The name might be changed to Woodland, availling of a name actually in use near by and reducing the almost absurdly large number of names distinguishing the various parts of Newton. Woodland is a very small place, (small even in comparison with Waban,) and the prospects of its development are not likely to be great. Towns with Waban a homogeneous community. It is, of course, impossible to predict how the residents of Woodland would look upon this rather piratical proposal.